Madam

Christmas Gifts

Buying Christmas Gifts is a simple matter—gloves are always acceptable—extra pairs are always gladly received.

Ask for and insist on DENT'S—the name on the glove is the guarantee of perfect quality, style, fit, and wearing quality. Whether in kids, fabrics, silks or washable (Dent's Newel).

INSIST on DENT'S

19

Mother Hubbard Padded Shoe

Tucked inside this snug pocket with its comfortably padded thickness, laced around to the very ears, baby will be fitted to enjoy the exhilarating freshness of a winter airing and can sleep outdoors in comfort and warmth no matter how low the mercury falls.

Your Child's Best Xmas Gift

Neat. Fits Any Child. Suitable for Baby Buggy, Sleigh, Automobile, etc.

Made in Black Rubber.....$5.00
Red Blanket.....$6.50
Corduroy.....$7.50

If your dealer does not handle, write
J. PICKLES, Manufacturer, Winnipeg

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MUSIC LESSONS FREE

Become most popular person in your set! LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE:—Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Trombone, Flute, Guitar, Ukelele, Saxophone, Clarinet. Piccolo, Cornet, Harp, 'Cello, or to sing. Special Limited offer of free weekly lessons. You pay only for music and postage, only 12 1-2 cents a week. No extras. Beginners or advanced pupils. Everything illustrated, plain, simple, systematic. Free lectures each week. 19 years success. WRITE POSTAL TODAY for Free Booklet. Over 200,000 successful pupils all over the country.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1212 Brunswick Bldg., New York

FREE Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring

Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your size for 12c, both for 22c. Warranted 3 years. Gold Filled.
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Christmas Prayer

By Rev. John MacKay, D.D.

Principal Westminster Hall, Vancouver; B.C.

O Thou Who art the King, Eternal, Immortal and Invisible, Who fillest all things with the glorious majesty of Thy Holiness, our spirits yearn after Thee. Thou hast made us for Thyself, and like wandered children, we are hungry for the home glow of Thy Presence. Give us the filial spirit that we may know our oneness with Thee and with all Thy children; that we may pass this Christmastide in the secret of Thy Presence, in fellowship with Thee and them through Christ.

We bow in awe before Thee; Thy purity rebukes our petty aims and mean desires; our secret thoughts are naked and open before Thee. Who is a God like unto Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders! Great art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised; Thy greatness is unsearchable, and we would hallow Thy Holy Name. Amid the perplexities of these dark days, help us to hear the Heavenly Chorus, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and with a faith that rises above the horror and the tumult of war, enter into the peace of God that passeth all understanding, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

May He Who was born in Bethlehem be born anew in our hearts, making us Christ-like in spirit and in life, seeking that His Kingdom may come in us and through us into all the world.

Make us sensitive to Thy presence, that we may enter into Thy wise and holy counsels for us and all men. The way is very dark. Leave us not alone or we must surely fail. Reveal Thy will to us and enable us to persevere therein to the end. Give us grace to do that will, even though it lead us to a cross. Irradiate the Cross with Thy presence, and we shall find in it the life which is hid with Christ in Thee.

Feed us with food convenient for us, and give us those things Thou seest we need to keep our bodies as temples meet for Thy dwelling. Hear the cry of the destitute; so stir our hearts and guide our hands that none may perish for lack of the bounties Thou dost give so freely. We commend unto Thee our dear ones, called to do battle that the radiance of Christmas may not perish from the earth. Be very near to them in these days when hearts hunger for home and love and Thee. Keep them brave and steadfast, clean and true. Comfort the prisoner, the wounded and the lonely-hearted. Speak peace to the dying, and give strength to the sad and anxious ones. May Thy presence be very real to all those who minister to the sick and the dying. Endue those who rule over us with wisdom and righteousness that Thy way may be done among us, and that we may have victory over our foes within and without. Deliver our nation and our Empire from every widespread sin. Make us willing to die for the things that are simple, and true and honest and of good report. Bless and sustain our Allies, making them and us fit to be trusted with victory and peace.

May all the truths and hopes that gather round the manger of Bethlehem translate themselves into living forms of service and of life in all the nations. May the beauty of holiness come over the whole earth, and peace founded upon righteousness be speedily established. Thus shall the promise of the first Christmastide find new fulfilment to the glory of Thy thrice Holy Name. Amen.

No More Dread

OF THE

Dentist Chair!

Every modern scientific equipment is in this modern establishment in the hands of skilled dentists—makes the work painless.

Our work is incomparable in finish and appearance. Have you been dreading to have your dental work done? No need of it; we have scores of satisfied patients who will tell you I

"Didn't Hurt a Bit"

Quit experimenting with inexperienced dentists, and do as hundreds of business men and farmers are doing—they are coming to me for their work, because it is of known quality.

The people of Western Canada appreciate high grade dental work at reasonable prices.

Have you tried one of my celebrated

Whalebone Vulcanite Plates. Price $10.00

Teeth Without Plates Price $7.00 PER TOOTH

I DO PAINLESS EXTRACTING—and when I say it don't hurt a bit, I mean it.

Specialists in each Dept.

DR. ROBINSON

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An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and easy terms ranging from $11 to $30 for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands up to $50. One-tenth down, balance if you wish within twenty years. In certain areas, land for sale without settlement conditions. In irrigation districts, loan for farm buildings, etc. up to $2000, also repayable in twenty years—interest only 6 per cent. Here is your opportunity to increase your farm holdings by getting adjoining land, or to secure your friends as neighbors. For literature and particulars apply to Allan Cameron, Gen'l Supt. of Lands, Department of Natural Resources, C. P. R., 911 First Street East, Calgary, Alberta.

After a Hard Day

of work or sport you can get prompt relief by rubbing the tired muscles with

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

A bottle of Absorbine, Jr. kept handy for emergencies is excellent health and accident insurance.

Use Absorbine, Jr. wherever a high-grade liniment or a positive germicide is indicated.

$1.00 a bottle. Druggists or postpaid.

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FREE Lavalliere or Rose Bud Ring.

Ring set with Rose Bud. Lavalliere set with rex stone, green gold leaves. Your choice for 12 cents. Both for 22 cents. Warranted for three years.
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 3, Battle Creek, Mich.

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What the World is Saying

Patriotism in the Kitchen

Running the kitchen successfully always did require brains. Now it demands a considerable degree of patriotism.—Ottawa Citizen.

Not Like Luther

The Germans of this age are not, like Luther, nailing documents on church doors. They are bombarding them with 42-inch shells.—Paris Gaulois.

Quite So

Admiral von Tirpitz says he never said that the submarine war would finish England by August 1. No matter. It's just as untrue as if he had said it.—New York Sun.

Brother Vultures

The Kaiser and the Sultan are (to adopt an English expression) two "birds of a feather." They are both vultures.—Rome Giornale d'Italia.

Badges of Infamy

Captain Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, has returned his German medals. A German decoration to-day is a badge of infamy.—Montreal Gazette.

Depreciation

The German mark has depreciated fearfully in neutral markets—the German reputation for good faith has sunk even lower.—Washington Star.

A High Tribute

The Kaiser's declaration that King Ferdinand, of Roumania, is "a traitor to the Hohenzollern traditions," is the finest tribute that has yet been paid to the Roumanian monarch.—London Truth.

Food in Great Britain

A new campaign to stop waste has been organized in Britain. Yet the British people have been dieting like dyspeptics compared with Canadians.—Hamilton Herald.

He Has Many of the Rat's Characteristics

Count von Bernstorff has been named by the Kaiser a "Wirklicher Geheimrat." We knew that he was a rat, but it is pleasing to ascertain the breed.—Buffalo Express.

No Place for Neutrals

However, you can't expect us to have much sympathy for the neutrals. After all that has happened, this world is no place for a neutral.—Indianapolis News.

As to German War Aims

A statement of Germany's war aims, the Imperial Chancellor at Berlin has declared, would prolong the war. That seems hardly probable. The war is going to last until Germany is defeated, in any case. Then it will stop.—Minneapolis Journal.

He Knows Better Now

Two or three years ago the Kaiser was grieving over the thought that France was a decadent nation. He is probably grieving a great deal more to-day over the fact that she isn't.—New York World.

Efficiency in Uruguay

Uruguay has turned the locust pest to advantage by manufacturing fertilizer and soap from the insect—which seems to be on a par with some of Germany's boasted ingenuity.—Aberdeen Free Press.

A Plain Truth

Germany has not won a solitary victory on land when met man for man and gun for gun since this war began, and anybody not a mental defective knows by this time she never will.—New York Telegraph.

A Vital Distinction

The Cologne Gazette says Wilson and Lloyd George are greater dictators than anybody in Germany. It does not admit that at any rate they are the dictators whom war produces and not the sort that produces war.—Glasgow Herald.

A Most Serious Duty

So earnestly did Thomas Carlyle take his duty when he went to the polls that he felt, as he put it, that Heaven and Hell hung upon how he marked his ballot. That should be the way every Canadian elector feels in regard to the coming Dominion elections. The fate and future of the country depend upon the outcome of the voting.—Toronto Star.

The Rule of the People

The world's best barrier to war lies not in prohibitions or restrictions, but in granting the best instincts of human nature the freest possible play. In government this means the universal establishment of the rule of the people.—Westminster Gazette.

Nothing to Thank Germany For

Germany's reported intention to declare the Atlantic coast of this country and Canada a war zone causes no special disquietude. That region has for many months been as much of a war zone as Germany has been able to make it.—Chicago Tribune.

To Make Peace Safe

Let us say that, in the case of whatever great League of Peace may arise, its lasting peace, if there is to be one, will have to be based on a sharp watch kept by the Children of Adam on the Sons of Belial.—Dundee Advertiser.

Crosses

The Kaiser's soldiers continue to covet the Iron Cross; often, in unexpected places, is found the double cross; but the crosses that interest the most of us in this country right now are the Red Cross and the come-across.—Manchester Union.

He Would Have Good Reason

If Captain Kidd were living to-day, he would protest with all his might against the practice of calling the German submarine commanders pirates. He would denounce it as an infamous slander upon the memory of the pirates of his time.—Providence Journal.

The Clear-sighted, Resolute Swiss

Mr. Stovall, former United States Minister to Switzerland, returning from the Alpine republic, says the Swiss are a discreet people. It should be added, however, that their military arrangements prove that they consider preparation as well as discretion a part of valor.—Toronto News.

Hohenzollern "Safety First"

German prisoners complain that their officers do not take the same risks as themselves, but keep well out of danger. It has been repeatedly stated that there is one family in Germany that has lost not a single one of its six sons, and that is the Kaiser's.—Baltimore American.

Like Nero In More Ways Than One

Ex-Ambassador Gerard writes that before the war the Kaiser used occasionally to compose songs of a decidedly mediocre character, which his courtiers had to pretend to admire greatly and declare to be works of genius. Nero used to do the same thing, and his courtiers used to make the same pretence.—Paris Figaro.

One Thing the Germans Have Learned

The Germans have no chance of winning this war unless they can hang on and tire the other races out. That was very far from being the idea with which they went into the war. They have learned much about themselves and other races, and they will learn more.—Toronto Globe.

Canadian Resourcefulness

The other day it was officially reported that of 200 prisoners who recently escaped from German camps, 175 were Canadians. Now comes news of the escape of 5 more. The record is noteworthy, and goes to prove that the soldiers from Canada are as resourceful as they are daring.—Halifax Herald.

War As A Teacher

War is a great teacher. One of the lessons which it has forcibly driven home is the need for the application of science to industry if a nation is to hold its own in the modern world. A transformation has come over the attitude of all classes in the community, and not least the men of business, towards the claims of education.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

If Terms Were Dictated From Berlin

A pamphlet is being circulated all over Germany stating that an indemnity of $87,000,000,000 is to be exacted from the United States. The sum is made a big one to make the Germans feel that there's something ahead worth fighting for. The deluded Huns will have a reckoning with their rulers some day. But, let the reader ask himself seriously, what he supposes would happen to Canada if the Germans won this war, and if British power were broken and we had to accept terms dictated from Berlin? Peterboro Review.

Cruel and Destitute of Honor

What nation save Germany would glory in the blotting out of men with whom she has no quarrel, left to drown like rats, though it was in the power of her sailors to give them succor? A strong and hardy race the Prussians are, but surely the least chivalrous, the most cruel, the most destitute of honor.—Victoria Colonist.

Must Be Decisively Settled

There is no compromise. There is no method whereby civilization can be half-shackled by a Germany half beaten. Either the shackles will be burst off or Germany will not be beaten. Nor can the struggle be postponed. It is here and now that the world must settle accounts with Germany, for all time to come.—Kilmarnock Standard.

War Badges for Mothers

Our felicitations to the government of the Commonwealth of Australia, who have devised the decoration embodying the prettiest sentiment in the present war, and one which is well worthy of adoption in this country. The Australian Government are issuing badges to the mothers of soldiers, with the addition of a bar for every son away on active service.—London Daily Chronicle.

Great Britain's Titanic Burden

The gross addition to Great Britain's debt because of the war is put by a committee of the House of Commons at a thousand million pounds every six months. Great Britain, as well as others of the European belligerents, is expending its capital on the war. That it has such accumulations with which to back its armies and navy is one of the big hopes of the Entente.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

War Before War Was Declared

What Bernstorff did, what Papen did, what Boy-Ed did, what the various pro-German organizations did, was all done under orders from Berlin. There was nothing casual or accidental about it. Germany was making war upon the United States for more than a year before Congress declared that a state of war existed. It was a sneaking, yellow-dog kind of war, but war it was, and like all German wars it was managed by the German General Staff.—Detroit Free Press.

Ezekiel's War Bread

Solomon uttered a profound truth, which now sounds like a hollow platitude, when he said that there was nothing new under the sun. It is with rather a shock, however, that one finds authentic war bread mentioned in the Book of Ezekiel, as witnessed by the following recipe from that re-barley and beans and lentils and millet and fitches, and put them into one vessel and make thee bread thereof." It sounds more like Rhondda than Ezekiel.—London Daily Express.

The Brutal German System

The mutinous German sailors threw their officers into the sea. Under the German system, military and naval officers not only belong to a caste, but act on the theory that discipline can be enforced only by brutal methods. Naturally the first impulse of rebellious German soldiers and sailors would be to kill these task-masters. In the British and French service there is a bond of personal affection between officers and men.—Londonderry Sentinel.

Characteristic German Falsehood

The reticence of the British military censorship which has almost uniformly suppressed mention of English units while occasionally recording the deeds of Scottish, Irish, Canadian and Australian regiments, is assisting the Germans in a peculiarly mischievous form of propaganda in foreign and allied countries. The enemy is now pretending that English troops are so rarely referred to because they never do anything. England's part in the war, these German slanderers allege, is to make profit and to drive others to fight. The casualty list tells a different tale, but it is not read abroad.—London Daily Mail.

As to "Waste" in Canadian Homes

Dr. Robertson, chairman of the Food Control Advisory Council, deplores the great waste of food in the average household. Admitting that there used to be much waste, when food was cheap, is there really so much now? If there is, it is not in the "average" homes, where the money allowance for food is limited, but in the homes of the wealthier people. The "average" Canadian housewife is learning food economy at the hands of a mighty stern teacher.—Brantford Expositor.

GUARANTEED GOODS

We hear a great deal now-a-days of "buying packed commodities"—goods with a guarantee. Excellent—if the guarantee means anything.

BLUE RIBBON TEA

Is trebly guaranteed. Back of it stands a company with a twenty-year reputation for integrity and square dealing. The new double wrapper is a "guarantee" against the slightest deterioration by climatic or other conditions. Then there is the standing guarantee that any purchaser dissatisfied from any cause—even mere whim—may have the money back for the asking.

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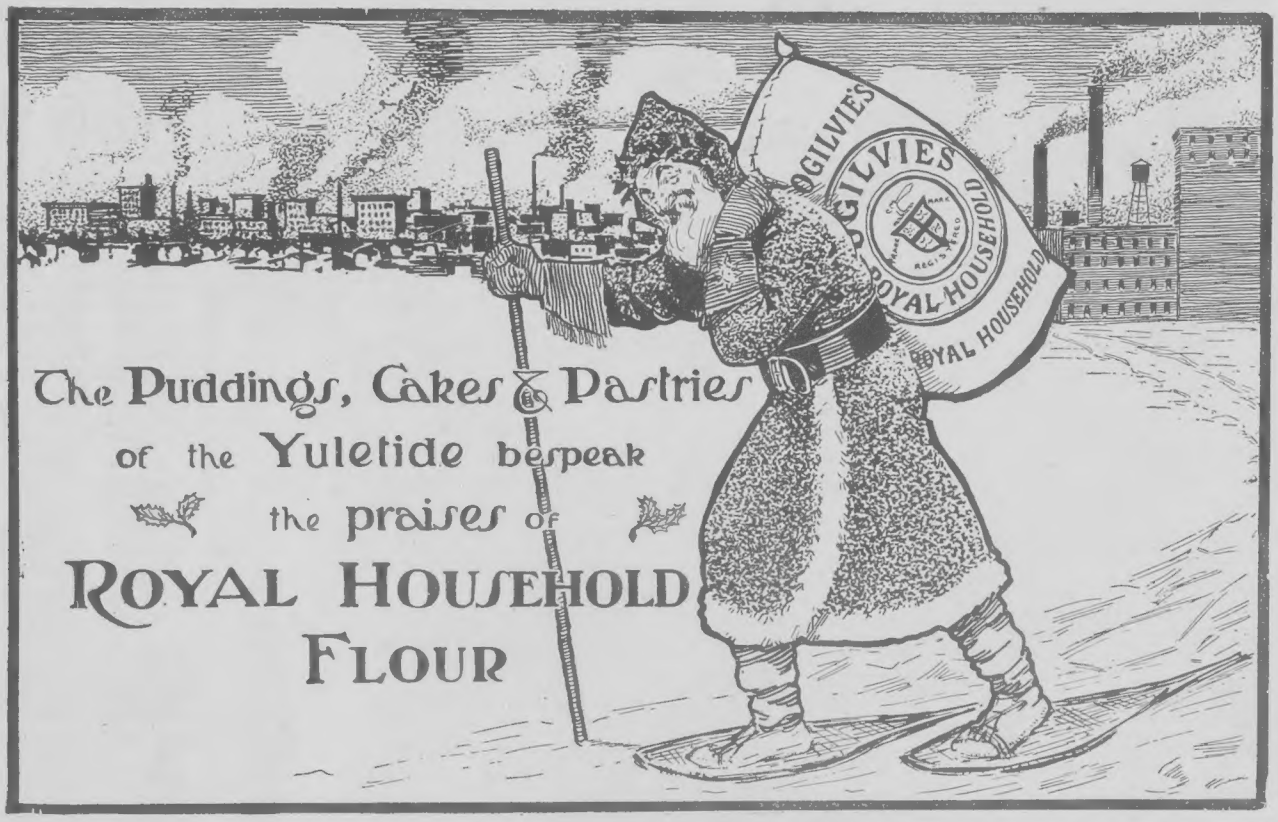

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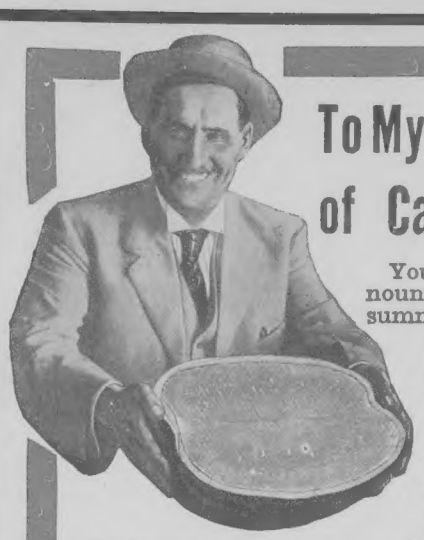

To My Farmer Friends of Canada

You will remember my announcement made to you last summer previous to the issuing of my August 15th catalogue. I told you then of the big advance that was bound to come and advised you all to **BUY** and buy **LIBERALLY** of everything you were going to need in farm machinery.

Hundreds of my friends took advantage of my warning and saved even more than I promised they would. Prices in many lines advanced as much as 33 per cent. and those who waited until after the fall catalogues were out were forced to pay the advanced prices.

Now the same conditions exist to-day. Materials are becoming more scarce every day and the factories everywhere are short of help and cannot begin to supply the demand. The spring catalogues will be out about February 15th, and you can depend on it, will show another big increase in price. It's got to be. It's no longer a question of **PRICE** but of **SUPPLY.** Many of the houses will be unable to make machinery deliveries at **ANY PRICE**—they won't have the goods to sell. Those who are actually manufacturing their own lines are of course in the best shape, and can protect their customers to a great extent.

The agents and dealers who are obliged to **BUY** from the factories and then add on **EXTRA PROFITS** are the ones who are going to boost prices the most as they will be compelled to pay much higher prices for everything they sell than they ever did before, and even then their supply will be short.

NOW LISTEN! You farmers have nearly **ALL** had a good year, you have made up in price what you may have lacked in quantity. But that's not enough. A dollar **EARNED** is only **EARNED** when you can **SAVE IT,** and you **CAN'T** save it if you wait for still higher prices before making your spring purchases. The wise man is the one who will step in **NOW** before the first of January and **BUY** at prevailing prices, and not wait for the big boost that is surely coming. You can manage it somehow, and as I said before it will save you from 20 to 30 per cent. in price—and that's making real money pretty fast.

I will be frank with you and tell you now that I will be compelled to advance Galloway prices in my February 15th Spring Catalogue. How much I do not yet know, but it will be enough to make it pay you to **ORDER NOW.** I have just placed a big line of Engines, Cream Separators and Manure Spreaders on the floors of my Winnipeg house ready for **IMMEDIATE** delivery at the old prices. So long as they last you can have them, but at the rate orders have been coming in the past few weeks they will not last long.

Now give this message serious attention. Take the bull by the horns and do as the brokers do in handling your wheat—make money by buying on a rising market.

Your friend at Winnipeg,
Wm. GALLOWAY, President.

BUY NOW!

Save from 20 to 30 %

The Light Running, Close Skimming Galloway Cream Separator - - - -

Many agents and dealers will tell you that a high-grade cream separator can't be built and sold at the prices I charge. BUT DON'T BE FOOLED. They know down deep in their hearts that the reason for Galloway's Low Prices is my method of selling direct from factory without the expense of excessive profits for the many middlemen—the jobbers, agents and dealers. You needn't worry about quality—I have taken care of that in my **20** years of experience in the manufacturing of farm requirements. There are thousands of Galloway Separators in use all over the world—in the States—the Dominion of Canada—and many of the foreign countries. Every one of my machines have been sold on the **90**-dayf ree-trial-test plan with a legal binding certificate of guarantee covering them for **10** long years. I don't ask anyone to take chances on buying a Galloway Separator. I simply ask you to try it out on your own farm for **90** days. Then if it proves as finely made as the high-priced machines; if it proves the easy-running, close-skimming and sanitary separator I claim it to be—YOU KEEP IT. If it don't, you send it back, and if you have paid me any money on it I will refund it by first mail and pay the freight and hauling expenses besides.

90 Days' Free Trial

Cash or Credit

Buy on the Plan You Like Best

Here are My Prices Save by Buying Now

No.	Capacity per Hour	Price
4	375 lbs.	**45.50**
7	500 lbs.	**52.50**
9	750 lbs.	**59.50**
11	950 lbs.	**67.50**

Send for My New Free Cream Separator Book

If you are in any way interested in a cream separator you need this book. It is a regular Encyclopedia on the skimming question. It gives in actual figures the percentage of loss in butter fat by all the different methods of skimming; it tells you how to get the most money from your cows—how to cash in at the creamery and many other things that you should know if you are milking two cows or more.

Besides this it tells about the New Galloway Sanitary Cream Separator—how it is made—why it's the machine you need—how I make so low a price—why it's the most sanitary, easiest running, closest skimming and most dependable machine possible to build.

These and many other points of vital interest are given in this big book of cream separator facts, and you can have it free if you fill out the coupon and state which line you are interested in.

BE ONE OF THESE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

Wm. Galloway Company of Canada
Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen—Just a few words about the No. 9 Cream Separator which I bought from you. It is a dandy. It runs easy and as smooth as a piece of lemon pie. It does a very nice and clean job of skimming, and it will do all you claim for it.

Yours very truly,
PETER BOXLER, Bremen, Sask.

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From 1¾ to 16 Horse Power

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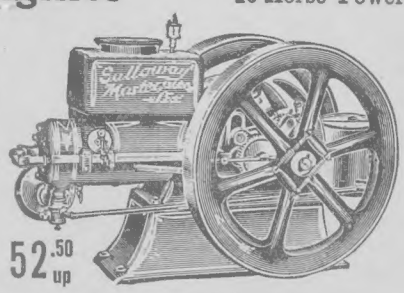
CASH OR CREDIT

Try the size you like best on your own farm or place 30 days' free and then buy with a 10 year legal guarantee. My big free book tells all about it. Write for it to-day and take advantage of present low prices.



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Buy this Complete Pumping Outfit NOW While the PRICE IS LOW

Outfit consists of my 2¼ h.p. air cooled masterpiece engine that sells at $68.50, and my No. 4 Double Geared Pump Jacks at $9.50. You get the combination outfit at $74.50—a saving of $4.00 if you buy now.

Remember the outfit is fully guaranteed in every way and the price will positively go up in my next catalogue. My big free book describes in detail this complete outfit and how you can buy it for cash or credit on 30 days' free trial.

Complete Outfit 74.50

Galloway Low Down Manure Spreaders

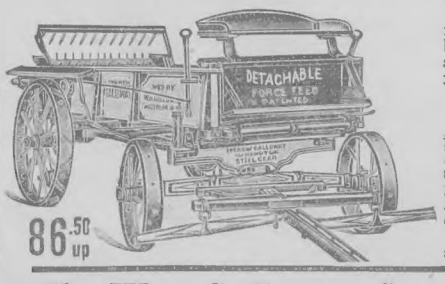
The Machine of Many Exclusive Patents

Lightest draft machine on the market. Double chain drive, steel beater, positive force feed, endless apron, and many exclusive patents not found on any other machine.

30 Days' Free Trial—Cash or Credit

I ship them everywhere on 30 days' free trial test. You can't afford to let your farm run down. A Galloway spreader will increase its value every year and insure your crops besides. A streak of gold follows a Galloway everywhere.

Send for my free book that tells all about it.



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This book tells all about the Galloway line of farm necessities. How I build them in my own factories and sell them direct with just one small profit added to actual cost of manufacture. It also tells you how to increase your profits on the farm or in the dairy; how to cash in at threshing time; how to make your cows bring home a pay check every week. This and much other valuable information is yours if you fill out and mail the coupon, being sure to check off the lines you are most interested in.

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Tucked inside this snug pocket with its comfortably padded thickness, laced around to the very ears, baby will be fitted to enjoy the exhilarating freshness of a winter airing and can sleep outdoors in comfort and warmth no matter how low the mercury falls.

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Christmas Prayer

By Rev. John MacKay, D.D.

Principal Westminster Hall, Vancouver; B.C.

O Thou Who art the King, Eternal, Immortal and Invisible, Who fillest all things with the glorious majesty of Thy Holiness, our spirits yearn after Thee. Thou hast made us for Thyself, and like wandered children, we are hungry for the home glow of Thy Presence. Give us the filial spirit that we may know our oneness with Thee and with all Thy children; that we may pass this Christmastide in the secret of Thy Presence, in fellowship with Thee and them through Christ.

We bow in awe before Thee; Thy purity rebukes our petty aims and mean desires; our secret thoughts are naked and open before Thee. Who is a God like unto Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders! Great art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised; Thy greatness is unsearchable, and we would hallow Thy Holy Name. Amid the perplexities of these dark days, help us to hear the Heavenly Chorus, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and with a faith that rises above the horror and the tumult of war, enter into the peace of God that passeth all understanding, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

May He Who was born in Bethlehem be born anew in our hearts, making us Christ-like in spirit and in life, seeking that His Kingdom may come in us and through us into all the world.

Make us sensitive to Thy presence, that we may enter into Thy wise and holy counsels for us and all men. The way is very dark. Leave us not alone or we must surely fail. Reveal Thy will to us and enable us to persevere therein to the end. Give us grace to do that will, even though it lead us to a cross. Irradiate the Cross with Thy presence, and we shall find in it the life which is hid with Christ in Thee.

Feed us with food convenient for us, and give us those things Thou seest we need to keep our bodies as temples meet for Thy dwelling. Hear the cry of the destitute; so stir our hearts and guide our hands that none may perish for lack of the bounties Thou dost give so freely. We commend unto Thee our dear ones, called to do battle that the radiance of Christmas may not perish from the earth. Be very near to them in these days when hearts hunger for home and love and Thee. Keep them brave and steadfast, clean and true. Comfort the prisoner, the wounded and the lonely-hearted. Speak peace to the dying, and give strength to the sad and anxious ones. May Thy presence be very real to all those who minister to the sick and the dying. Endue those who rule over us with wisdom and righteousness that Thy way may be done among us, and that we may have victory over our foes within and without. Deliver our nation and our Empire from every widespread sin. Make us willing to die for the things that are simple, and true and honest and of good report. Bless and sustain our Allies, making them and us fit to be trusted with victory and peace.

May all the truths and hopes that gather round the manger of Bethlehem translate themselves into living forms of service and of life in all the nations. May the beauty of holiness come over the whole earth, and peace founded upon righteousness be speedily established. Thus shall the promise of the first Christmastide find new fulfilment to the glory of Thy thrice Holy Name. Amen.

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Do Your Christmas Buying Early

The above phrase has been a slogan for many holiday seasons, but never has its importance been more significant than this year.

Not only have prices been affected under the conditions now existing, but it has been impossible for us to get the usual enormous quantities in some lines which have always proven so popular with **EATON** customers. For this reason we advise you not to delay but to send in a complete order covering your Christmas wants as soon as it is convenient to do so.

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Editorial

The Christmas Message

HOWEVER it may be at other seasons of the year, it is necessary at Christmas time for one who writes to get down to fundamentals. And the fundamentals are summed up in the life, the teachings and the actions of Him Who gave us the name of Christmas. It is eminently fitting at this season to recall some of the things with which the name of Christ is associated, rather indeed to refresh our memories with the thought of Him in His attitudes, His ambitions and His actions.

His attitude is summed up in those words which we learned in youth: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength and thy neighbor as thyself." Such an attitude to God and to man is the beginning and end of righteousness, the guarantee of peace and all true happiness, the ground of all that is eternal and abiding.

Christ's attitude to God and man explains His ambition, which was nothing less than to build up a kingdom on earth after the pattern of the Heavenly Kingdom—a kingdom in which life should abound and manifest itself in kindly loving deeds. Well did He know that in such a kingdom the noblest souls are not the proud and self-sufficient, but those with pure heart and poverty of spirit.

Nor is it strange that Christ's acts from the beginning and the close of His life were beyond reproach, for they were the outcome of His attitude and in line with His ambition. He was the only One hoW could say to His followers, "Follow Me." All others have been strong in advice and in intention. He was as strong in deed as He was gracious in His speech or pure in His motive.

Now when we wish each other a Happy Christmas we wish that into this world as into our hearts the spirit of love, which underlies attitude, ambition and action.

Christmas for the Individual

CONSIDER two lives that are bound to each other in love. How suspicion, envy and all ugliness whatsoever flee away! How sweetness, purity, unselfishness abound! No hard words, no evil thoughts, no mean actions! Love is the ground of all worthy personal relationship. It is for every individual to choose his own disposition and destiny.

Christmas in the Family

CONSIDER homes in which love reigns! What harmony, what cheerful obedience, what lovely self-denial! All around us are homes of this kind—homes perhaps poor in worldly gifts but rich in this one great heavenly virtue. The mother cares for her child with a love that beareth all things, endureth all things, believeth all things and hopeth all things, and the children return the love in countless little deeds of adoration and glad submission. Happy the father who can command loyalty and reverence from his children! Let him ask no other happiness. In all the Western prairies we are endeavoring to build up happy and prosperous homes. The Christmas message is to build upon the foundation of love, for it will abide when all other foundations are washed away. No superstructure, however gaudy, has a value unless planted on a solid foundation.

Christmas in the Community

CONSIDER the community. Was it not intended that it should be governed by the same laws as the family? Each member shall live for all and all for each. Each shall find his life in his service for others, for verily "He that loseth his life for the sake of the group shall find it." This is the true Christmas spirit and any community which possesses it may have christmas all the year. There is a socialism which is rooted in force. It is anti-social and anti-christian. There is a socialism the principle of which is voluntary service. That is the only socialism which can endure, for its spirit is faith and love. All up and down this land may be found communities in which there is discord, strife and bitterness. They have not yet sought to possess the christian spirit. They have not received the Christmas gift. Family against family and clan against clan, yes, creed against creed, and tongue over against tongue. Is it not lamentable when the gift of peace and happiness might be had for the asking? And is it not wonderful that badness and ill-will continue to exist when one little Pollyanna or Rebecca might work a change? For it is true beyond telling that to-day as in the beginning of our era, one single life devoted to unselfish service, may transform a world.

Christmas for the Nation

CONSIDER that greater community, the nation. We often talk of the nation as Christian, but that is only a figure. It is only the individual who can be christian, for it is only the individual who has a soul to think and feel and act. And yet not so. A nation may have a dominating spirit. It may be the spirit of dissension, unrest and anarchy, or the spirit of co-operation and brotherhood. This latter spirit is possible only when each citizen is true to the whole; it is altogether impossible where the strong attempt to live upon the weak, where the wealthy grind down the poor, when the few control the many. The christian state is a democracy, and every attempt to create artificial class distinctions based upon wealth, occupation or creed, is in opposition to the christian idea. And so the big interests, the combines, the secret trusts and profiteering in every form are unchristian.

The Shepherds' Wondrous Tale

From the Spanish of Gongora

It was the very noon of night, the stars above the fold,
More sure than clock or chiming bell, the hour of midnight told:
When from the heavens there came a voice, and forms were seen to shine,
Still bright'ning as the music rose with light and love divine.
With love divine the song began; there shone a light serene:
Oh, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray
Of summer lightning; all around so bright the splendor lay.
For oh, it mastered sight and sense, to see that glory shine,
To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Divine,
To see that form with birdlike wings, of more than mortal mien:
Oh, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

When once the happy trance was past, that so my sense did bind,
I left my sheep to Him Whose care was in the western wind;
I left them, for, instead of snow, I trod on blade and flower,
And ice dissolved in starry rays at morning's gracious hour,
Revealing where on earth the steps of Love Divine had been:
Oh, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

I hasted to a low-roofed shed, for so the Angel bade;
And bowed before the lowly rack where Love Divine was laid:
A new-born Babe, like tender Lamb, with Lion's strength there smiled,
For Lion's strength, immortal might, was in that new-born Child;
That Love Divine in childlike form had God forever been:
Oh, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

It is a serious problem this, the most serious of all problems, that of evangelizing the people, not that they may profess a common faith nor submit themselves to a common ordinance, but that they shall accept and practise a common form of conduct. Oh, it is wonderfully fine to live among a people who have lost their individual wills in the higher national will. It is the grandest thing in the world to see men placing their lives on the altar of their country. Sacrifice in any form is Christlike, and never more so than when it takes the form of ardent patriotism. There are many joys in life, but all joys are not of the same order. The highest and best, because the noblest of joys, is that which accompanies sacrifice. Then this year, though tears may fall, let the hearts of Canadians rejoice. Where so much is lovely and holy there is occasion for gladness. Were it all selfishness and greed and strife, not all the gold in the Yukon could make our smiles other than cheap artificial mimicry. All true smiles come from the heart. All true joy is born of love.

Christmas in the World

CONSIDER this old world, grey in its years, yet red with the blood of butchery. It is not like the world He came to give us. There is not peace and good-will among the nations. His will is not being done on earth even as it is done in Heaven. Yet surely the law of international life differs not from the law of the smaller group. Each nation must find itself in the welfare of others. A land that lives for itself alone is hopelessly damned. We can test ourselves at this time by applying such a standard of action. Britain and the United States, where do they appear to-day? With no thought of gain for themselves they are standing for the rights of the little nations and the freedom of the world. That is the Christian attitude. War for conquest is a horrible thing, but war to prevent wrong-doing and to guarantee liberty to the sons of man is righteous and glorious. Just as in the community public opinion arrays itself against wrong-doing and compels its cessation, so in this war of nations the world-conscience finds itself aroused to protest against an unruly and a brutal element. Unfortunately words are no deterrent. Germany can outbid the whole world in the matter of talking. It is necessary to use another weapon. Even a Christian parent deems it right and proper to use the asylum and even the straight-jacket for such as are demented. There was never a dementia more dangerous than the megalomania of Prussia. Not in hatred of the German people but in hatred of the principles for which they stand do we wage this war and fight to the death, in the assurance that out of death life will come. Unless there is a death there cannot be a resurrection. On the wrecks of the old world of inequality, tyranny and pride will arise a new world in which righteousness, peace and equity shall prevail—and over it shall float the banner of love.

The Christmas Call

AND so it comes about after the centuries of strife and pain that the same voice is yet pleading with the sons of men. "Go about your Father's business: Love your neighbor as yourself: Bear ye one another's burdens: Let each man find his life in the losing of it." This is the Christian call and it will not fall upon deaf ears. It will be responded to by individuals and communities and nations, and in time will be echoed around this pain-wracked world. Then will the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of His Son, Who came to us that first glad Christmas morn.

A Message to Farmers

NOTHING is more cheering than to note the change in the tone of all current magazines when reference is made to Christmas and to Him Who gave the day its name. Adoration is the first step towards religious observance, and in all places among all men the Galilean is now honored as never before. Consider the following from the pages of an agricultural journal. It is in line with what is being expressed everywhere. No longer are the religious magazines the sole preachers of religious truth. Christianity is becoming part of the common life. It is not something which exists apart from all other thought and activity. Here, then, is the message from a farmer to farmers. It would be difficult to find anything more beautiful in its simplicity and directness.

"May the Hope and Peace of the Blessed Christmas Time enter into the hearts of all our readers.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Sing with all your might;
Break the old world's slumber.
Drive away her night.
Love alone makes Christmas,
Love makes Christmas cheer,
Then sing a song of Christmas
And sing it all the year.

Things cannot bring people joy. They may make them comfortable, but there is a vast difference between comfort and happiness. Christmas is far other and more than merely a time of exchanging gifts. It is an event set deep, not only in the history of men, but in their faith, their worship and their way of life. Christmas has given to life a diviner meaning and a kindlier habit. God so loved the world. Christ so loved us, and we must so love our fellowmen. Love was the light which radiated from the far-away Bethlehem star, and that light has never dimmed, but despite all contradicting circumstances, grows stronger and brighter with each succeeding year. Haven't you a more intense desire this year than last to make some one happy, to help alleviate pain and want, to give some little child a good time, to give some aged person a pleasant memory to ponder over when days are dark and dreary, that show that you are developing the Christ Spirit, the spirit of Love? Christ came to show and to teach us Heaven's thought of our life and how it should be lived. A devotion of ourselves to the way of life that the Man of Nazareth taught us is the only Christmas offering that is at all worth while. That is the only true thankfulness. May Love, the spirit of Christmas, speak to us every one, and enter and abide, manifesting itself in us throughout the coming year.

Sunlight can be kind or cruel

Strong sunlight is the real proof of your skin's beauty. At night, under soft shaded lights, you may succeed in making your skin appear attractive, but how does it look by day?

CAN you face the strong sunlight with confidence?

Is your skin so fine in texture, so soft and clear that you do not hesitate to be seen with your face bathed in sunshine? Scientists say, strong sunlight is a thousand times stronger than ordinary electric light.

No matter what artifices you use—sunlight reveals the real condition of your skin. If you have blemishes, pimples, blackheads or enlarged nose pores, sunlight reveals them conspicuously. It shows up a rough, scaly skin, a shiny nose or a pallid, sallow complexion.

You can look well in daylight, too

There is no reason why your skin should *not* be clear and lovely, *always*. Do not dread to meet your friends in the daytime. Begin now to make your complexion as lovely from nine o'clock to six as it is from six to twelve.

The Woodbury treatments are based on this fundamental fact: every day a change takes place in your skin. The old skin dies, new forms. This new skin, when treated by the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, can be rendered delightfully clear, smooth and free from all blemishes.

The Woodbury treatments cleanse the tiny pores of the skin, bring the blood to the surface, and improve its circulation. They stimulate the small muscular fibers. As the new skin forms, you are surprised at its clearness, its smoothness, its glowing color!

Follow these directions carefully

If you want to know how beautiful your skin can be—not only at night—but in the daytime, too—just try the following treatment tonight.

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Work up a good soapy lather in your hands and rub thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. If possible, rub your skin for five minutes with *a piece of ice* and dry carefully.

In ten days, or a week even!

This Woodbury treatment, used nightly, should produce a marked improvement in a week or ten days. If kept up regularly, it will soften and beautify the very texture of your skin—and give you a complexion you will be proud of!

You can secure Woodbury's Facial Soap at your druggist's, or at any counter where toilet preparations are sold. It "lasts" remarkably well, one 25c cake being sufficient for a month or six weeks.

Send for this booklet and sample cake

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How to make your skin lovely by daylight, too

First, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water.

Next, work up a good, soapy lather in your hands with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Rub the lather in well, always with an upward and outward movement.

After rinsing with warm water and then cold, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Even the first treatment brings a ruddy glow and leaves the skin smoother and clearer.

A Khaki Christmas

By Charles Dorian

THE first Christmas in the trenches had been a joyous event for John Coderson, survivor of Ypres and many more hot battles, and as the second Christmas of the pre-millenium murder called the Great War dawned he was reported missing on that dismal page of casualties so ponderously complete in its brief litany of heroism.

His mother, hearing no word of him, mourned for him. Yet there was another cloud in her Christmas sky.

John had tried to provide well for her, but what was her knowledge of the world against old Slade Witcherley's cunning?

The best that John could leave her was a tiny cottage and lot he bought at a bargain on the edge of the town. That, with the monthly allowance she would get, looked reassuring.

"The neighborhood will grow up," he told her. "Litcherley, next door, has a lot of knowledge in his foxy old head, and can be a help to you should you need it. Then there's the Mowbrays, on the other side of you, nice people—especially Jean (don't tell her I said so) they will run in to cheer you up now and then."

That was a pleasant prediction just then, but time came when the Mowbrays moved to the city and the widow Coderson's only neighbor was old Slade Litcherley.

"Never mind, old lady," he chaffed one day, as she spoke of the increasing cost of provisions, of the taxes and of the forlorn neighborhood. "You'll be rich some day. Guess what!" he challenged spryly, watching the startled dilation of her still youthful blue eyes. "They're talkin' of runnin' a sewer down this way."

"But won't that mean more taxes? she inquired, thoughtfully.

"What of it? what of it?" he asked, sharply. "Won't your property go up in value? Maybe you'd rather stay poor and pay small taxes!"

Slade Litcherley may have been a good adviser but his appearance inspired only distrust. He was too keen, it seemed. He was always chewing something, a raisin or a straw, his black and grey thin beard wagging in quick unison, his whole face bristling, be-goggled eyes winking waggishly, his low, broad forehead wrinkling, his ears hitching.

He was small and spindly in build, resembling one of those loose-limbed effigies in wood that are made to dance mechanically. It was impossible to be at ease in his presence. Even if you felt tempted to laugh at his comic mobility something hypnotic about him had you "doing it," too.

Not so, Mrs. Coderson. She had too serious a trend to note the funny side of the man. He mentioned the sewer again a few days later.

"They're goin' to bring it down," he announced, "and guess what!" he prompted, chewing rapidly. "Can't? They're goin' to bring it right down through your lot."

"But they can't do that, can they?" she asked, alarmed.

"They can and they will. They can't bring it down the street because it's all rock. They get around the rock by bringin' it down this way."

"That will make a muss of my lot that I've been planning to have fixed up into a nice garden next spring."

"They'll pay you for it. Put your price up high. It'll cost them five thousand dollars to blast out that rock if they go by the street. What's a couple of hundred here and there to come the easiest way?"

"Do you think they'll offer me that much?"

"Sure'as shootin'," he assured her.

When the proposition was put to her by the town, however, there was no such munificence—just the legal minimum of one dollar as consideration for the right-of-way. She refused it.

"You did right," Litcherley praised. "They'll probably come to me, now, and they'll get another bump."

The owners of other lots on the proposed sewer line held out, too, upon Litcherley's advice, and the town, thus goaded, exercised one of its prerogatives—expropriated the whole block of lots at their assessed value.

Now, the town did not want both the Coderson and Litcherley lots and Litcherley did some rapid thinking.

His lot was assessed at four hundred dollars and Mrs. Coderson's at eight hundred. It was reasonable to suppose that the town would grab the cheaper one. So he went to Mrs. Coderson and argued:

"They picked on your lot first, didn't they? Well, now, it's bettin' fair they'll jump for yours and not mine. Tell you what; I'll swap lots with you and give you a hundred dollars to boot."

Mrs. Coderson was not given to deep thought over financial matters and the hundred in the hand with a cottage and lot almost identical with her own though so much farther from the centre of the town, was a bargain, she considered, and closed it on the spot.

Litcherley had the deeds exchanged with his usual speed.

Then the town did just as he had figured—took the cheaper lot. He was, therefore, all sympathy for the widow.

"Who'd 'a thought it? Yours was the lot they were after and here they go and take the other one and beat you down, too. This town's gettin' worse and worse! Now what'll you do?"

Captain Pearson at the outbreak of war was secretary of Y.M.C.A. at Calgary and enlisted in 89th battalion as a fighting captain. After being wounded he was attached to the Y.M.C.A. forces. In recent Alberta elections he headed the polls in the oversea soldiers's vote and with Miss McAdam, a nurse, will represent the soldiers in the legislature.

"I don't know. I never was any good with land deals and if I buy again I'm sure to make a bad bargain," she disparaged. "If Clyde or John were only here! John was so good at making a bargain."

"I guess he was. I guess he was. Say, he got to be an officer, didn't he?" asked Litcherley, slyly.

"A non-commissioned officer of the highest rank," she corrected him.

"Smart lad. Smart lad. Bargains have a way of turnin' out well with some people. Then there's bargains and bargains. You see, your deal with me was a bargain for you but it was a kind o' speculation, too, because it didn't turn out just as we expected. Tell you what," he went on, briskly, "What's the matter with bein' Mrs. Litcherley, and livin' in the old place?"

Now, Mrs. Coderson revered the memory of her husband. She was one of those loyal women who wed but once, believing implicity in the reality of spirit. Though Clyde Coderson's body was in disintegration, his spirit, his memory, the impress of his spoken words, lived with her as much as ever. She was righteously indignant at Litcherley's proposal and she answered, calmly:

"That is a bargain I am certain of not making," and turned her back upon him, entering the house to which she had moved her belongings only to be forced to remove them again.

But where was she to go?

Lots in that neighborhood were the cheapest in town but were held for speculation. She thought of the Mowbray house, long for rent, but even promptly as she inquired others were ahead of her and ready to move in. Then delight sprang up in her breast for it was the Mowbrays themselves returning to town.

Jean was a winsome girl of nineteen, dimpled and frank-eyed, affectionate and sympathetic. She found Litcherley in the Coderson house and could scarcely believe her eyes. She rushed to the one next door.

"Oh, Mrs. Coderson, there's some mistake, isn't there? You didn't have to give up that cosy little place for this cold, cheerless one, did you? I can see you've been bamboozled by that old sinner."

"No use crying about it, my dear," soothed Mrs. Coderson, herself in tears. "I'll have to make the most of it, but I can't stay here. The town give me to January first to keep it but I want to get out of it now—before Christmas, anyway. I can't think of spending Christmas here."

"And you shall not, either. Just come on over with us. We'll fix up a nice room for you and take care of your furniture, too. Come; I'm boss over there! Mother will be glad to have you."

The greying head nodded thoughtfully while she fought back her tears. She found it hard to decide. It was a sacrifice of independence so dear to them that have it.

"I'll go, Jean—the day before Christmas, and I thank you," she at last agreed. Jean stayed with her and put her house in order and then returned to the rehabilitation of their own home.

The sewer was in progress on the proposed new street which was to swallow up the Litcherley place—that is, the surveying was in progress, but as soon as a shovel was put into it all progress stopped.

They had encountered rock a foot below the surface. They bared it in many places with the same result. There would be just as much blasting here, they figured, as if they kept by the old survey which, at least described a street that was straight while the new one did not.

Winter was approaching and all public work was doomed to rest and a wrangle begun involving the town engineer seriously.

Christmas eve came with swirling gusts of snow that swept the whole mining district, settling as if by preference in this, the chief town, and piling up a foot deep.

About noon old Litcherley was brought to his door by a loud knock.

"Hello Litcherley, is mother in?" asked a khaki clad youth with the Coderson blue eyes, a big fellow and not a physical defect to be noticed.

"John Coderson!" gasped Litcherley, whitening. "Why — you — were — reported — missing. How did you get here?"

"I'm invalided home—just gas and a few shrapnel slices out of me, but I'm almost as strong as ever—and considerably richer, in lucre, war lore and knowledge of human nature. What's wrong—why don't you invite me in to see my family?"

"Why — ah — you're mother moved next door a short time ago — my old place. Come in and I'll tell you all about it."

"I'll come in later," and John Coderson sped to the next house.

His mother opened the door to his knock and just naturally melted into his arms. He carried her back into the chilly room, drawing her upon his knees into a chair and asking all sorts of questions.

"Come, now, mother, tell me all about this thing," he prompted.

"Everything's all right, John. You're here. There's been a change here but nothing that I should complain of. You've been through a thousand times worse. Let us get ready to be real happy."

"Well, mother, I'll go over and begin on old Litcherley," and away he went, entering Litcherley's house as he knocked.

"What is it, Litcherley?" he asked, "a trick?"

Litcherley tried to explain about the swap.

"I know what that means, mind you, Litcherley. You can't trick me. You saw a hundred dollars profit and grabbed for it. You didn't care how the other party suffered. Now, Litcherley, we've yet time before business closes for the day to square this up. This house and lot are assessed at eight hundred. I'll just deduct the hundred you made and give you seven hundred dollars and you'll move out tonight."

"Impossible!" blurted Litcherley.

"It is not only quite possible but quite imperative. Come with me right now and get the deed fixed up and then get ready to move. You'd better move clean out of town—and out of the country, Litcherley, because my arm is aching for a terrible swing on your mean jaw and I have a long reach."

The capitulation was complete and hasty; in an hour John Coderson went back to his mother with a deed in his pocket.

It is a strange fact that in some neighborhoods many things happen in the intercourse of a day's business without the knowledge of it ever getting out, while in others it would seem that unpleasant espionage was upon every little act.

John Coderson's return to town was unheralded and except for a hearty handshake from individuals he met on his way home his coming was quiet. There were not many out and those who remained indoors kept as close to their stoves and as far away from windows as possible. So, Jean Mowbray, washing dishes near the kitchen fire, saw nothing of the comedy enacted next door. Two hours later she began to fix up a room for Mrs. Coderson and caught a glimpse of a furniture van backing up to Litcherley's house and old Litcherley actually handing out chairs and other light articles. The strangeness of it held her gaze for several moments and then she ran out of the house to tell Mrs. Coderson the news.

She burst in after knocking lightly and sang out as she volleyed into the presence of John and his mother:

"Did you know that old Litcherley's moving out? Well, for goodness sake—John Coderson, or am I dreaming?"

It was real, very real, the pressure of strong arms about her and warm kisses upon her lips.

Mrs. Coderson had stepped lightly into the kitchen at the first sign of the af-

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 4)

Marked Down

By Margaret Pearce

ARNOLD BARNETT paused and viewed his reflection in the long narrow mirror of his bed room. Grey hairs! Could it be possible? Why he was only thirty-two and full of life and health. But was he? Even now, his hand trembled perceptibly as he raised it to pat the smooth staring signs of age. Oh, that would soon pass when he had drank his morning bracer. He had drank too much last night and he didn't feel well this morning.

Indeed, they had had a night of it. He and his quondam companions. There had been six of them and what a time they had had! They had drank and debauched and sang until even the rafters rang with good cheer. But Ugh! How bad he felt after it!

The debris had but been cleared away and he went to his work. All his fellow workers were already at their desks copying, dictating and doing the various jobs of a big office. Arnold went quietly to his desk but was soon called by the manager.

"Barnett, I am sorry to have to say it," said the smooth voice of Bray, "but we will have to let you go."

"What? Why?—"Arnold was alarmed. He had not expected—

"The truth is," said Bray, "you have lost your nerve. You make so many mistakes that it does not pay the firm to hire a man to correct them."

He looked with sympathy into Arnold's eyes—red from drinking and loss of sleep—and shook his head.

"Sorry, old boy," he said.

And with another touch of feeling he held out his hand and clasped Barnett's. "Hope you'll soon find a good job," the voice followed him into the big office.

Arnold turned slowly, mechanically and reached for his coat and hat.

"What's the matter, old chap," asked Harry Goram sympathetically as he brushed his desk going out.

Arnold was popular wherever he worked and Harry was genuinely sorry when he heard of his friend's loss.

"Oh, well," he comforted, "I wouldn't worry. There are plenty more jobs."

But jobs were not so plentiful for Barnett. Some of the men who held the reins in the big offices looked at his trembling hand and some his graying hair. His red, blood-shotten eyes were no asset with which to get a job either. So on he went from place to place only to be turned down. Finally, tired out he went up and down the streets and idly looked into the show windows, pretending to be interested. Ashamed, and afraid that even the pedestrians who brushed him on the street should know that he could not get a job.

One day he stopped in front of Old Anthony's clothing store and looked in. He saw the old man come quietly and put a faded old coat with frayed edges in the window on a stand. Then he tacked a card board in front on which Arnold read the words:

"Marked Down."

He caught his breath in a quick hiss and clutched his breast with his right hand. In the old coat there faded from much handling, and frayed and graying at the edges, he saw a symbol of himself.

"Like me," he acknowledged to himself. "I am marked down. I am not worth what I once was. Nobody wants me because I am graying on the edges and a little faded in the eyes."

He laughed grimly at his simile and went slouching into a saloon. The drink braced him and he once more began his hunt for a job. This time he avoided the big offices and asked at the stores and small shops.

In a downtown shoe store which struggled feebly for life among its more prosperous neighbors he obtained a job on trial. It seemed that suspicion lurked by his side. Even the proprietor of this small business distrusted him. And why not? He was drinking more than ever. His clothes were shabby and his hat seedy. The money that should have gone for good clothes and food went for beer and whisky. The money was getting away too. He had only a few quarters and dimes left.

He held his job for a month by putting a brace on himself and going a block out of his way every morning so as not to pass a saloon. But, alas! One day he met one of his old companions and he was lost.

From that he drifted to various small jobs, and obtained enough by hard labor to feed and buy himself whisky. Finally, Harry Goram ran across him carrying a hod where there was a building going up. A true friend, always, he had hunted for Arnold a little every day since he heard to what straits he was reduced. With gentle tact he got Arnold off from his job to go and take dinner with him at a near by restaurant. Harry tried not to show his surprise at the spectacle Barnett presented and soon won him to the old understanding again.

Suddenly, he felt he could stand it no longer. This pretense between himself and a friend he loved like a brother, and he burst out: "I say, Arnold, this is a shame! Me with plenty of everything and you with nothing. I can't stand it. I am going to the country to-morrow on a little vacation and I want you to go with me. Will you?"

Arnold had a little pride left. He blushed and stammered, "I— I have no money—and—and these are my best clothes."

"Do you think that makes any difference to me?"

Goram smiled a true smile of friendship and added, "We will go around to Taylor's and get you fitted up this evening and you can settle with me sometime."

A Canadian officer wounded in both hands having a snack outside a Boche gun pit in Flanders. He does not seem very downhearted.

That seemed to make everything satisfactory and Barnett was as pleased as a child. He loved the country and had frequently told Goram that he had been reared on a farm and would give half his life if he had never left it with its clean atmosphere and hard work and peace. He had described the place so often that Harry felt like he would know it if he happened to ride there in the dark. He did not tell Arnold but the place he had picked as the most desirable to spend his vacation was so much like the place as he could imagine

It was night when they got there and an old darky drove them to the farm house. The family were up waiting for them and introductions were in order the very first thing.

"This is Mr. Barnett—Arnold Barnett," said Harry, presenting his friend who now in a new suit and shoes and hat looked somewhat like the Arnold Barnett of old.

"Barnett, how singular," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, the lady of the house. This farm used to belong to an Arnold Barnett."

"Yes it belonged to my father," said Arnold. He looked at Harry with a twinkle and explained: "I knew it the minute my eyes saw the wood. I have hunted many a day in that wood, and fished in the creek that runs through it. I knew you thought you were springing a surprise on me Harry and that is the reason I kept still. How I appreciate what you have done, no one knows but myself. But for this one act of unselfish friendship you will be honored by me till the day of my death."

His voice broke and he hurried away to his room not waiting for his friend's explanation that he did not know it was Arnold's boyhood home.

They found it very pleasant in the country among the flowers and live things of the farm. Arnold led his friend over many places of his boyhood and lived over again many thrilling scenes. They hunted and fished and played ball with the village team and became boys again in everything but size. The city was forgotten in the beautiful days and pleasant nights of the country and Harry almost imagined he had been eating the lotus bloom.

With the blooming of the apple blossoms, Arnold found some of his lost manhood. His cheeks were rounded out and his eyes lost every trace of red. His skin lost the sickly pallor of the city and insufficient nourishment and he took on a healthy tan. His nerves were steadied by his good habit of replacing his morning dram of whisky for a tall glass of cold buttermilk fresh from the churn.

And then one morning while he and his friend sat smoking on the long front veranda which ran the length of the house, the woman made her appearance. She rode up on a horse and dismounted at a tall oak at the gate. She was pretty but Goram saw nothing in her to cause Arnold to act the way he did. He straightened his spine; his eyes grew bright as dew drops and his nervous hand began to pat his graying hair. Goram smiled but he too buttoned his coat and smoothed his hair. He had the surprise of his life however when Barnett jumped up and almost shouted,

"Norah!"

"Arnold!" was the answer.

And then both stood blushing shyly like two children. Finally the woman recovered herself and not waiting for an introduction to Goram disappeared inside saying that she wanted to see Mrs. Jones a moment.

There was silence for a moment and Harry asked banteringly, "I say, old chap, who is she?"

Arnold's voice held a ring of new life as he answered.

"That woman was my sweetheart once."

"You don't say!" Harry scented a romance.

"Yes, and I love her yet," admitted Arnold bluntly.

Another silence. And Harry asked, "Why don't you win her yet?"

A shadow rested in the deep blue eyes of Barnett and a picture of his old life rose before him. The intimacy of years had given Harry a wonderful insight into this man's simple kindly nature and he guessed what Arnold was thinking.

"You can make good yet and she need never know," he said softly as though soothing a dissatisfied child.

Arnold was willing to be persuaded and the two plotted and planned. They sat long hoping against hope that Norah would make her appearance again but she did not. They saw her at dinner and talked with her in the afternoon and Harry was willing to endorse his friends' taste. That night however, Arnold and Norah took a walk. They walked through the orchard sweet with the smell of apple blossoms and sweet with the memories of bygone days. They stood under the old sweet apple tree that both remembered so well and lived a whole lifetime in each other's smile.

"Are you married yet, Norah?"

The soft eyes of the woman smiled at the absurdity of the question.

"No, are you?"

"Of course not," answered Arnold, his heart singing for joy.

With his arms around her and his head hid on her shoulder he confessed all the weaknesses of his New York life and as all the women from Eve down have done, she forgave him and asked only his love.

A Khaki Christmas

(Continued from previous page)

fectionate interlocking and remained there while those two young people told the world's oldest story in eye-telegraphy, embellished by pleasurable sighs and shocks.

They called her in to congratulate them upon the happy discovery and then settled down to planning for the day of Peace.

The van that moved Litcherley out moved the Codersons in, and after a hearty supper at the Mowbrays a "bee' was held to prepare the Coderson house for the morrow. Jean found many a chance to ask John a few questions as they went about putting things in order.

"I don't understand you're being reported missing when you were wounded," she told him.

"That is one of the things hard to overcome. I was missing for four days before they found me and put me in a hospital. Then I discovered that they reported me wounded under the name of 'Anderson' but I did not know it for three months and then I had endless trouble getting it put right. They had me down as a private because the sign of my rank was torn off my sleeve by shrapnel. But I got it fixed up at last and I was very much surprised at the pile of back pay I got. Then I hurried home because I knew that mother's allowance would have stopped and it was up to me—and I had that human failing of wishing to give everybody a surprise!"

"You couldn't have given everybody a better Christmas gift," she responded.

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The Silent Witness

By S. Galbraith

JOAN Gregory, the teacher of the foreign settlement at Volsk, in northern Alberta, was eating her solitary dinner in her shack. Without, the September day was shortening to dusk. The one roomed frame shack, though small, was cozy and comfortable, and for two years Joan had lived alone in it.

The free unconventional life had a charm of its own, and Joan seldom grew lonely, though her only associates were other teachers thinly scattered over the vast prairie.

Through the window Joan could see the schoolhouse, some fifty yards away, and across the road the thatched house and barn of her nearest neighbor, Dmitri Boicjuk. There were other thatched roofs to be seen farther off on the prairie, but the nearest was a mile away.

A sound of horse's hoofs, clattering down the long hill to the north, took Joan to the door. On the summit of the hill, a mile away, the Russian Orthodox church, with its gilded domes, stood out clearly in the sunset glow, but it was too dark to distinguish clearly the approaching rider. Joan wondered who could be so reckless as to ride at such a pace down the hilly road, since it was in very bad repair, and was full of stumps and badger holes. The rider swept round the corner of the fence, and stopped at the school gate, only a few yards away. Joan, as he approached, was surprised to recognize Alan Forbes, who taught the school at Sheremeta, some ten miles distant. He often came over for Sunday dinner, but this was the first time he had called on a week evening. Joan hastily considered the resources of her larder.

"This is a pleasant surprise," she said. "You are just in time for dinner. But what is the matter?" she broke off, noticing now that he was coatless, hatless, and generally dishevelled.

"Miss Gregory," he said, striving to master his excitement, "I am in trouble. The police may be here any moment. I stopped to ask if you could give me some food?"

"The police? But why?"

"You may as well hear the truth now as later," Forbes said. "I am wanted for murder."

"Murder!" Joan fell back a step, but immediately recovered. "But you are not guilty?"

"No. But I dare not give myself up. You know how these Ruthenians stick together. The murderer himself will swear away my life, and he can get dozens of his countrymen to perjure themselves. And what witnesses have I?"

"Who has been murdered?" the girl asked.

"Domka Fedorovitch, old Tedor Fedorovitch's daughter. They live near the school. The girl sometimes came to that church on the hill; you may have seen her."

"Yes, I knew her," Joan murmured.

"I went over there after school to get some eggs. I took my .22 along, thinking I might get a prairie chicken on the way. I took my camera, too, since Domka had asked me to take her photograph. We were talking and laughing, and I had just taken a snapshot, when suddenly I saw Tonasco Pugachev standing a few yards behind the girl, covering her with my .22, which I had left leaning against the fence. Before I could move he fired. She screamed and fell. I ran to her, but she was already dead. The shot brought her father from the stable. Tonasco called out in Russian, which I understand fairly well, "This cursed Englishman has killed your daughter. I will go for the police." He jumped on a horse, and was off before I could find breath to deny his accusation. But in any case talk was of no use. Old Fedorovitch understands no English, and though I understand Russian, I can't speak it much."

"But why did you run away? People will say your flight proves you guilty, and you know there is no escape from the Riders of the Plains."

"I can't give myself up—I can't. There is not a scrap of evidence in my favor. Tonasco will swear that he saw me shoot the girl, and he will have witnesses ready to swear to it also. If I can only get fifty miles south, among English settlers, I may escape. Up here, of course, anyone speaking English is a marked man. What's that?" he ended sharply.

The last rays of the sun showed a gleam of metal on the road from the north.

"Spurs," he muttered. "That means the mounted police. I must be off."

"I will get you some food," Joan said, running towards the shack. Then she stopped. The police were riding fast.

"You haven't time to get away," she said. "Untie your horse, quick. Hit him with the whip, so that he will gallop off to the south. Now, drop to the ground, and crawl to the shack. I'll hide you there. Don't stand up; drop to the ground, I say. My neighbors have eyes like hawks."

As soon as they reached the shack, Joan threw back the couch cover, the fringed edges of which touched the floor.

"Roll under the couch, quick," she said. "I must light the lamp, and be quietly eating my dinner when the police stop."

In a moment all was arranged. Joan resumed her interrupted dinner just as two riders turned the corner. One dismounted and came towards the shack.

Joan rose at his knock, and went to the door. "Good evening, sergeant," she said, remembering the officer whom she had met several times in the past year. "You are just in time for dinner, though I'm afraid everything's rather cold. I have been dawdling over my newspaper."

"Sorry, Miss Gregory, but I'm on official business, and can't stop. Have you seen anybody ride past within the hour?"

"Ruthenians?"

"Anybody."

"Half an hour ago my neighbor, Boicjuk, went past on his way to the post office, and a few minutes after Mr. Forbes, who teaches near here, rode past."

"Did you speak to him? Which way did he go?"

"He was going south. I asked him to come in and have dinner, but he said he was in a hurry. Is anything wrong?"

It had not escaped Joan then when the sergeant first came to the door his glance had swept every corner of the shack. But he did not seem suspicious.

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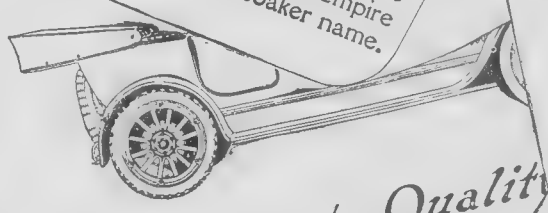

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"Let REDPATH Sweeten It".

"Forbes is wanted for murder," he said. "A Ruthenian girl near his school. Lock up carefully to-night. You should not be living alone here."

"But why should anyone suppose Mr. Forbes would murder a Ruthenian girl?"

"Jealousy. Her father wanted her to marry a countryman of his but she has been flirting with Forbes. To-day her Ruthenian lover was talking and laughing with her, at her father's house, when Forbes surprised them, he says, and shot the girl in a jealous rage."

With a hasty good night, the policeman was off.

Joan stood in the doorway until the sound of the horses' hoofs had quite died away; then she lowered the blinds, drew the curtains and locked the door.

"Come and have something to eat," she whispered. "But be careful not to speak loud, for this shack is so near the road that anyone passing could hear voices, and would wonder who was with me. And be careful not to let your shadow fall on the blind."

"I'll go," he whispered, "as soon as I have had some food. I'm famished."

"No, you must stay here to-night, perhaps for several days, until the first excitement has died away. I will sleep in the tent."

"No, I'll be off as soon as you think your neighbors have gone to bed."

"But the prairie is very open here; there is no bush to shelter in. Everyone along the trail will be on the watch for you; you must do as I say. But is it true you were flirting with this girl?"

"I swear to you—" he cried.

"Hush; for heaven's sake keep your voice down."

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "I'll be more careful. But you see how it is. I do, and anything out of the ordinary would start them talking."

Taking her sweater, a knitted cap, and a box of matches, Joan went out to the tent. But she did not go to bed. Instead, she sat on the edge of the pallet until she was sure that no one was about at Boicjuk's. Striking a match, she glanced at her watch; it was just eleven.

Slipping on her sweater, and putting the matches in her pocket, Joan took her bicycle from the schoolhouse porch. She meant to ride over to Forbes' shack for the camera. She wheeled her bicycle until she had passed the brow of the hill, since the road was too rough to ride without a light. Then she lit her lamp, and rode as fast as she dared. There was a full moon, but the night was cloudy. After riding about eight miles she saw, a mile away, a large white building which she knew must be the school, and near it several thatched houses. She dismounted, put out her lamp, and hid the bicycle in a clump of trees near the road. The houses were all dark, but Joan left the road and struck across the fields. After stumbling over ploughed land, she at last reached the school. All looked quiet and deserted. Going softly to the shack, she turned the handle of the door. It was locked.

For a moment she was startled. Why was the door locked? "Oh, how stupid of me," she thought in a moment. "Of course the police would lock the place up. But it will be easy enough to get in at a window."

Going round to the back of the shack, she found, as she had expected, that the window was unfastened. In a moment she had opened it, and crawled through. The moonlight was bright enough to show her something dark on the shelf over the

Memorial service behind the lines to men of a Quebec regiment who fell on Vimy Ridge.

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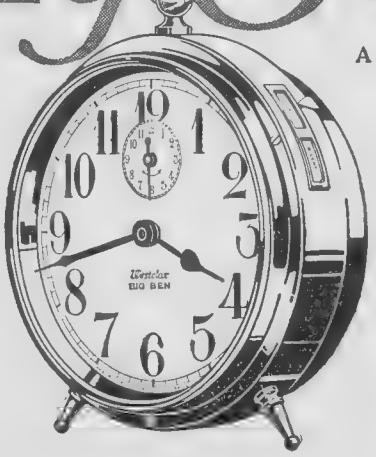
A *Westclox* Alarm



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The sergeant seemed to believe that story; you think it may be true."

"There must be some reason for such a story," Joan said.

"There is no reason, I tell you. Tofan wanted to marry the girl; her father was on his side but she disliked him. Besides, she didn't want to marry anybody. She wanted to go to the city and get work in a laundry. She and her father quarreled all the time about Tonasco. Only last Sunday she told me that Tonasco had threatened her. So, when I saw him standing there with the gun, I knew what he meant to do. I had just snapped the camera when I looked up—"

"He was standing behind the girl?" Joan interrupted.

"Yes; he shot her in the back."

"Then his picture must be on the film, as well as hers? There is your evidence."

"By Jove!" he said, "I never thought of that!"

"Where is that camera?"

"On the shelf over the window in my shack, where I always keep it. I took it and the gun home mechanically, and put them in the usual places."

"Will Tonasco think of the camera?" Joan asked. "Perhaps he has already destroyed it?"

"I don't think so. He's a stupid creature."

"Not so stupid in the story he told the police."

"Habit; his countrymen are accomplished liars."

"But you were stupid not to have thought of the camera."

"I suppose I was, but I was dazed by the suddenness of the affair."

"Well, I am going to bed now," Joan said. "Be careful not to make a noise, or to start a fire in the morning until I come in. The Doicjuks notice everything

second window; this, she thought, must be the camera. She crossed the room, and was reaching up to take it, when her hand fell to her side, and she stopped as if she had been shot. She listened. Yes, there it was again? This time there was no doubt of it. She was not alone in the shack; someone was snoring heavily on the bed at the other end of the room.

In a moment Joan's courage came back. "Now that I've got so far I will not go back without the camera," she said. She seized it, tiptoed across to the window, and was about to crawl out, when she heard steps approaching. A moment afterwards somebody tried the door. Hardly stopping to think what she did, Joan dropped to the ground, and rolled under the bed.

Somebody was shaking the door, and Joan heard voices speaking in Russian, but could not distinguish what was said. A few seconds later she heard someone crawling through the open window, then heavy steps crossed the floor, and she heard the door open. Another man entered.

"Light the lamp, Stepan," said the latter, speaking in Russian which Joan understood well. "Is the fool here?"

"Do you not hear him snoring like a pig?" asked the man called Stepan. "Yes, I thought so," he said, as, after lighting the lamp, he approached and leaned over the bed. "Dead drunk. Shall we try to wake him up, Vasil?"

"We must wake the fool up, and find out what has become of that camera. It's lucky the old man mentioned it to me. Tonasco is our brother, even though he is a fool, and if the police get hold of the camera, and develop that picture which the Englishman took just as Tonasco fired, we'll all go to jail. What a foo Tonasco was not to think of it! Bu

what's the window doing open? Did you find it open?"

"Yes, I suppose Tonasco came in that way, and was too drunk to shut it. Wake up, here! Wake up, I say, Tonasco!"

"Throw some cold water over him."

"It's no use, I tell you. He's dead drunk. No use our staying here. Likely he broke the camera up. What else should he have come here for?"

"I shall stay here until morning. The police will likely be back early to search the shack. I must try to wake him up as soon as it's daylight. But you might as well go home now."

"All right, Wasil," was the reply, and soon Joan heard the door open and shut. Then the light was extinguished, and she heard the man called Wasil throw himself on the bed.

A long time, hours, it must have been, Joan lay there, not daring to move. And yet she knew that she must escape before daylight, for had not Wasil said that he meant to search the shack thoroughly. At last it seemed to her that she could distinguish the heavy breathing of both men, and she thought that now Wasil must be asleep. She peered cautiously from under the bed. The grey square of the window showed that dawn was approaching. Inch by inch she crawled out from her hiding place, still grasping the precious camera. Cautiously she tiptoed to the door and opened it. Should she leave it open? But the cold morning air might waken the sleepers too soon; she must risk the noise of closing it. Just as her hand sought the handle, however, a sudden gust of wind, coming through the open window, blew the door shut with a slam. Joan turned and ran. Fast as she was she had not reached the schoolyard fence when she heard the door open, and a moment after Wasil ran round the corner of the shack. They were plainly visible to each other in the grey morning light. With an oath, the man ran towards Joan. Fortunately, however, he was unarmed, and, rolling under the barbed wire fence, she fled across ploughed fields and stubble to the place where she had left her bicycle the night before. She knew that she could make better time on the road, but feared to be stopped by some of the people living in the surrounding houses.

On she ran, rolling under wire fences, plunging through sloughs crashing through clumps of brush. Her feet were wet, her hair had come down, her clothes were torn by thorns and barbed wire, but at last she reached the clump of trees where she had hid her bicycle. As she rolled under the last fence she ventured to look back. She had gained considerably on Wasil, but he was still pursuing her, and from time to time he shouted to attract the attention of his neighbors. Pausing a moment to suspend the camera around her neck by means of her belt, Joan mounted. Even as she did so, two men ran out of a house some distance ahead, and started towards her, along the road which led to Volsk. At the same time Wasil, making a detour, came out on the road some hundred yards behind her. Escape by the road was cut off. For a moment she thought of abandoning the bicycle, and running on foot across the prairie. But she reflected that they would soon get horses, and could easily overtake her. Stretching across the prairie, at right angles to the highroad, was a narrow footpath, probably made by cattle on their way to and from pasture. Perhaps it led nowhere. It was a slender chance, still, it was her only one. Jumping on her wheel, Joan sped along the path at her best speed.

After five minutes hard pedalling, she slackened her pace and looked back. She had not yet been followed; the three men were turning in at the nearest house. Still she dared not stop; they had probably gone to get horses, and, tired as she was from the night's work and excitement, she knew that a good horse could easily overtake her. She rode on, therefore, as fast as she could, until she was sure that she was out of sight of all the houses. Then, having figured out in which direction her school lay, she dismounted and wheeled her bicycle across the prairie. After half an hour's walk she struck the trail. She glanced at her watch. It was just seven o'clock.

Joan was anxious to get home before any of the school children arrived, but she rode carefully; a spill might mean the destruction of the camera. Once a badger hole yawned across her path, and she narrowly escaped a fall, and once a pedal struck a stump, but no damage was done. It was just eight o'clock when the bicycle was once more in the schoolhouse porch.

Forbes must have been watching for her, for the door opened as she touched the handle. She entered quickly and shut the door.

"Your camera is in the school stove. That is the last place anyone would look for it, and fortunately it is so warm this morning that we shall not need a fire. You must get away before the children come. Walk into Ferndale and give yourself up. You must tell the police to come out at once for the camera."

"But—but—where did you get it?"

"Shelf over the window in your shack."

"For Heaven's sake!"

"I went over on my bicycle. Unfortunately Tonasco's brother saw, and probably recognized me. Now, you can see I don't want to be mixed up in this business? So you must say you gave me the camera for safe keeping, making me promise to say nothing; that your horse threw you, when you were on your way to

Some of the pupils at the Summer Fair, Gladstone. Miss Blackburn to the left and Mr. Murdin to the right, teachers from the College. The chairs in the photo were made by the boys, the garments which the girls are holding and hats they are wearing were made at the School.

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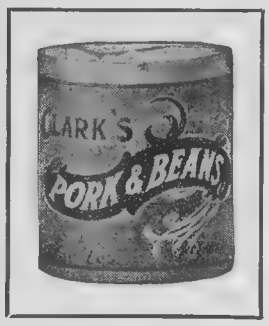

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give yourself up, and you had to spend the night on the prairie. Go quickly, or the children will see you. Besides, I must make myself tidy before school-time."

"Oh, Joan, Joan, to think of you running such risks," he stammered. "Surely you must care a little—"

"There is no time to talk. Straight south across the prairie for the first two miles, then west. Please send somebody for the camera before dark. I should not like to stay alone to-night, so, as it is Friday, I shall go across to my friends at the Grekova Mission. Good bye, and good luck."

"Goodbye, Joan. I'll be back to thank you properly as soon as I am cleared."

Just as Joan was dismissing school that day a mounted trooper rode up.

"I understand that Mr. Forbes left a parcel with you, Miss," he said.

"Here it is," Joan answered. "Be careful, will you not? Mr. Forbes said it was valuable."

"No fear about that," was the answer.

When Joan returned from her visit to the mission, on Sunday afternoon, she found Alan Forbes sitting on her doorstep.

"Free so soon?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, thank Heaven. The film developed well. It showed Tonasco behind the girl, the gun in his hands. Even if the photo had been a failure, his behavior was enough to convict him. On my way to Ferndale I was overtaken by the two policemen who were here. I gave myself up, and told my story as we went along. One of them at once went over to arrest Tonasco, on suspicion, but neither he nor his brothers were to be found. They must have run away as soon as they realized what the loss of the camera meant."

"You will not go back to Sheremeta?"

"No. Some time ago I applied for a vacancy in the normal school, in Regina, and yesterday I got a telegram saying I had been appointed. The salary is twelve hundred—not a great income, but—Joan, will you share it with me?"

"Don't, Alan," she cried, as the young man seized her in his arms. "What will Dmitri Boicjuk think?"

"Confound Dmitri Boicjuk and all his race," said Alan, as he kissed her.

Christmas Eve on Broadway

It is Christmas Eve on Broadway—how delightful,
Just to mingle with the crowds that gaily throng,
On the pavements and to note the smiling faces,
Of the shoppers as they swiftly pass along.
On every side the cafes gleam and sparkle,
The sound of Christmas greetings fill the air,
And every where you turn is mirth and gladness,
For its Christmas Eve on Broadway—everywhere.

It is Christmas Eve on Broadway—how inviting,
Every window that you meet with holly dressed,
And the sights within the shops the eyes delighting,
Till you long to push and jostle with the rest,
It is true some pass whose hearts have long grown weary,
And to whom life seems at best an empty game,
But the crowds that line the sidewalks are as cheery,
And it's Christmas Eve on Broadway—just the same.

It is Christmas Eve on Broadway—but a yearning,
Tugs my heartstrings and all pleasures lose their zest,
For where'er I go, my thoughts are always turning,
To the loved ones who are waiting 'way out West,
So I hasten to my room to write a letter,
As the lights commence to flash from buildings tall,
For the little home that beckons in the distance,
Beats a Christmas Eve on Broadway after all.

Clare MacDermott.

Said a cheerful old bear in the Zoo;
"I never have time to feel blue.
If it bores me, you know
To walk to and fro,
I reverse it and walk fro and to."

Preparing for Christmas

By Zitella Cocke

There's a secret in the air,
Something brewing, so much doing.
Though the light it will not dare,
You can feel it everywhere;
See its shadow here and there,
Hear it tripping o'er the stair;
Always shying, sometimes flying.
And we boys watch day and night,
Hoping still to get a sight.

There are mysteries about.
Oh, what hiding and confiding,
As the girls run in and out,
For they know, we have no doubt;
But poor boys they scorn and flout.
If we ask a word, they shout,
"Stop your prying and your crying,
Naughty boys, to tease us so!
Do you think we'll let you know?"

But we learn a thing or two
When they're sitting at their knitting,
Whispering what they mean to do;
Which is best for little Sue,
White or red or pink or blue;
And we often get a clue
While they're showing fancy sewing.
We are studying our books
With the soberest of looks!

And we find things every day
In queer places—pretty laces,
Boxes, pictures, ribbons gay,
And the stuff girls call crochet,
Tools for work and games for play.
We search well and nothing say.
Christmas folly makes all jolly,
And amid our Christmas fun
We will tell them what we've done.

A Choice

If you must sit and sigh,
And have the blues,
Why don't you try
To realise
That there are sighs and sighs,
And blues and blues,
From which to choose?
There's Heavenly blues, and blues of tranquil seas,
Both pleasant—if you have them, pray have these;
And when you sigh, be like the turtle-dove,
Who knows not grief, and merely sighs for love.

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POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

How Red Hair Won at District Eight

By Leland S. Trivelpiece

PEARL Trumley paused a moment on the porch of District Eight's log schoolhouse, and shiftedt the unsightly big dinner pail to the other hand. Her pale cheeks were flushed from her brisk walk across the fields, but her blue eyes held a hint of wistfulness in them, as she turned to look off over the prairies.

Longing for a glorious, adventurous winter, Pearl had come out to northwestern Nebraska from her home in Chicago to teach school. Her uncle had written her many letters urging her to come. He had told her about District Eight's schoolhouse built from logs taken from the famous old Fort McPherson, and of the wide wind-swept prairies.

"It will be the making of a pale-faced city girl like you," he wrote. "It will make the roses bloom in your cheeks to skip across the fields in the mornings." Each letter closed with this assurance: "Don't be afraid to try it, little girl, for you've got red hair and I'll bet on it every time. It's the kind that counts."

So Pearl had come out to the wild West to become a school ma'am. But this morning, as Pearl stood on the schoolhouse steps, she felt homesick and discouraged. Even though the predicted roses had come into her cheeks, her red hair had failed.

The playgrounds around the schoolhouse were not inspiring. Upon the fireguard that had been plowed last year, sunflowers and Russian thistles had grown lustily. To the north of the schoolhouse stood the coal sheds and rickety old horse barn, old buildings that looked as if they were slowly creeping back among the tall sunflowers to hide their ugliness.

To the east and west, nothing but sunburned stubble fields were visible. The monotony was broken only by yellow straw stacks here and there. To the south, the land sloped to the railroad tracks, just across which one could see a mirage that looked like a big lake of water—a phantom that mocked Pearl's eyes, for she was fond of rowing on the lakes at home.

The wind blew a lock of hair loose on her forehead. Pearl frowned and tried to tuck it up under her Tam o'Shanter. It was going to blow to-day, another Nebraska gale. Russian thistles would roll across the fields like lost sheep; tomorrow perhaps the wind would change and they would all come rolling back again.

Pearl was thinking of what her father had said when he bid her good-by: "If you get homesick and discouraged out there, babe, just you come right home." With tears in her eyes, Pearl had given him her promise; but she had determined to make good.

Before Bill Stark began attending school, Pearl had thought that she almost understood these rough children of the plains. Then Bill Stark, the evil-tempered and unruly cowboy, who imagined himself a Western bad man, and had already scared two teachers out of school, cast his unwelcome shadow in the door.

Pearl's uncle had told her not to be afraid of Bill. "Just let him know you're the teacher at District Eight when he comes, and Bill won't do a thing. The kid's a coward at heart, just like his father is."

But in spite of this, the morning that Bill had walked into Pearl's school, she had been surprised and startled. He was attired in an old pair of greasy chaps, a red handkerchief was tied around his neck, and his hat was set on the back of his head. Without removing his hat, he strode up to Pearl's desk and, putting his hands on his hips looked her over with undisguised disgust. Bill had big bulging black eyes and a prize fighter's jaw.

"I didn't wear my gun," he growled, "but these are the togs I've laid out to wear to school."

Pearl's sense of humor was startled by the ridiculous figure that Bill made standing there, and she burst out laughing.

Bill turned red in the face, but stood his ground. "I'll study anything but history," he said his voice savage; "but there ain't a schoolma'am ever lived that can make me read about what some darn fool done a hundred years ago."

By her indiscretion in laughing at him, Pearl had insulted the pride of Bill's sixteen years, and he had made up his mind to run "Sorrel-top" or "Red-head," as he nicknamed Pearl, out of school. Pearl had not told her uncle, for she felt that she was to blame, and so day by day the bad state of affairs had become more acute.

Bill came to school only to make the little teacher's life more unbearable. He kept the school in a constant uproar, by prompting his brothers in all sorts of mischief; such as, catching live mice and putting them in the crayon box on the school ma'am's desk, and curling dead rattlesnakes up on the porch step by the schoolhouse door in lifelike positions. Bill remained true to his resolve not to study history, and he had added grammar to the list. Indeed, for the last few weeks, Bill had neither studied himself or let anyone else study.

A week ago Pearl, thoroughly exasperated, had given one of Bill's small brothers a whipping when he refused to come forward to his class. It had been the case of red hair getting the better of the little schoolma'am's judgment, and since then she had bitterly regretted the act, for the whole school had turned from her in resentment, and it lacked only a spark to cause an open rebellion.

Thinking of all this, Pearl opened the schoolhouse door and went inside. She smiled in a preoccupied manner, as she set her big dinner pail on a shelf, a board across a corner of the room. Her uncle's motherly old housekeeper was a firm believer in the full dinner pail. Then she caught a glimpse of her face in the little cracked mirror that hung on the wall. A moment she stood there winking her eyes to keep back the tears, then she drew a long breath. "And you've got red hair," she said, speaking aloud to her reflection.

As Pearl turned from hanging up her wraps, she happened to glance at the blackboard. Someone had scrawled these words there with the blunt end of a crayon: "Darn you red head we hate

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you." Pearl, the color leaving her cheeks, caught hold of a desk for support. Although there had been an effort made to disguise the handwriting, she knew it was Bill Stark's.

Bill had waited around outside the schoolhouse last night, until she had finished sweeping, then he had crawled in a window, for the door had been locked, and scrawled the words upon the blackboard. Hope of ever gaining the good will of her rough flock of children left Pearl. She sat down in a seat and buried her face in her arms upon a haggled desk top.

But the little schoolma'am did not weep long; she was far too practical a person for that. After she had wiped the tears from her eyes and studied her face for suspicious marks before the little cracked mirror and glanced at her watch, she began pacing about the schoolroom, her high-laced Western boots making a very firm sound upon the floor.

After a while she paused at an east window. Disaster stared her in the face. She must make Bill Stark confess and apologize for writing the words upon the board, or give up her school in disgrace. Long minutes passed while she stood there brooding over the breathing, living prairies that lost themselves in distance, touched only here and there with the fingers of civilization. It must have taken spirit and many heartaches to have reclaimed this from the wild. With a serious face, Pearl turned to her desk. Let Bill do what he might, she would stay and fight it out.

When her pupils came straggling in, all of them very tardy, they found the much-despised little teacher sitting at her desk, looking very capable in the trim pink dress she wore and trying very hard to smile.

Pearl's school was composed of three families, the McKnights, the Baxters, and the three Stark boys, the eldest being Bill—fifteen pupils in all. Bill was the oldest boy in school and Saline Baxter the oldest girl, being fifteen. Saline hated Pearl because she wore pretty clothes and sometimes corrected her when she used rough language. Saline imagined herself in love with Bill. Sometimes Pearl thought she disliked the girl more than she did Bill.

She rang the bell, not mentioning the fact that they were all late, and the day's routine of study was commenced in an atmosphere of expectancy. Pearl saw Bill and Saline exchanging glances. She had not erased the words that Bill had written on the blackboard, and all but the smaller children in the school had read them and knew that Bill was the writer.

Bill was the center of attraction and idol of the hour. All eyes were upon him, but he sat in apparent indifference looking out the window, his big thumbs in the pockets of the old vest he always wore. That Bill was now enjoying the glory of his daring deeds was very much in evidence. The faces of these neglected children, so devoid of feeling, cut their wistful little teacher to the heart. Why did they hate her so much? She simply could not understand it.

She ran her eyes up and down the two long rows of seats. Bill and Saline sat on rear end seats on opposite sides of the room. Steeling herself with an effort, Pearl stepped around in front of her desk and pointing at the words scrawled upon the blackboard, asked: "Will the pupil who sneaked in the schoolhouse last night and wrote those words on the board come and erase them? He may," the little schoolma'am added with emphasis, "apologize to me for his conduct."

All the children turned to look at Bill' whose face had the stain of sunset upon it. Feeling her eyes upon him, he did not move, but gazed out the window with a brazenly transparent assumption of indifference.

"Very well," said Pearl, taking up a book from on top of her desk. "School shall not be dismissed, until the guilty pupil erases what he has written and apologizes to the school."

Feeling trapped and depressed, the young teacher went shakily to a window and looked out, turning her back to the school, but keeping watch from the tail of her eye over her charges.

What had been only a breeze when she had come to school an hour ago was now a Nebraska gale. Thistles were rolling and the sunflowers were bending and snapping in the wind. The air was full of dust.

As Pearl turned from the window, she caught one of Bill Stark's small brothers in the act of severing one of the little Baxter girl's braids of hair with his jack knife. Pearl commanded him to take his book and stand in the corner. With many doubtful glances at his brother Bill, the offending boy obeyed.

Bill seemed to be engrossed in a piece of carving he was doing upon the top of his desk with his jack knife. After this incident, the hush of death fell over the schoolroom, broken only when Pearl called forward a class that recited in a vague mechanical fashion which grated on the little teacher's nerves.

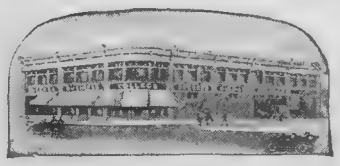
One of the little Baxter girls held up her hand. She wanted a drink of water. The old tin water pail that sat upon a bench in the corner of the schoolroom was empty; Pearl had neglected to fill it this morning.

Now she was puzzled. She knew that an epidemic of dryness would sweep over the school, now that the subject had been suggested. She disliked to leave the children to go after the water herself, and Bill was the only one among the pupils who could draw up the water from the cistern.

Pearl comforted the dry one, but it was of no avail. Inside of five minutes Saline, her frizzled hair standing on end and the artificial curl on her freckled forehead bobbing up and down like a corkscrew, with half a dozen others, were waving their hands wildly.

Facing the situation, Pearl tried to speak carelessly: "Bill, you may get a pail of water." Bill, who was looking out the window, did not turn his head, although the little teacher knew he had heard her. Slate pencils were poised in mid-air. All the children thought that "Sorrel-top" would try to whip Bill, or make him stand in the corner with his brother. Instead, she went back to the

A thick steel Boche sniper's post in what was once a Boche trench; the top of the structure has been blown off. Such armour as this does not stay the Canadian advance.



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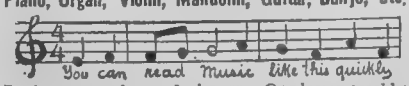

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corner and taking up the old pail went out to get the water herself.

District Eight had no well; a small cistern had been dug near the schoolhouse; it was about twenty feet deep, and the school board took turns hauling water and dumping it into the cistern. The wind blew Pearl's skirts high above her ankles and filled her pail with a coating of dust.

What her pupils would do during her absence from the room, Pearl did not dare to guess. Over the cistern was an old board covering; hurriedly dragging this aside, she picked up a coil of rope that lay close by for that purpose and went to tie it to the bail. In her nervousness she let loose of the bail and the bucket fell into the cistern with a loud splash.

A sense of overwhelming defeat came over her. Too disheartened to cry, she went back to the schoolhouse. She heard the children running about inside, but when she opened the door Bill's twin brother was still standing in the corner of the room and the rest of her pupils, some breathless from exercise indulged in during her absence, were in their seats.

Then the schoolma'am saw that the words Bill Stark had scrawled on the blackboard had been erased. Realizing that she had foolishly given Bill a chance to get ahead of her, she glanced around the room. Not one pair of eyes met hers.

Pearl turned on Bill—her face was flushed and her blue eyes were snapping like fire. She was no longer the dignified little schoolma'am of District Eight, but an angry young woman.

her sisters, with the shrieking McKnights and the Stark twins, had flocked instinctively to Pearl for protection.

"Bill!" Pearl said with a ring of authority in her voice, "come here and help me. Children," she said, trying to instil a note of cheerful indifference into her voice, "you must do as I tell you, and after the fire is over we can go home." Then Pearl, forgetting her own terror, opened the door. "Don't look at the fire," she said, "but follow me."

Pursued closely by her terror-stricken little band, Pearl ran to the cistern. She caught up the old rope in her hand and turned to Bill, who stood looking at the on-coming flames, as if he had turned to stone. His face was distorted with terror. "Bill!" Pearl seized his arm, "quick now, before it is too late!"

The roar of the racing flames was deafening, and the pungent smoke half choked them. How Pearl and Bill got the children safely in the cistern is a miracle until this day in Adams county. In a few minutes only the teacher and her assistant remained; the children and Saline were crying and splashing in the water below. Showers of ashes were raining around the two above the well.

"Get down, Bill," Pearl said, "I'll hold the rope. "The boy turned and looked at the fire and gave one yearning glance at the children below in the cistern. Then he looked up into Pearl's face.

"You're a woman," he said, "get down yourself; I'll take a chance."

A wave of heat struck them, stinging their faces. The rolling flames had swept

Rifle inspection in Canadian trenches, near Lens.

"You coward!" she said, her voice husky with emotion. "If I were a man, I would thrash you within an inch of your life."

Bill sprang to his feet and looked at Pearl, not knowing if he should get angry or laugh at her. One long minute passed while the little school ma'am and Bill glared at each other. Then Bill's small brother, who was standing in the corner, ran to the west window and looked out.

"Fire! Prairie fire!" he shrieked in terror.

Pearl, followed by all the other children in wild disorder, rushed to the windows.

On the wings of the wind an uneven wave of flames was sweeping down upon the little log schoolhouse from the northwest. Bill gave one glance at the fire and sprang toward the door, but Pearl was too quick for him. Half stumbling, she leaped in front of him and turned with her back against the door. Then amid the wild clamoring cries of the children and the sickening terror that had come over her, she tried to think. Bill seized her, and in desperate terror tried to drag her from the door. Aroused by the danger that would follow if she let the children get outside and try to go home, she clung to the door and struck Bill in the face. He fell back astonished.

But the respite gained was only momentary. Soon the fire would sweep across the fireguard, and the schoolhouse would quickly be a roaring mass of flames.

Then Pearl thought of the cistern. If she could get the children in there, they would be safe. She had read of such things in Western stories. Bill, his nose beeding profusely, had run to a window and was trying to raise it. Saline and

up to the old log schoolhouse and the old shingle roof was in flames. Bill in his terror dropped the rope, and in an instant it had slipped into the cistern. Pearl turned and caught Bill by the hand. Smoke blinded her eyes, and the heat seemed to be crisping her cheeks; already hungry red flames were playing over the little log schoolhouse, now doomed. Smoke rose to the right and left of them; the roar of the long wave of flames was terrible.

Bill started to run, dragging Pearl by the hand. "Let's get down on the place where the old bare base is. Maybe it won't burn us there."

Afterward Pearl vaguely remembered running and falling forward on the bare spot of ground, that seemed to spring up and strike them, then looking up at the sun that hovered above like a dim yellow moon before it suddenly disappeared, leaving only sweeping hot ashes and scorching heat.

When Pearl opened her eyes she was in her room at her uncle's house in her cool white bed. Her brawny uncle was sitting beside her in a chair fast asleep. Pearl noticed that his eyelashes were singed till nothing remained, then she remembered the fire. Where were Bill and the children? And what made her feel so strange and weak?

Pearl raised herself on her elbow. Dawn was creeping into the eastern sky. "Uncle Ben," she said in a shaky voice that sounded queer even to her own ears.

Ben Trumley stretched out his arms, opened his mouth, and awoke.

"Well," he said, his blue eyes beginning to twinkle, "how's the little red-headed schoolma'am this morning?"

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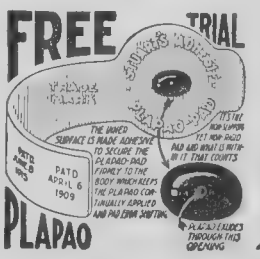

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"Where's Bill and the children?" Pearl asked with bated breath.

"At home safe and sound," he said, taking her hand and giving it a squeeze. "Bill gives you the credit for all the bravery. His face was smeared with ashes and tears when we got there; he thought you were dead—Bill never saw anyone faint before. "You're the heroine of the country now, Pearl," and Uncle Ben got up and walked to the window to look out and hide the tears that dimmed his eyes.

As Pearl lay there watching him, she knew in that moment that he had guessed long before yesterday's fatal fire that all had not been love and peace in the little log schoolhouse.

"The old 'loggy's gone," he continued, "but it won't take long to stick up a new frame one. It was a lucky fire after all, though I reckon we never would have got it stopped, if the wind hadn't stopped when it got to the railroad track. And I guess after the scare we got yesterday, we will attend to fireguards after this."

Pearl closed her eyes, while a great wave of happiness surged through her soul.

She awoke in mid-afternoon. A cool clean breeze was blowing the snowy curtains about at her window. As Pearl lay there in blissful content, she heard her uncle's old housekeeper talking to somebody just outside her door. Someone opened it a crack and peeped in.

"Come on in!" Pearl called cheerfully. The door opened and Bill Starks followed by the rest of Pearl's awe-stricken scholars, tiptoed into the room. All were dressed in their Sunday best. Not a word of greeting was spoken, but Bill, flushed and serious, handed Pearl a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

Pearl took it with trembling fingers and read:

Dear teacher:

We are all sorry about the way we have treated you especially me, but we all promise to turn over a new leaf, if you will be our teacher in the new schoolhouse, and we shall never call you sorrel top or red head again.

Yours respectively,
Bill Stark, Saline Baxter and school.

Pearl, with tears of happiness, looked up into their faces and saw for the first time that they were beautiful faces. After a long-drawn breath, she said simply: "Children, you've made me very happy."

Comforting

A street car with the front sign reading "Dorchester" and the side signs "Ashmont and Milton." An Irish motor man and a nervous woman. The dialogue:

"Does this car go to Dorchester?"

"Yes, lady; get right on."

"Are you sure it does?"

"Yes, lady; get right on."

"But it says 'Ashmont and Milton' on the side.

"We ain't goin' sideways, lady; get right on."

The Country Christmas

Old Santa's celebration reaches straight
across th' map.
A fat an' growing nation holds rich plenty
in its lap.
We have a mince-pie hunger, and th' mistletoe hangs high
To kiss our sweet girls under, when they dare a chap t' try.
And if it comes to matchin' up a little thing like this,
There ain't no osculation what can touch a country kiss.
From coast to coast, an' crosswise, there is Christmas in th' air,
We smell th' scent o' turkey that is cooking everywhere.
Just see that table, yonder, with its groanin' load o' joy;
An' ma knows how to cook 'em, you can bet on that, my boy.
Bring on your mound of turkey—we are hungry at th' word,
There ain't no gobbler going, that can touch th' country bird.
Years pass, in swift procession, as th' Christmastides appear;
Land sakes! Another Yuletide and another day is here!
We'll grant that folks give presents, down th' line, from here to none,
But love seems much th' sweetest when its nearer her an' home.
So, drink that cup o' cider, an' be singing on your way,
Th' Christmas we love, fellers, is th' country Christmas Day.

Canadian troops stop and look at the grave of a French woman who was murdered by the Boche. The grave stands on the ground where her house once stood.

He Knows

I know not what shall befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
At each step in my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me
Comes as a sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread on another year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

It may be He has waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare value
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me still in those arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
In the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing—
I would not if I might—
Rather walking with God in the dark,
Than going alone in the light;
Rather walking with Him by faith,
Than walking alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word, "He knows."

The Mother Trap

By Mabel Dufford Pinkerton

IT was Cousin Steve's talk about traps that set Davie's heart all aglow with a new scheme for winning his heart's desire. The wisdom of Cousin Steve's eleven years was great indeed to Davie's four-and-a-half-year-old comprehension.

"You see," elucidated Steve, "when you want to trap anything—any bird or animal, you know—you take some of whatever he likes best, and put it near where he often passes by, where he will be sure to see it, and you have it fixed some way so that when he comes to take that nice bit of food he will get caught fast. When I caught those grouse that mother and I brought for the Christmas dinner, I scattered some corn around on the snow near where I had seen the grouse feeding before the snow came. Then I trampled a nice little path and scattered corn along that, and at the end of the path I put a box with a trap door. Inside the box on a board I put some more nice corn. When the grouse followed the little trail of corn and came to the box, and went inside and pecked at the corn on the board, that pulled the string which dropped the door—and there I had the grouse fast. Father—that's your Uncle Steve—showed me how."

The boys were in their favorite corner of the long living room, and Uncle Steve, strolling by just then, heard a part of his son's little lecture on traps. "Yes," he said, smiling, "you can catch most anything you want, if you set your trap in the right place, and use the right bait."

Davie, on his pillow that night, wide awake with excitement, studied how to trap what he wanted most, and caught his breath with the wonder of the thought. Aunt Annie heard that quick breath, and came in to see if all was well with this wee lonely nephew, for whom her heart never quite ceased aching. "Are you all right, Davie boy?" she called softly. But Davie was too intent upon his own great scheme even to hear the question. "Auntie," he asked, as he noticed her standing by his bedside, "what do mothers like best?"

"Their own little boys, I should think," answered Aunt Annie, with a bitterness that fortunately the little boy did not apprehend. "Why did you ask, Davie?"

But Davie, his one difficulty well on the way to solution, was already half way to the land of dreams.

It was a mother and a little sister that Davie planned to set a trap for. His waking schemes and his vague memories mingled in his dreams. Once more he returned with Daddy from a happy day at Aunt Annie's and Uncle Steve's, in the country, to his home, ran to find mother and baby sister, and found only a dreadful loneliness instead. Once more he came back to Daddy, and found him with his face all white and strange, reading a letter. Then the dream went swiftly and lightly, as dream memories will, over days that had been very long in the living—days when his dear home had strangely changed from light and happiness to a dreary place, where his adored Daddy strode from room to room, like the caged creatures in the parks. Listening in silence to his elders' talk, he gathered that his lovely mother had gone away, taking baby sister, and had left a letter telling daddy that it would be of no use for him to search for her; that Daddy somehow blamed himself for her going, and did search, everywhere; while everyone else blamed mother. There was Aunt Annie's pitying face about the house at first, then housekeepers, one after another, some who scolded, some who gave him a sort of kindness, but none to whom he could be persuaded to talk of the lost mother and sister. Not even to daddy could he ever speak of them. He could only hide his face against daddy's neck, and lie quivering in the circle of Daddy's arm, while daddy's voice told him that some day their dear ones would come home again. But he had heard Aunt Annie and Uncle Steve saying, "She never will come back—not after all these months." Memories of mother and sister blurred and blended with things he had been told, their images in his mind grew indistinct, until at last his longing little heart cried out for "a mother and a sister," instead of "my mother and my sister," as at first. Then, in his dream, his plan had come to success, and he was caught up, sobbing, in the arms of a mother whose face he did not see—and he awakened, to find Aunt Annie's arms about him, and her voice asking what her precious baby was crying in his sleep about.

Morning came—"the day before Christmas"—and the house was bright with the outward symbols of a joy that was not. Only Davie, full of his great scheme, seemed so much less grave and silent than usual that his father, watching him, wondered, with mingled gladness and pain, whether the boy was forgetting. He ground his teeth together as he muttered for the thousandth time, "I must find them, before the boy forgets."

Davie knew well enough what little girls liked best—what to use for bait in his trap for a little sister. To be sure, he would have to go without his promised rare treat of just two small pieces of candy. "Two pieces are all a tiny laddie with a delicate stomach may have, even on the day before Christmas," Daddy had said. It takes mother love and mother wisdom to find the right food for a highstrung little boy to eat, and housekeepers who buy good behavior with candy, sugar and cake, sometimes lay the foundation for much pain. And the longing for mother tenderness can make a wide-eyed, silent little lad of a rollicking baby. So it had been with Davie. His father's face quivered sometimes, at his son's wistful glances at forbidden foods, his quiet acquiescence in the strict rules that of late had been laid down for his daily food. "Daddy says it isn't good for me—it makes me cry in the night," was his reply when offered forbidden goodies. So the little heart, schooled to self-denial, found his desire for the unaccustomed sweets not too great to be overcome. He tucked them away behind the bronze clock on the mantel, standing on a chair to do so, to await the time he had chosen to set his trap.

He knew, too, just where to put the candy bait. Out by the side door, in his own favorite nook, where he stood to watch when the grocery boy and the fruit man and the vegetable man brought in their boxes and crates and baskets of wonderfully interesting things—that was the place. There was a path cut in the snow there now, and he knew the very place on the clean white shelf of snow beside the door where he would lay the tempting bits of sweetness, and the very corner where he would stand to wait until the little sister should see the bait and walk along the white walled path. And then—then he would be the trap door, that would catch her and hold her fast, and carry her to daddy. His mind did not picture her as different from the toddling sister who had gone away, even though daddy had told him she would be much larger when she came home.

And for the mother-trap—he himself would have to be the bait for that, because Aunt Annie had said that mothers loved their own little boys better than anything. And he would have to be the trap door, too, and fly to her quickly, and hold her fast, and lead her to daddy.

Yes, this was the very place to make a trap for a mother and a baby sister, because there were always mothers and babies passing by, every afternoon, right where they could look down the path beside the house, and see the bits of candy and the little boy. Late in the afternoon he would set his trap, when the grocery boy and all the rest were through using the side door, and there would be no one in the kitchen to watch, and he would

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be helped into his furry coat and cap and mittens and leggings, and sent out to play for a little while in the snow. If only they would not call him in too soon, before the right mother and sister should come along.

Long shadows were beginning to creep near to the sunny path, and Davie's feet were growing cold, and his face was red with the wind, when a woman wearing a veil so thick that he could not see her face, and leading a little girl by the hand, walked past, more slowly than most of the passing groups. The woman seemed to be looking steadily at the house as if searching for something. She hesitated, stopped, looked and looked again at the little patient figure by the side door. Davie straightened and took a step forward, his heart pounding strangely. Could this be the right mother and sister? How could he hold them both at once? The baby was larger than he could carry. While he stood, his puzzled, eager little face leaning forward, the mother took a step into the white path. Then, suddenly she was beside him, on her knees, her veil thrown back, and he did not need to hold her, for she was holding him.

Out of her sobbing, broken words, Davie gathered the unmistakable fact that here was indeed the right mother. And when he looked around for the little sister, to try to hold her fast, he saw her little mittened hand just reaching out to grasp the two bright candies, and saw that the mother—his mother—was holding the sister too.

Presently he recollected the rest of his plan. "Now we must all go in to daddy—I'm cold," he said, in short, catching breaths.

His mother drew away with a frightened look. "I can't—he wouldn't want me—now—" she murmured.

But Davie's hand was clinging to her coat, and he was telling her over and over, "Yes, daddy want's you—he said you would come. Aunt Annie said you wouldn't, but daddy said sometime you would come, you and baby sister. He said we must always be ready to make you welcome. He said you would come—"

A great fear lest she escape him now crept into his deep eyes while he pleaded and she seemed not to hear. Then the door opened, a voice began to call, "Davie, son—" and all at once, Davie never knew how, daddy had them, all three, on the long couch before the open fire. Their coats were off, and daddy's arms went first round mother, then round "his babies," while they all babbled half-meaningless things.

"Nellie—you can forgive me—and stay?"

"I—forgive you? Why, David, David dear, what would there be for me to forgive?"

"My neglect, beloved. I know, now, that you would rather have had a part of my time than what I earned by spending it all away from you. Ah, I have learned—"

"And I, too, David. If I may stay, you will see how I have changed, how much better I will be—"

"Nellie, don't! It was my fault."

"And I must stay. Ah! I could never leave my Davids, again. I never could have gone if I had known how I loved you both. And David—I want you to know—I did not stay with him—I saw his selfishness. I could not help seeing the contrast between him and you. I ran away from him that first day."

"But how have you lived?"

"I have worked, David—see my dress? The uniform of Brand's shop!"

"Nellie! You—to do that—how you must have suffered! And little Nell—you must have had to hire her cared for—as I did Davie. And I have tried every way I knew, all this time, to find you. You seemed to have vanished."

"I never knew, dear. I could not believe that you would want to find me—after—that you would take me back—And a shop worker named Elsie Jones was a needle in a haystack to find."

By this time Davie and Little Nell, weary of the talk which they could not understand, had slipped down to the rug before the fire, and were getting acquainted, baby fashioned. Now they came back, hand in hand.

"M-mother—" the long unused word came slowly—"I setted a trap for you, and I catched you, didn't I?"

A statement which of course called for an explanation. When, after many careful questions, they understood as well as grown-ups could, the father and mother turned to each other with tear-wet, wondering eyes.

"A mother-trap—what an idea for a baby's mind!"

"But it 'catched' me indeed, dear. If I had not seen the boy I never would have come in. It was the first time I had passed the house. I didn't know even whether you lived here still."

"I was tempted to go away—it seemed almost unbearable to stay. But to rob the boy of his home after he had lost his mother—it was too hard; so I stayed."

"And me found candy," added little Nell.

And when Aunt Annie and Uncle Steve and Cousin Steve, coming in from a last bit of Christmas shopping, had had their share of tears and explanations, and Aunt Annie had brought out more candy to replace the rare treat that Davie had sacrificed, the mother was sent upstairs to rest.

Davie clung to her so pitifully that she took him with her, half sobbing over his fear that he would lose her again. By and by she came down the long stairs, a child holding to each hand, in a gown chosen from those she found in her own old room—a gown a bit out of the fashion, but it brought out the loveliness that the shop uniform had concealed. The children's adoring eyes were on her all the way, and David sprang up the steps to her, with a light in his eyes that made Davie look at him in wonder. They went in together to the Christmas tree, and suddenly Davie noticed that the house, which had seemed so gloomy ever since he could remember, almost, was bright and joyous again.

The Foolishness of Anger

Recently, a young boy, by the name of John Crowley, was working in a great department store in Chicago. He had a good job for his age, and an excellent chance of rising to a higher position in the service of the firm. John knew this, and to please his boss, he always endeavored to do his work well. But there was one thing working against him, and that was his unmanageable temper. When anything provoked him, it was hard for him to remain calm. One day, when the boss lectured him for doing something that was against the rules of the firm, John flew into a violent rage. The boss quietly listened to the youth's thoughtless expressions, and then, as soon as he became calm again, told him that the firm had no further use for his services.

John left with a heart as heavy as lead. A shadow had suddenly fallen across the bright path of his future, and he knew not where to get another job. Then he made up his mind that he would never get angry again. It worked. Never since, no matter how great the provocation, has he spoken a word in wrath. He has now a good position, and can hold it. "A person who bursts out in anger," he says, "is no better than a fool."

How true that is. Anger has created discord in thousands of happy homes, caused sorrow and remorse without end, and ruined the bright career of many a young man and woman.

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Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.

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Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splended looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

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Harriet Ann's Christmas

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

I was twelve years old three weeks before that Christmas, but I was small for my age and looked no more than ten. There were four of us. I was the eldest. Then there was a girl of ten, one of eight and a half and a boy of seven. In October we had moved to the house on the shore of Lonesome lake, which was very lonesome indeed. It was a solitary little sheet of water on the top of a hill, almost a mountain. There were no neighbors nearer than a mile. Father had moved to this farm on Lonesome lake because his father had died that fall and the property had to be divided between him and his brother, Uncle William. Uncle William was not married, though he was older than father, and he and father and grandfather had always lived together and worked the home farm, sharing the profits.

After grandfather's death father and Uncle William had some difference. I never knew what it was about. One night after I had gone to bed I heard them talking loud, and the next morning father and Uncle William looked very sober at breakast, and mother had been crying. That afternoon she told us that we were going to move because the property was to be divided and we were to have the farm on Lonesome lake, near Lebanon. Lebanon is a little village about ten miles from Wareville, where we were living then. Mother said she was sorry to go away because she had lived there so long and she was afraid she would be pretty lonesome in the new home, but she said we must make the best of it. Uncle William was the eldest son and had a right to the first choice of the property, and of course since he was a bachelor it would be very hard for him to go to live at Lonesome lake.

We children rather liked the idea of moving and began packing at once. Flory and Janey had their dolls and their wardrobes all packed within an hour. Flory was the sister next to me, and I thought her rather old to play with dolls. I had given up dolls long before I was as old as she.

Two weeks after grandfather died we were all moved and nearly settled in our new home. There had been no one living in the house for several years except when father and Uncle William went up there every year in haying time to cut and make hay. Everything seemed pretty damp and dismal at first, but when we got our furniture set up and the fires started it looked more cheerful. The house was large, with two front rooms looking on the lake, which was only about twenty feet distant. One of these rooms was our sitting room; the other was our parlor. Back of these rooms was a very large one, which was our kitchen and dining room. There were a dark bedroom in the middle of the house, a bedroom out of the kitchen, one where father and mother slept, out off the sitting room, and four chambers.

Thanksgiving came about a week after we had moved, and we had a rather forlorn day. We all missed grandfather and Uncle William. I am sure mother cried a little before we sat down to the table, and father looked sober.

When Thanksgiving was over we began to think about Christmas. Mother had promised us a Christmas tree. The year before we had all had the measles and been disappointed about going to the tree at the Sunday 'school, and mother had said, "Next year you shall have a tree of your own if nothing happens." Of course something had happened. Poor grandfather had died, and we had moved, and we wondered if that would put a stop to the tree. Mother looked a little troubled at first when we spoke of it. Then she said if we would not be disappointed if we did not have many presents and the tree did not have much on it except popcorn and apples she would see what she could do.

Then we children began to be full of little secrecies. Mysterious bits of wool and silk and colored paper and cardboard were scattered about the house, and we were always shutting doors and jumping and hiding things when a door was opened. Each of us was making something for father and mother, even Charles Henry. He was working a worsted motto, "God Bless Our Home." Then, of course, we were all making presents for one another.

It was a week and one day before Christmas. We had our presents almost done, and mother had promised to take two of us the very next day and go down to the village to do some shopping—we had been saving money all year for some boughten presents—when the news about Uncle William came. A man rode over from Wareville quite late at night and brought word that Uncle William was dangerously sick and father and mother must come at once if they wanted to see him alive. Mother said there was nothing for it but they must go. She said if they had not come away just as they had, with hard words between father and Uncle William, she would have let father go alone and stayed with us children; but, as it was, she felt that she must go too. She and father, though I can understand now that they felt anxious while trying to conceal it from us, did not think there was any real danger in our staying alone. They reasoned that nobody except the people in the village would know we were alone and there was not probably one ill disposed person there—certainly not one who would do us harm. Then, too, it was winter, and we were off the main traveled road, and tramps seemed very improbable. We had enough provisions in the house to last us for two weeks, and there was a great stock of firewood in the shed. Luckily the barn was connected with the house, so I did not have to go out of doors to milk—it was fortunate that I knew how—and we had only one cow.

Mother stayed up all that night and baked, and father split up kindling wood and got everything ready to leave. They started early next morning, repeating all their instructions over and over. We felt pretty lonesome when they had gone, I especially, not only because I was the eldest and felt a responsibility for the rest, but because father had given me a particular charge. I was the only one who knew that there was $583, some money which father had from the sale of a wood lot in Wareville a month after we had moved and had kept in the house ever since, locked up in the secret drawer in the chest in the dark bedroom.

Father had been intending to drive over to Wilton, where there was a bank, and deposit the money, but had put it off from one week to another, and now Wilton was too far out of his way for him to go there before going to see poor Uncle William.

Father called me into the parlor the morning they started, told me about the money and charged me to say nothing concerning it to the others. "It is always best when there is money to be taken care of to keep your own counsel," said father. He showed me the secret drawer in the chest in the dark bedroom, the existence of which I had never suspected before, though I was twelve years old, and he taught me how to open and shut it. If the house caught fire I was to get the children out first, then go straight to the secret drawer and save the money. If there had been no possibility of fire I doubt if father would have told me about the money at all, and I would have been saved a great deal of worry.

The money was on my mind constant-

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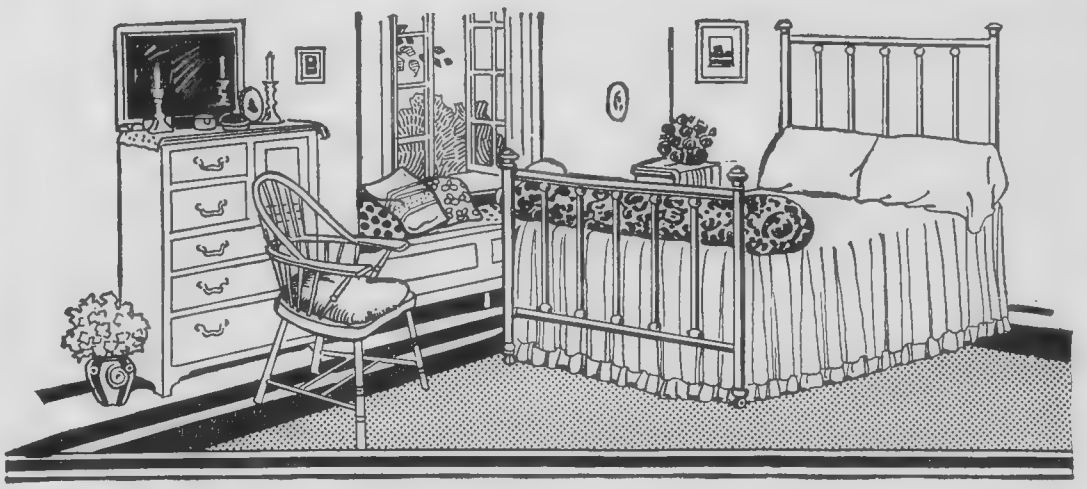

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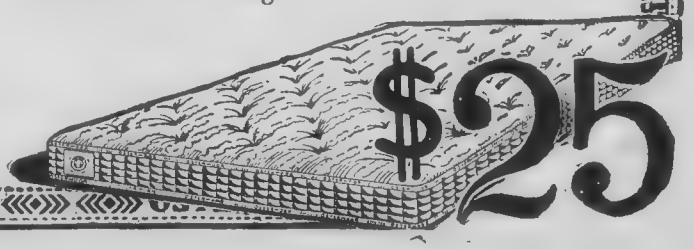

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Just Read Some of them

To you and yours,
From us and ours.

* * *

To Wish you all
Both large and small
A Very Happy Christmas.

* * *

All good befortune you
and every day
Some ray of golden light
fall on your way.

* * *

Christmas would never seem to me,
Just the thing that it ought to be,
Unless to you my good old friend,
A Christmas Greeting I could send.

Pin $1.00 to this—give your name and address and the cards will go to you by first mail postpaid, subject to exchange.

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Apply a few drops of this freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you just lift it off with the fingers. It doesn't hurt one particle.

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Just ask in any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. This will cost but a few cents but will positively rid your poor, suffering feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, or the tough calluses on bottom of feet. Genuine freezone bears the name of Edward Wesley Co.,

ly after father and mother were gone. I kept thinking, "Suppose anything should happen to that money while I have charge of it." I knew what a serious matter it would be, because father had not much money and was saving this to buy cows in the spring, when he expected to open a milk route. I was all the time planning what I should do in case the house caught fire and in case the robbers came. The first night after father and mother went I did not sleep much, though the others did. We three girls slept in one room, with Charley in a little one out of it, and we were all locked in.

The next night I slept a little better and did not feel so much afraid, and the next day Samuel J. Wetherhed came, and we all felt perfectly safe after that. He came about ten o'clock in the morning and knocked on the south door, and we all jumped. I don't suppose anybody had knocked on that door three times since we had lived there, it was such a lonesome place. We were scared and did not dare to go to the door, but when he knocked the second time I mustered up enough courage. I told Flory, who was as large as I and stronger, to take the carving knife, hide it under her apron and stand behind me. Of course I thought at once of the money and that this might be a robber. Then I opened the door a crack and peeped out. The minute I saw the man who stood there I did not feel afraid at all, and Flory said afterward that she felt awful ashamed of the carving knife and afraid whom father had sold his woodland. "I went to visit my sister last week," said the man. "I haven't got any settled work. Yesterday my sister's husband saw your father, and he told him how he had left you all alone up here and felt sort of worried, and I thought as long as I was just loafing around and no use to anybody I might just as well come up here and look after you a little and stay till your folks got back and look out there didn't any wolves or robbers or anything get you." The man laughed again in such a pleasant, merry way when he said that, and then he went on to tell us that his sister's husband said Uncle William was better and the doctor thought he would get well, but he guessed father and mother would have to stay there for awhile. We asked the man in, and he made himself at home at once.

It seemed to me I had never seen a man so very kind as he was, and he was so quick to see things that needed to be done. He went out of his own accord and drew a pail of water, and he brought in wood for the sitting room fire. We children all agreed when we went upstairs to bed that night that there never was a man so good, except father. We had told him our plans for Christmas, and he was so much interested. He said of course we could have a tree: he would cut a fine tree and if Uncle William was not well enough for father and mother to leave him on Christmas day he would go to Wareville himself and stay with Uncle William, so they could come home.

Risking death and serious injury these brave women are tending the wounded under fire. The men who fight take no greater risk than these "Angels of Mercy," who serve their men and humanity on the battlefield. This British official photograph shows two of these brave women ministering to a wounded soldier amidst shell fire in Flanders.

that he might see it and be hurt in his feelings.

He stood there, smiling with such a pleasant smile. He did not look very old, not near as old as father, and he was quite well dressed. He was very good looking, and that, with his pleasant smile, won our hearts at once. He more than smiled—he fairly laughed in such a good natured way when he saw how we were all peeking, for the younger children were behind Flory, and I found afterward that Charley, who had great notions of being smart and brave, though he was so little, because he was a boy, had the poker, shaking it at the stranger. The man laughed and said in such a pleasant voice, pleasanter than his smile even: "Now, don't you be scared, children. I am Samuel J. Wetherhed."

The man said that as if it settled everything, and we all felt that it did, though we had never heard of Samuel J. Wetherhed in our lives. We felt that we ought to know all about him, and Janey said that night that she was sure she had seen his name in the Missionary Herald and he must be a deacon who gave a great deal to missions.

Samuel J. Wetherhed went on to tell us more about himself, though I am sure we should have been satisfied with the name. "I have a married sister who lives in Wareville. She married a man of the name of Stackpole," said he, and we all nodded wisely at that and felt that it was an introduction. We knew Mr. Stackpole. He was the man to He said, too, that he could go down to the village on foot and if we would make out a list of things we wanted he would go down and buy them for us. He went the very next day. We gave him all our money, and he brought back everything we wanted. We decided to make him some presents, too, and I began a little wash leather money bag, like the one I had made for father. Flory made a penwiper and Janey a worsted bookmark.

Samuel J. Wetherhed cut a beautiful tree for us, taking us all into the woods to pick it out. Then he set it up in the parlor so firmly that it did not shake. He rigged some sockets for candles and helped us string popcorn for decorations and made candy bags. He could sew as well as mother. Samuel J. Wetherhed was the most industrious man I ever saw. He was not idle a minute. He milked and did all the barn chores, he made the fires and drew water and swept the floors and washed the milk pails for me, and all his spare time he was at work upon our Christmas preparations as busily as we were. He found some boards and tools of father's and made some wonderful things with them. There was a nice box, which he showed us how to line with flannel, for mother to keep knives and forks in, a little boat for Charley and a number of other things.

I felt much easier in my mind about the money after Samuel J. Wetherhed came.

We had given Samuel the bedroom out

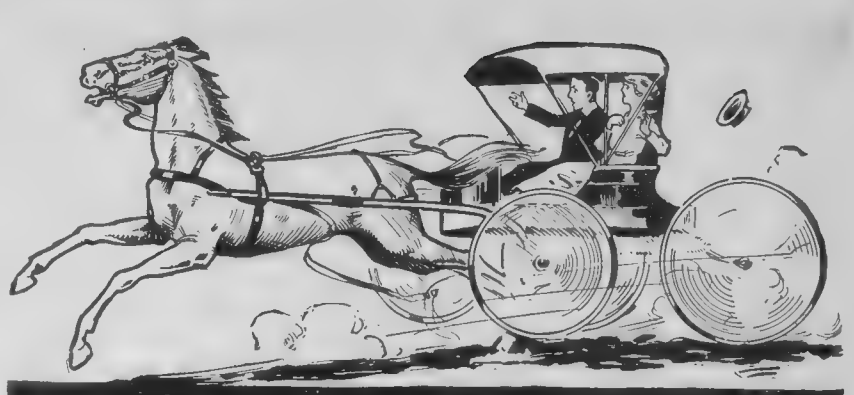
of the kitchen to sleep in. He said he would rather have that, because it was so handy for him to build the fire in the morning, and I did not have the first suspicion that anything was wrong until the night of the day but one before Christmas. I had been sleeping well since Samuel came, through feeling so safe, though I had, as I afterward remembered, often started awake, because I thought I heard a noise, but that night I did not go to sleep as soon as usual. I was very much excited thinking about Christmas and father and mother coming home. Samuel had gone down to the village that morning and got a letter for me from mother, in which she said that they were coming home Christmas morning since Uncle William was well enough to be left. We were all delighted, the more so because we thought that now Samuel could stay and have our Christmas tree with us. He laughed and thanked us when we said so, but a moment afterward I noticed that he looked very sober, even sad. Well, thinking over everything made me very wide awake, and I guess it must have been as late as 11 o'clock when I was sure I heard somebody downstairs in the sitting room, which was directly under our room. I thought at once that it might be a robber and perhaps I ought to speak to Samuel in case he should not hear the noise. I waited till I heard the noise again very plain and was sure that I knew where it was—some one trying to open the door of the dark bedroom, which stuck and had to be forced down before pulling. The children did not wake, and I made up my mind that I would not speak to them and get them scared to death. I thought that I would go downstairs very softly, steal past the sitting room door and go through the other way to the kitchen and wake up Samuel.

I got up and put on my dress. Then I went downstairs, and I don't believe I made any more noise than a cat. I saw a faint light shining from the dark bedroom and I knew I had not been mistaken. Then all of a sudden I thought that father and mother might have come home and father be looking to see if the money was safe. I thought I would make sure before I called Samuel.

I went into the sitting room and crept across to the dark bedroom, keeping close to the wall. I peeked in, and there was Samuel rummaging in the chest where the money was. Then I knew that, however good Samuel might be in other ways, he would take things. It was an awful shock. I wonder why I did not scream and run, but I kept still. I went back upstairs and locked myself into the chamber and sat down on the edge of the bed to think. It did not seem to me that it was of any use for me to stay downstairs and watch Samuel. I did not think he could find the secret drawer without any help. I could not stop his taking the money if he was determined. Then, too, I reasoned that if he did not find it that night there would be time enough for me to hide it tomorrow, and father and mother were coming home next day.

I did not sleep any that night. I took off my dress and lay down. Before daybreak I had my plans all made. I tried to treat Samuel just as usual when I saw him in the morning, and I guess I did. After breakfast I carried a pitcher of water into the parlor as if I were going to water the plants. Then I lighted a match and touched it to one of the candles on the Christmas tree to make it appear as if I had only wanted to see how it would look, and then I touched it to the tree, and it blazed up. I waited until I dared wait no longer, and then I dashed on the water and screamed fire at the top of my lungs. They all came running in, Samuel first. He rushed for more water, and the fire was out in a minute, but the tree was badly singed, and the children began to cry.

Lieut. H. V. Jellicoe, nephew of the famous British naval officer, Admiral Jellicoe, Commander of England's grand fleet and hero of several naval battles since the beginning of the war, speaking for the Liberty Loan in front of the Women's Motor Corps Tent in the Plaza at Central Park, New York. He is in the Royal Flying Corps of Great Britain. Lieut. Jellicoe is an eloquent speaker, and he convinced many of his audience of the absolute necessity of their backing Uncle Sam to the limit in the great fight. He is living up to the fighting traditions of his family, and has been mentioned for his notable feats in the air several time.



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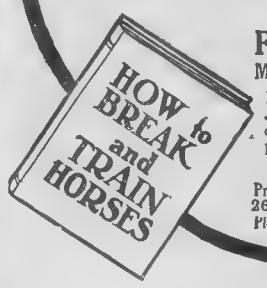

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"Now, don't you cry," said Samuel. "I'll go this minute and cut another tree."

So Samuel started off, and Charley with him, and then I made Flory and Janey go upstairs. "You two have just got to go upstairs and stay there while I fix a surprise," said I. Surprises were a favorite amusement with us children. Flory and Janey laughed and ran off upstairs in a minute.

I set some molasses on to boil. Then I got the money out of the secret drawer and made six little parcels of it, rolled as tightly as I could and wrapped in letter paper. Then as soon as the molasses was boiled I made popcorn balls. Luckily I had enough corn popped. When I called the girls downstairs I had two plates of corn balls. The balls in one were of extra size, with strings attached all ready to hang on the tree, and in six of them were hidden the little rolls of money. The balls in the other plate were smaller, and those were to be eaten at once.

When Samuel and Charley came home I gave them some of the little corn balls and when Samuel had set up the tree I hung on the others. Then I thought the money was safe, but I wondered all the time what I should do if Samuel should come to me and ask me right out where the money was, for I did not want to tell a lie.

That night we all went upstairs, as usual, but I did not go to sleep. It was not very late when I heard Samuel moving about below, and presently he came to the foot of the stairs and called me.

I went to the door. My heart was beating so hard it seemed to choke me. "What do you want?" I made out to say as softly as I could, so as not to wake the children.

"Come down here a minute," said Samuel, and I went down to the sitting room. "I want to ask you a question," said Samuel. He tried to smile, but he was very pale and looked as if he was as frightened as I was. I trembled so I could scarcely stand. I was so afraid he would ask me right out, "Where is the money?" but he did not.

"I only want to ask if your father left some money in the house when he went away," said he, looking away from me as if he were ashamed.

"Yes, he did," said I. I had to or tell a lie.

"Well," said Samuel in a queer, shaking voice, "I would like to borrow that money for a little while. I need some money right away, and as long as your father ain't using it—"

"I would rather you waited and asked father." I said. "I don't think father would like it if I lent his money."

"I will make it right with your father," said Samuel. "Did your father tell you where the money was?"

"Yes, he did," I answered. I had to or tell a lie. I trembled for the next question.

"Where did he tell you it was?" asked Samuel.

"In the chest in the dark bedroom," said I. That was the truth, and it did no harm.

"Whereabouts in the chest?"

"In the secret drawer."

"Oh! So there's a secret drawer? Did your father tell you how to open it?"

I said he did.

"Well, you just come in here and show me how to open it," said Samuel.

I went with Samuel into the dark bedroom and showed him how to open the drawer. I could see nothing else to do. I stood back while he opened it. I won-

Lieut.-General Sir Julian Byng, K.C.B., who, under the supreme command of General Haig, commands the British forces who broke through the Hindenburg line to a depth of five miles along thirty-two miles of the old Somme front. The attack was begun without artillery preparation, and the Germans were taken completely by surprise. The British infantry and tanks pressed on and captured the second system of German defences. The new drive stretches from St. Quentin to the Scarpe.

Lieut.-General Byng formerly commanded the Canadian Corps. He is the seventh son of the Earl of Strafford, and joined the army thirty-four years ago. On the outbreak of the war he was made commander of the Third Cavalry Division. Later, he was given command of the Cavalry Corps, and then of the 9th Army Corps.

dered if it would be wrong for me to cry out as if I were astonished when he discovered that the money was gone. Then all of a sudden I heard a sound that made my heart jump with joy. I heard sleighbells and then father's voice shouting to the horse. "Father has come," said I.

Samuel made one leap and was gone, rushing through the kitchen and out the back door.

I ran and unbolted the south door, and there were father and mother. come home sooner than I expected. When I saw their faces I just broke down and sobbed and sobbed and told them all about it in such queer snatches that they thought at first I was out of my mind. Father said afterward that he never heard such a jumble of popcorn balls and secret drawers and Samuels. When father fairly understood what had happened he lighted the lantern and searched out in the barn and the sheds to be sure that Samuel was not lurking about the premises, but he did not find him. Father said he knew the man; that he belonged to a good family, but had been sort of shiftless and unlucky.

When we were all settled down again for the night and I felt so safe and happy with father and mother at home I could not help feeling troubled about poor Samuel out in the storm. I hoped he would not die of cold and be found dead when the snow melted in the spring. There was quite a severe snowstorm. That was the reason why father and mother had reached home so late. They had been obliged to drive slowly on account of the gathering snow.

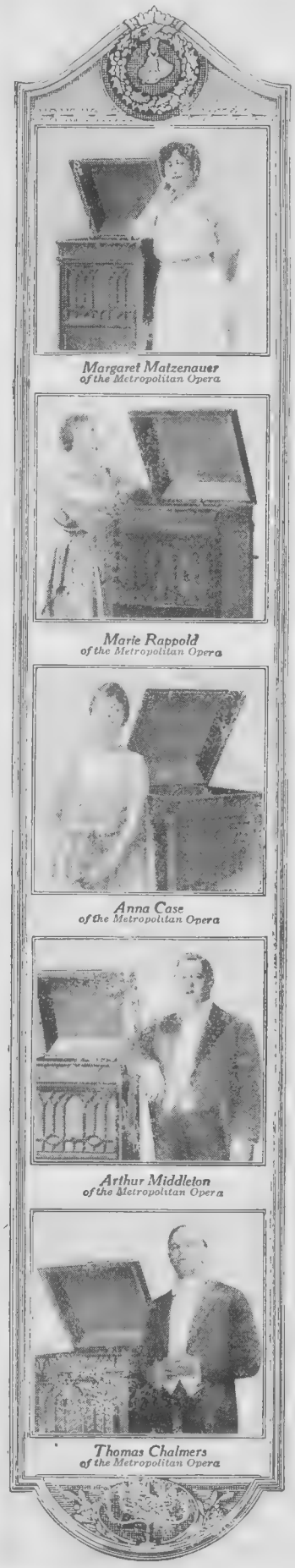
We were just sitting down to our Christmas dinner next day when we all stopped and listened. Then the sound came again, and we were sure that somebody was out in the storm calling faintly for help.

"It is the man!" said mother. "Do go quick as you can." Mother had been worrying about Samuel all day. She said she did not want him to perish, if he had tried to wrong us, and father had been all around the farm looking for him. He thought, however, that he had gone down to the village the night before.

We opened the door, and we could hear the calls for help quite plainly. Father pulled on his big boots and started out. The storm was very thick. Soon we could not see father, but we could hear his shouts and the faint cries in response, and then we saw father coming back half carrying Samuel J. Wetherhed.

Samuel was pretty well exhausted, besides being frightened and ashamed when he saw where he was, back in the house of the man he had tried to rob. He tried to stop on the threshold of the outer door, spent as he was. "I guess you—don't—know," he began, but father interrupted him. "Come along in!" cried father in a hearty way that he has. "You have been good to my children, and as long as you didn't do what you set out to there's no use talking about it."

Samuel was pretty well exhausted. He had spent the night in an old barn on the other side of the mountain and had been floundering about in circles all day, trying to find the road. However, he was able to eat some Christmas dinner with us, though he hesitated about that, as he had done about entering the door; and all of a sudden he dropped his knife and fork, bent his head down over his plate,



Wouldn't you like to have these Metropolitan Stars as your Christmas Guests?

WOULDN'T it be a pleasure to be able to sit down amidst the comfortable surroundings of your own home and listen to Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Chalmers, and the other great singers of the world? That would be a privilege, wouldn't it?

We said *would* be a privilege. But thanks to the genius of Thomas A. Edison it is a privilege which is now within your grasp. So far as the enjoyment of their voices is concerned you *can* actually have this distinguished group as Yuletide guests. You *can* sit in your own home and revel in the beauty of their magnificent voices.

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You will, very naturally, feel skeptical about so strong a claim. But before hundreds of audiences we have conducted our famous "tone tests" in which the instrument was pitted against the artist and invariably the verdict was the same; *no difference could be detected.* In a "tone test," the artist sings in his natural voice; then suddenly ceases, leaving the instrument to continue the song alone. Thirty different great artists have made these tests.

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The actual photographs reproduced on this page depict five Metropolitan Opera Stars singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. No listener could detect the slightest shade of difference between the living voices and their Re-Creation.

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and we saw that he was crying, though we tried to take no notice.

Samuel stayed with us that night and was present at the Christmas tree, though he seemed very sober and dashed his hand across his eyes a good many times when his name was called out and he got his litttle presents.

The next day the storm had stopped, and father put the horse in the sleigh and took Samuel down to Lebanon to take the train. We never saw him again after he had shaken hands with us all and thanked mother in a voice that trembled so that he could scarcely speak and father had driven him off in the sleigh.

That day we girls pulled the corn balls to pieces and found the bills inside, not sticky at all. The next day father took the money to the bank, though he said he didn't know but corn balls were safer, since robbers knew that money was in banks, but he didn't think they had any suspicion of its being in corn balls.

We spent the next Christmas in our old home in Wareville, for father and Uncle William had made up and we had gone back there to live. We had a tree, and the day before Christmas a great box came by express with a handsome present for each of us. There was no name sent with them, but we always knew as well as we wanted to, and father and mother thought so, too, that they had come from Samuel J. Wetherhed, who, we had heard, had settled out west and was doing very well.

Five Thousand Pounds of Buckskin

By Francis J. Dickie

IT was all so strange and new, this sitting in big leather chair in the huge, high ceilinged Lounge of the hotel "Chateau Macdonald," softly alight from the glow of many shaded electric chandeliers, that Joe Haskins found a never ending pleasure in just sitting and watching the going to and fro of well dressed men and woman, and listening to the lilting and throbbing note of the stringed orchestra, half hidden among ornamental palms at the upper end of the Lounge, just off the wide entrance-way to marvellously appointed dining room.

That Joe Haskins did not belong to men of that world who are at home among the rich appointments of modern, many million dollar hotels, was evident.

His square face, rugged and a little lined from all his years spent in the open, was dull copper hued, and around his keen blue eyes were many intricately intermingled crowsfeet, giving to the lids and eyes an oddly contracted look that comes only from many seasons of staring over far stretches of sparkling rivers, shimmering wilderness plains, dazzling snow expanses, blinding in the sun, and peering among lonely forest ways, close ranked of tree, and dusky even under the light of day. His thick black hair was rough and mutinously awry, refusing to lie neat and placid as did that of these men he saw around him, for the effects of long years of hurried "finger-combings," and fur parka and sleeping bag coverings was not to be overcome by any mere two weeks of barbering, no matter how well done.

So with his clothes. Expensive and well fitted though they were—as ready-mades go—they somehow did not seem to belong upon him. The man's huge shoulders, and every line of his six feet of iron, trail hardened frame, screamed a protest to these conventional habilaments of city wear. The collar, its whiteness startingly accentuated against the thick bronze of the corded neck, seemed always on the point of bursting with his every move. And his shoes, though high priced latest model of neat gun-metal finish, hurt his feet. When he walked, his gait was that of a man in pain, for feet long accustomed to yielding moccasins take not kindly to sterner environing of leather, even though it be the best and most comfortable that money can buy.

Joe Haskins was a northman of the northiest north, hailing from the Mackenzie River district around Fort Norman. Once previously in the thirty-five years of his wilderness dwelling he had come to the outside, as represented by Edmonton. That had been twelve years before, when the place, a mere over-grown village, had sprawled a few hundred houses, a dozen stores and half as many hotels along the high bank of the river Saskatchewan. Even then Edmonton had appeared a very wonderful spot to him, who had known always only the wide places of endless primeval wilderness.

But, like all true creatures of the silent places, to the man had come quickly a longing to return. So after two weeks of stay he had gone back to his trap lines, and his hunting; and for the next decade his knowledge of the outside world had been confined to occasional bundles of yellowed newspapers and ancient magazines that found their way in on Hudson Bay Company's steamers to Fort Norman.

Then in the Spring of 1915, a few weeks previously, had come, with the first boat of the season, news of the great world war. With a fat fur pack Haskins had boarded the boat on its return trip up the river, landing him, after fourteen hundred miles of riverway, at the settlement of Peace River Crossing. Thence by stage and rail he had come to Edmonton, arriving one warm morning early in June.

But the Canadian army, which he had travelled all this way to join, would have none of him. Haskins was minus one big toe and two little ones on his right foot, a misfortune of frost bite on a hard trail many years before.

"We can't accept a man crippled like that," the recruiting sergeant had said, adding: "You couldn't stand the marching."

Haskins, veteran of a hundred bitter marches more terrible than any he knew these men would ever face, had turned away disgusted, and given his attention to entertainment.

The frontier village, that even twelve years before had so impressed him, had vanished. In its place a busy city had reared itself, noisy with the clang of

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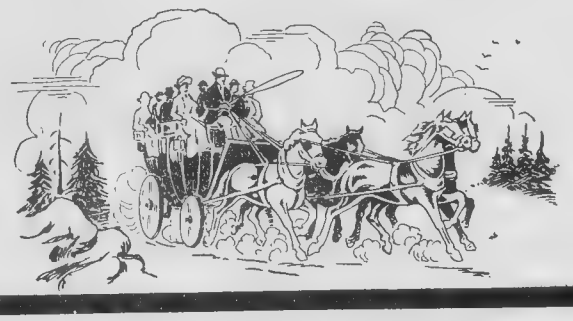

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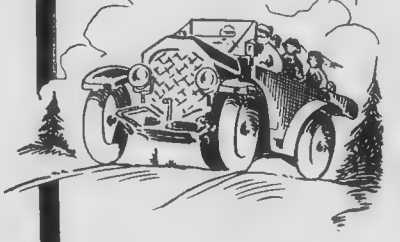

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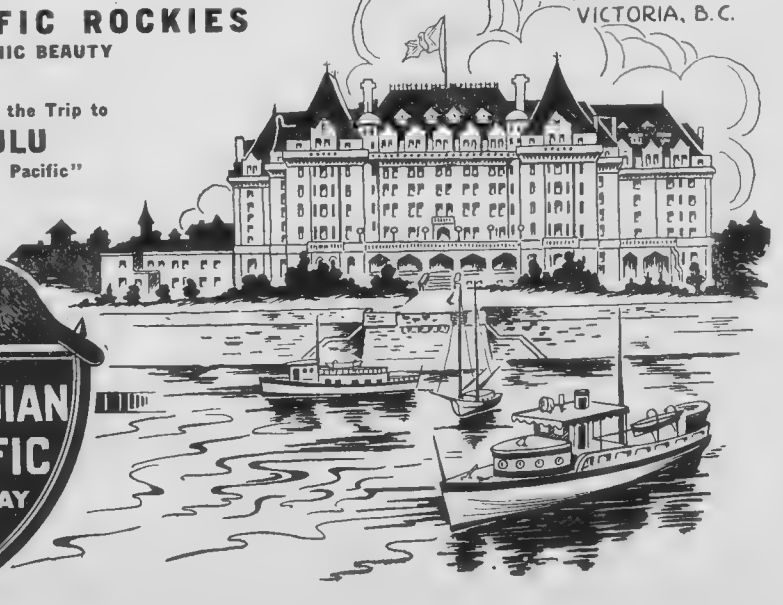

trolley cars, endless drays, vans, motor trucks and hurrying people. Here were vaudeville theatres, moving picture palaces, great hotels and a never ending collection of things never known to him.

So he had banked his sizeable roll obtained from the sale of his furs, selected the most expensive hotel, and, donning the best clothes money could buy, settled down to enjoy pleasures of a world that was as fascinating to him as tales of fairyland to a child.

The great Lounge room of the newly erected grey granite hotel, "Chateau Macdonald" was his chiefest delight. Hours upon hours he sat in a big leather chair watching the passing crowd that thronged the lobby, Lounge and dining room, and listening to the droning voices of the Japanese page boys as they moved at intermittent intervals calling the name of some desired guest.

This pageant of, to him, strange life defiling an ever richly dressed parade, thrilled and held him in constant amaze. Even now as he sat here on this, the tenth evening of his stay, the life of the big hotel was as interesting as upon the first night he had witnessed it. The people were more numerous at the minute. It was six o'clock and, by ones and twos and little groups, men and women were coming from the lobby through the Lounge past him toward the dining room beyond for the evening meal.

But Haskins made no move to follow. The crowd was too great. Once, upon the first evening of his stay, he had essayed the dining room during the early minutes of the meal, and, the place being crowded, he had found himself seated in company with two gorgeously dressed women and a little wisp of a man, resplendent in evening dress.

Had he been alone, the realization of his mistakes of selection from all the puzzling array of "eatin' tools"—as he described to himself the many varied knives, forks and spoons spread before him—would not have particularly phazed him. But, made conscious by his table companions' glances, their thinly veiled mirth, that he knew was born of watching him, he had been twice awkward.

After that incident had come caution, which now held him waiting for the near emptying of the dining room.

With the large handedness, typical of wilderness dwellers when in a city, he had showered plentiful tips upon the cold, impassive and haughty appearing head waiter, and upon the one who served his table. He had done this intuitively, for the customs of hotels were strange to him. Certainly, the result had been most satisfactory. The head waiter had become smilingly cordial, pressingly attentive. As for the regular waiter; he at first got upon the big northman's nerves, standing as he did so close, apparently watching every mouthful. That the man was but obeying a rule of the dining room, and wished only, if possible, to anticipate the guest's every need and so, the more quickly, supply it, Haskins did not grasp,

"Little jumpin' jacketed critters," he dubbed them all.

Thus, after the second day, the dining room also held no terrors for him as long as he sat alone at table. Even the problem of the menu card, with its strange wording which left him in doubt as to all but a few food particulars, he solved by calmly waving it away each time the waiter held it before him, remarking: "Just bring it all, doc."

And each time, marvelling afresh, the waiter—he was French, new to Edmonton and unused to architypes which frontier cities so often turn up, even in the most select of places—would obey the order to the letter, bringing the vast assortment of foodstuffs that are part of the table d'hote service of any great American hotel. But Joe Haskin's stomach, supplying six feet of brawny frame, was equal to everything brought forth by even this ordering of entire bill-of-fare.

If sometimes he left the olives to the last and ate them between dessert and demi-tasse, the meal was none the less a gustatorily satisfying one to him.

Save for himself the Lounge was now deserted. Presently he glanced at his watch. It was seven o'clock. In another half an hour would be time enough to go in, he decided. He lit a cigar and, turning his chair about fell to staring out through the tall window. Across the paved promenade without, that ran to the edge of the river's high, steep sloping bank, his eyes passed on to the further view of winding yellow river, yet high with the flood waters of late northern Spring, and to the new green of the poplars and freshening spruce lining the jagged and broken walls of the gorge of the Saskatchewan. Something in the rugged grandeur of this distant vista of shaggy clay banks and trees and farther rolling plain, stretching green and warm under the still high sun, woke within him the old longing for the open places. Once again the spell of the northland, of which he had been so long a part, was upon him. A vague unrest stirred. And somehow all the city things that had entranced and enthralled him during the last ten days seemed suddenly very tawdry; a queer lonesomeness, almost an ache, gripped his heart. The cigar between his teeth went cold from inattention, but he did not notice. His eyes were fixed far away on the distant horizon, misty and blue and shimmering under the lengthening rays of the evening sun.

Only yesterday he had decided to temporarily desert the northland. He had three thousand dollars in the bank, and these last two days had been turning over in his mind various schemes of investing it, finally deciding to buy a pair of horses and go teaming, for certainly there seemed plenty of work in this new, bustling city, which had proved so fascinating.

Yet now, with his eyes upon the far horizon, the idea was suddenly distasteful. Still, this recent made decision might have triumphed had not a scrap of conversation caught his attention, causing him to listen interestedly.

Two men had just come from the dining room and dropped into chairs at his right.

"Yes," one of them was saying, "I had an offer to-day of six dollars and twenty-five cents a pound, if I'd guarantee to deliver by October five thousand pounds of

These Gladstone (Man.) girls did this work during their summer holidays and out of remnants gathered up from stores and friends. Mrs. John Mowat acted as superintendent.

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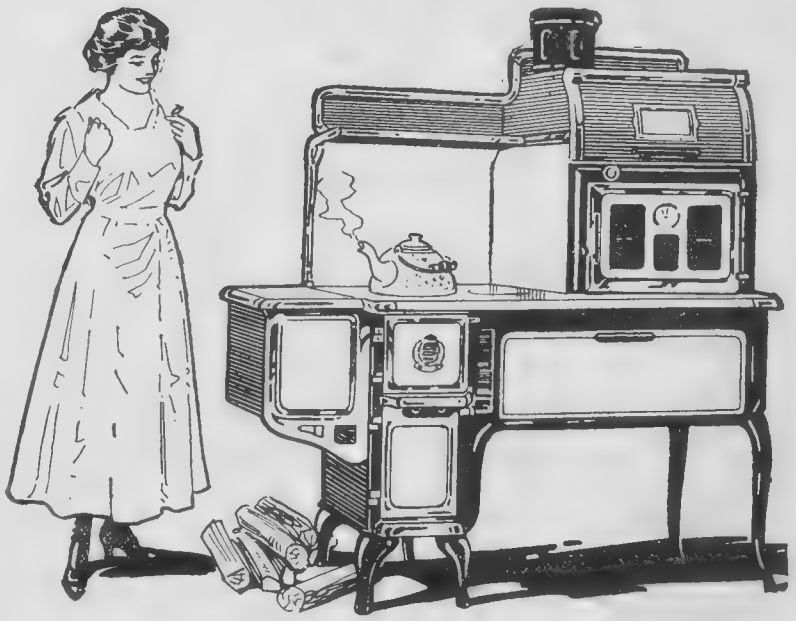

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Christmas
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buckskin. Six dollars and twenty-five cents a pound F.O.B. here! It certainly looked like a wonderful chance to make a nice bunch of money, for, you know. I can buy whole hides for that within two hundred miles of here."

"Well?" the second man queried interestedly.

"I'm to give my answer in the morning," the first speaker went on, "and it will have to be no! You see," he hurried on, "the buyer stipulated five thousand pounds. If they can't get that much, why they don't want any. Well, I asked for a day's time when the offer was made me this morning. I thought there was a possibility I might be able to fill it. But when I checked up, I realized how utterly impossible it was. The most I ever handled in a season before was five hunred pounds, and I'm the biggest buyer in town. In fact, I don't think any of the other fur dealers bother with it. And you know I wouldn't if it hadn't been for Seger's request the last time I was in New York. It seems his house supplies some place where they make burnt leather work—fancy pillow covers, ornamental table tops and such stuff like that, you know—and the buckskin is used for some specially fine work."

"And now this house wantsa big order?" the second man questioned.

"Oh, no. This is an entirely different party. He's a buyer for the British army. Very dignified old duck. It seems they need a lot of buckskin. He wouldn't say just what for; but evidently he's anxious to get it, for—after getting my name from Seger in New York, where it seems he first tried—he travels clear across the continent to see me personally. But he says anything less than five thousand isn't worth bothering with. And now, of course, I'll have to decline the contract," he concluded in regretful tone.

Upon the listening northman the words had a remarkable effect, for with the hearing had come to him brilliant ideas.

Five thousand pounds of buckskin by October! Why, that was possible—a little difficult, perhaps, but possible. Before his mind's eye drifted again a scene viewed by him so many times in the past. Afire with the idea he got to his feet. Usually so diffident at meeting strangers, he now forgot all shyness as he approached and came to a stop before the two men whose conversation he had just overheard.

They were both well dressed, with the keen, alert faces of up-to-date business men; one of them was well past middle age, while the other was perhaps twenty-five or thirty.

"Excuse me," Haskins said, without a trace of embarrassment, "I just happened to overhear your talk, and I think I can deliver five thousand pounds of buckskin by the time you mention."

Both men had glanced up startled with Haskins' first word, into their eyes coming that coldly suspicious light with which the average man greets the advances of a total stranger. In the eyes of the younger, however, the look had quickly given place to one of pleased hopefulness, while into the other's had come mild interest.

As Haskins finished, the younger man rose courteously to his feet. "My name's Garland," he said, holding out his hand, "and I sure will be glad to talk business with you."

Haskins took the extended hand, remarking as he shook it: "Mine's Haskins, Joe Haskins of Fort Norman."

The meeting over, Garland introduced the second man.

"This is Mr. Pearson, my father-in-law. Our wives are away for a holiday, so we're dining out for a few evenings," he explained, adding smilingly, "when the cats are away the mice will play, you know."

Then they turned once more to business and Haskins, drawing up his chair, began a rapid outlining of his plan of filling the five thousand pound buckskin contract. When he had finished, Garland was sitting gripping the edges of his chair, his eyes shining, his face alight with enthusiasm and excited interest born of the graphic description with which Haskins concluded his story.

After a minute, Garland said, an odd wondering in his tone: "And to think I've been here in this city, and buying fur right from the north country for seven years now and never heard a word about what you've just told us!"

Then his father-in-law chimed in: "Now you bring it to mind, I do remember hearing tales something like that. But it was a long time ago, and I'd clean forgotten. But it certainly offers a solution."

Haskins nodded. "Yes," he admitted "I guess there ain't many people in the outside world know." Then, turning the conversation back to the business of the moment: "Well, how are we going to go into this thing?" Without waiting for a reply, he proceeded: "Of course you could go and hire a half a dozen breeds and try to carry the thing through yourself. You might even be successful. But not knowing the country—and let me tell you there's just certain points you got to be at to be successful—I hardly think its likely. On the other hand you're in touch with the buyer, so I can't go it alone."

An old pile of German ammunition makes a good observation post for some Canadian observers.

Garland nodded and replied: "Under the circumstances, as you know the price I've been offered, I suppose I can't offer you less than five a pound, seeing as you would have to do all the work and take all the risk. That would leave me a dollar and a quarter profit. Certainly a nice little sum for not having to raise a hand. But" — his voice grew eager— "to tell you the truth, your story has so interested me that I want to go, too .I want to have a hand in filling the contract. At the same time I can see everything as you have described it, and have the excitement and the outdoor life. So, what do you say to going partners with me, and we'll split the profits fifty-fifty?"

Garland was so pathetically eager, that Haskins was forced to smile. But there was something likeable about the young man, and Haskins noted also that he was well set up and no weakling. "Well," he said, after a moment, "it means a lot of hard work, and to you who ain't used

to it a lot of hardship, but if you don't mind that, I'm willing to a partnership."

Garland held out his hand. "It's a bargain!" Then, perhaps a little ashamed of his almost boyish excitement, he explained. "You see, my father-in-law and I were in partnership in the fur business. In fact, the firm is still known as Pearson and Garland. But this last five years he's left it entirely in my hands, while he's been chasing about America and the continent having a good time. And now I feel I have a holiday coming. Don't you think I have?" he said, turning to the older man.

Evidently the two were on great good terms, for the old man smiled good humoredly. "Go if you feel like it," he replied. "I ran the business for many a day, and I'm perfectly capable of doing it again till you come back."

So Haskins made an appointment for a meeting in the morning, and passed on in to supper.

II

Promptly at ten the next morning Haskins arrived at the office of Pearson and Garland, fur buyers. At the conference with Garland which followed, it was decided that the two of them would proceed the next morning to Peace River Crossing, thence by river boat seven hundred miles to Fort Smith. At this point navigation began on the Mackenzie. Well aware that a speedy reaching of their destination was necessary for the success of the expedition, for it was now the fifteenth of June, Haskins suggested attempting a special chartering of the Hudson Bay's steamer "Mackenzie River," operating on the Mackenzie river from Fort Smith to Fort Norman and beyond.

"You see, it's this way," he explained "if we travel on her the ordinary way the trip will take twice as long, for she makes a lot of stops. And right now the main thing is to get in there before they pass the point I'm aiming to reach, and, I'll be honest with you, we ain't got any too much time. Besides, with a special charter, we can be sure of having the steamer meet us in the Fall when we get ready to come out. With the charter giving us full control, we can travel down in five days at the most. Then we can release her back to the company, say til the end of August. From that date on, she'll wait at Norman for us. We've got to get out of there and be on our way back by the tenth of September at the latest for transportation isn't to be counted on after the middle of the month."

With the suggestion Garland heartily agreed. In fact, though an equal partner in the expedition now contemplated, he was fully aware that its success lay entirely with the big northman.

So they hurried to the District Office of the Hudson Bay's Company, a few blocks away, from which headquarters all fur and transportation business for the Mackenzie river district was directed.

Brisbane, the manager, grizzled veteran of thirty years in company service, was suspicious. The chartering of a company vessel by outside parties suggested to him some profitable venture, and, with true company spirit, he hated to think that anything in the north country in the way of a money making scheme could have been overlooked by himself. So, instead of giving them a direct answer, he stalled, leading the conversation here and there, hinting, suggesting, trying desperately, with all the guile of thirty years fur trading experience, to learn his visitor's secret.

At last, however, failing, he became once more the autocrat that he was; said gruffly: "Well, three thousand dollars is the lowest price I can give you on the steamer for the requirements you mention." To his immense surprise, Haskins replied: "All right; that's satisfactory. We'll pay cash now, as soon as you sign this contract, and give us an order on the captain of the steamer 'Mackenzie River' at Fort Smith."

With their special charter contract signed, and in possession of an order on Captain Bartlett of the steamer "Mackenzie River," directing him to accept their instructions, Haskins and Garland left the District Office in high good humor, in spite of the somewhat high price they had been forced to pay.

The early morning northland train found them aboard bound for end of steel, two hundred and sixty miles away. From here a stage carried them the intervening forty miles to the frontier settlement of Peace River Crossing, at which point the majestic Peace River flowed northward to connect up with the Slave that, in turn, joining the Mackenzie formed one of the greatest inland water, ways in the world, by which the penetrating of the vast Canadian wilderness was made so quickly and easily possible during the Summer months when navigation was open.

Haskins and Garland arrived at Fort Smith on June twenty-sixth. Hiring six half breeds they quickly transferred their outfit, grub, half a dozen thirty-thirty rifles and two thousand rounds of ammunition, to the steamer "Mackenzie River" just ready to leave on her trip down river to Fort Norman and beyond.

It was upon the third night after their making camp that Garland was wakened by Haskins softly shaking him. He sat up sharply. Though his wrist watch pointed to two in the morning, it was bright as day, for the sun still hung above the horizon two hours yet from setting.

"What is it?" he questioned, wonderingly.

Smiling, Haskins held up a warning finger. "Listen," he said.

Then to Garland's ears, out of the hanging hush of endless listening distances, came a muffled beating.

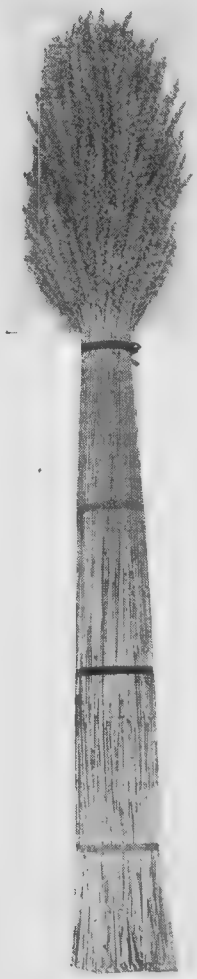
For weeks now the stillness of these wilderness reaches had closed around him with a silence so vast and profound that the very soundlessness had seemed to sound—a queer booming note, understandable only to those who have lived in wide places.

But now his straining ears were conscious of a new toning. Through the quiet air of night it came, a muffled beating, prolonged, steady, growing in volume with every passing second, swelling louder and louder, till all the pregnant night was vibrating, and the earth alive with tremorings as from the onward rushings of a hundred locomotives.

Perhaps five minutes elapsed before Garland—vainly striving to recall where he had heard similar sound—remembered it was like that of five thousand marching soldiers, whom he had watched moving to entrain at Edmonton many months ago.

But now the sound was infinitely louder, more voluminous, a rising diap-

Melfort Kerr, the Gladstone boy, who got highest marks for the best plot of wheat. at the recent contest of the Agricultural College Club for Boys and Girls.



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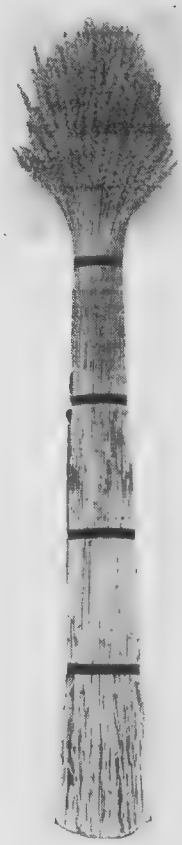

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ason, as the approaching tread of a million men. With it drumming in his ears, Garland followed Haskins from the tent. Standing just without, the two men turned their eyes to the southeast. Breathless, Garland stood, eyes widening at the wonder of this approaching army of the north. He sucked in an awed and gasping breath; like a man in a dream went on silently staring at the dun grey-brown column of animal life, the head of which was now passing not two hundred yards away.

On the animals came, plodding steadily in loose order, perhaps a quarter of a mile deep. And as far as Garland's eyes could reach over the level tundra to the southeast, the line of undulating forms was unbroken. Like a vast, faintly swaying sea, they went slowly past. The fall of their hoofs filled all the night with a long muttering, as of distant and continuous thunder. The air became heavy with new odor, faintly ammoniacal, the combined smell from this incalculably numberous herd.

For a long time Garland remained transfixed speechless, appalled, almost dazed by the very gazing upon such profusion of wild life. Then, like one emerging from a dream, Haskins triumphant rejoicing brought him back to earth.

"The caribou! the caribou!" Haskins was exclaiming. "There's your five thousand pounds of buckskin—five million pounds if you could carry it away!"

"Yes," Garland replied, his voice strangely thrilled, "but one has to see to believe."

"Then you didn't quite believe me back in Edmonton?" Haskins queried amusedly

"Yes — no," Garland stammered—"that is, I believed you enough to come and that we'd get enough to fill the contract— but — well — I thought you were exaggerating quite a lot. It didn't seem possible that your tale could be anything but an exaggeration.

"Exaggerating!" Haskins voice was scornful. He waved his hand toward the passing panorama of horns and hoofs and heads and dun grey-brown bodies stretching to the end of the horizon and beyond to the southeast, and whose moving line was now crawling on into the west, where the dying sun, in splashed aureole of gold and crimson, was near to setting. Then he went on: "Exaggerating! Why man, I didn't tell you half. You see this herd? Well, they'll be passing here like this for two weeks yet. Millions on millions of them. And this is only one of the herds. There's a dozen more like it in various parts of the northland. Every season they pass in annual migration to the shores of the Arctic. Then in the Fall they come back again. This particular one always passes here. But, as you say," he admitted candidly, "I can quite understand your feeling—you've got to see to believe!"

They turned back into the tent after a while, and as they prepared to snatch a few hours more sleep, Haskins remarked: "We'll start killing at sun-up."

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The Reason Why

The reason why there was no page the last two months was a difference of opinion between myself and the editor of the magazine over an article on the confining of the Dominion vote to the next-of-kin. In answer to a great many enquiries as to my opinion on the restricted vote, I had written an article which I thought might be of service to the women of the West. The editor could not see his way to publish it and I had intended to withdraw definitely from the page, but in view of the present crisis in Canada probably no writer is justified in missing an opportunity of speaking to the women earnestly and faithfully on the subject of food conservation and control.

Food Control

We are rapidly approaching the fourth Christmas of the war, and long before this reaches the readers the parcels for the boys at the front will have gone on their way. Everyone has felt it a pleasure and a privilege to make these parcels as comprehensive and useful as possible without losing the Christmas touch. There is just one more thing which the women of Western Canada can do for the boys in regard to Christmas, and that is to make the food portion of their celebration of Christmas as simple as possible.

It is almost impossible for the women of Western Canada to realize that there is an actual shortage of food in the world, but this is absolutely the fact. There is a shortage of bread and meat, a very serious shortage, in fact the world's reserves of both these articles have been practically

Memorial to men of a Canadian Division who fell on Vimy Ridge, at "La Folie" farm. It bears the following:—

"Canadian Division."

"To the glory of God and in everlasting memory of our gallant comrades who gave their lives in the defence of the line from October 23rd, 1916, to February 15th, 1917, and in the attack and capture of Vimy Ridge, on April 9th, 1917, and in the subsequent operations."

wiped out, and if there should be a failure of wheat crops in 1918 or even a partial failure, and if we fail to produce every pound of meat, especially beef and pork that it is possible to produce in a year, there will be not merely shortage, there will be famine. With regard to wheat, beyond putting the grain in in proper time on the best cultivation that can be achieved in the present shortage of labour, the production of the crop is out of the hands of the producer. The production of meat can be more closely controlled but it is largely contingent on the supply of food for cattle and the supply of labor to feed them. There is, however, one thing which every man, woman and child in Western Canada can do in this crisis, and that is they can save on the food which is already in existence. Fortunately, the food required to be saved is the food which will keep, namely, wheat, and beef which can be tinned and bacon which can be cured. Therefore, it is the absolute duty of every mistress of a household to see that nothing is wasted. I know that on farms it has been felt in the past that dry bread was not wasted when it went to the hogs and that scraps of cold meat were not wasted when they went to the fowls, and in normal times this was quite true, but normal times have long ceased to exist and it is with abnormal times and very abnormal times at that that the western housewife in both city and town must deal with. It is not easy for Canadians, and more especially Western Canadians, to save on the matter of small amounts of food. It has never been necessary before, but it is absolutely necessary now if the rations for the men at the front are to be maintained in their present quantity and quality. The saving of food in small ways is tiresome, monotonous and adds to the work in any household, but because it is a tedious and inglorious task it is the better worth doing. It is always easy to do the spectacular things, public approval and applause carries us over many hard places, but in the history of the world it has largely fallen to the women to practise those every-day small self denials and economies which make little show but in the aggregate mean so much, and the women of Western Canada have come to a time when this class of work is more essential than it ever was before. I would like to say with a force and an emphasis that would ring through the three western provinces, do not allow a crust of bread or an inch of meat to be wasted this winter, and in making Christmas preparations, endeavour to use only those things which cannot be utilized for the men at the front. This will be a season when the using of turkeys, chickens and geese instead of being an extravagance will be an economy. These things cannot be sent overseas. I am not suggesting that the plum puddings should be omitted, but I would suggest that cornmeal take the place of flour in these puddings. I can hear the score of good housewives say how ridiculous, the little bit of flour that we put in plum pudding, but if you multiply that couple of pounds of flour by more than three-quarters of a million homes, it runs into a good deal, and incidentally you will find the Christmas pudding with yellow cornmeal sa substitute for flour not only quite as palatable but considerably easier to digest. For all, excepting the very small children, cut out the making of home-made candy, sugar is the article on the saving of food next to wheat and meat. The supply of fruit, such as currants, raisins, figs and dates is good and considering war time, not unduly expensive, and they are infinitely better for children than so much candy. If these savings seem to you trifling, sit down and figure what it would mean if every household in Canada so arranged its menus that they would save three pounds of flour and three pounds of meat a week, there are eight million people in Canada, and allowing five persons to a family, that would be 1,600,000 homes, three pounds of flour per family saved would be 4,800,000 pounds per week and the same quantity of meat. Never forget for one moment that it is actual food itself which must be saved. We have grown so accustomed to the idea of barter that we measure everything by its value in dollars and cents, that standard will not do on this occasion, it is the actual food, the bread and meat that is needed and nothing else will do.

Profiteering

I know that all over the West women are feeling hotly indignant at the reports of profiteering on foods, and many of them individually and through resolutions in their various organizations are intimating to the food controller that until these things are stopped they will not pledge themselves to save. Personally, I think that shooting on sight is too mild a punishment for the man who profiteers in food, but the fact that there are such wretches has no bearing whatsoever on the duty of the women of Canada in this crisis. Get after the profiteers, insist on their being eliminated, but bear in mind always that while they profiteered in food they did not do away with the food, it was there for use, at an exorbitant price truly, but it was there. Unless food is saved in every way that can be devised the food will not be on hand this year when it is needed, and remember that ten million dollars in the "cold cash" we are so fond of talking about is of no value to soldiers in the trenches compared to a million pounds of flour, and the women of Canada can easily save three times that amount every week in the coming winter if they choose.

New December Numbers of

Columbia Records

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Grafonola

When Lazaro sings "Laugh, laugh, Pagliaccio!"

It is more than words or song or acting. His "Vesti la Giubba" is the breaking of a heart in music. Sorrow beyond words, hidden beneath a smiling mask to face the call of duty—what one of us has not sometimes laughed with Pagliaccio? Lazaro, Metropolitan Opera tenor, in this appealing record has made his singing live. 49020—$3.00.

THE records individually mentioned are only a few of the splendid Christmas list of Columbia Records. It includes many other operatic numbers, 22 new popular song hits, 14 whirlwind dance numbers, patriotic songs, fairy stories for the children, and a number of beautiful Christmas carols and hymns.

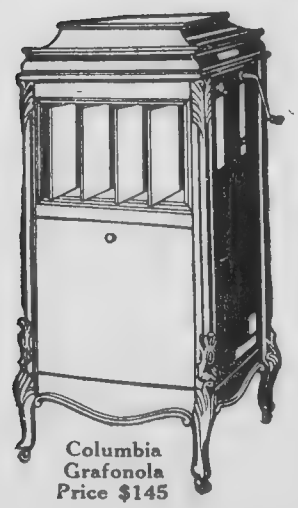
Stracciari's song of love and hate.

Love struggling with hate in dramatic melody — that is the theme of "Eri tu?" from Verdi's "Masked Ball." A song that requires much of the artist, and in this record Stracciari, leading baritone of the Chicago Opera, has given of his art in full measure. 49221—$1.50.

Barrientos, crystal clear in Lakme's "Bell Song."

Soaring joyously through the bell-like notes of Delibes' lyric, Barrientos makes music more musical by the matchless cadence of her voice. A record in which the great soprano of the Metropolitan Opera surpasses herself. 49151—$3.00.

Patriotic Numbers



Columbia Grafonola Price $145

"It's a Long Way to Berlin, But We'll Get There" coupled with "So Long Mother" (A2383) 85c; are typical songs for "Our Boys", but they are no better than "When We Wind Up the Watch on the Rhine" and "The Old Grey Mare" (A2382) 85c.

The list also includes many striking, popular melodies such as "The Best Things in Life are Free", and "For You a Rose", (A2390), 85c; also two selections from "Cheer Up" the New York Hippodrome's latest production, "Cheer Up Liza" and "Melody Land" (A2394) 85c.

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WINNIPEG CANADA

When the Nights are Long

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil

Without, there is wind, and snow, and sleet,
But within, there are fires aglow,
There are bright lamps lit, and a shelf of books
O'er the mantelpiece, all in a row.
Dog-eared and shabby and much be-thumbed,
But we cherish them just the same,
And our eyes light up with a look of love,
As they rest on Dickens' name.

We shall walk with Copperfield, hand in hand,
From babyhood on to the end;
We shrink with him from the humble Heep,
With his servile bow and bend.
With him we weep for his Dora's death;
At Emily's fate we sigh;
And we call to Ham in the stormy sea,
Where the breakers are rolling high.

We shall follow the fortunes of Dombey the proud,
And witness his pride laid low;
We shall see sweet Florence, discarded, alone,
Wed Walter, who cherished her so.
We shall see the face on the little white bed,
And the old-fashioned light on the wall,
And our tears for a moment flow unchecked,
At the death of little Paul.

We shall trace the footsteps of Oliver Twist,
Through the winding ways of crime;
We shall see him climb from its noisome depths,
Untouched by its taint of slime.
We shall wonder at Sikes, whose loveless heart
Knew none but its own brute laws;
We shall see his dog leap down to death
For the slayer whose thrall he was.

The times have changed, but there is no change
In the human heart and its lore;
And nearer and dearer the old books grow,
And we cherish them more and more.
Each word is writ on the inmost heart,
Each face shines forth in the flame;
And our eyes light up with a loving look,
As they rest on Dickens' name.

Fur Prices Advance 5 to 75 per cent.

Mr. John Hallam, of Toronto, who attended the recent auction sale of furs in New York City, states that the prices of furs showed an advance of from five to seventy-five per cent.

The Philosopher

THE FOURTH CHRISTMAS OF THE WAI

The fourth Christmas of the War! And the third that has come to many a home in Canada which knows grief for lives given for humanity's future good, and knows pride, too—and just pride—in the thought of the high courage that counted not the cost! The first Christmas of the War found Canada under the shadow of the great conflict; many thousands of the flower of Canadian manhood were in training, some having crossed the ocean to England, others being in training on Canadian soil, and actual Canadian participation in the fighting—that is to say, the presence of men in Canadian uniforms at the front—being yet to come. Individual Canadians in the Imperial service in other than Canadian units had already given a good account of themselves. It was in February, 1915, that the glorious record of the heroism of Canadian units at the front began. Each succeeding Christmas has seen that glorious record made still more glorious. And on the fourth Christmas of the War from countless homes throughout our country prayers will go up, and thoughts and hopes and ardent wishes will travel over the stormy seas to loved ones who are spending their Christmas in the reeking trench, or in the rude surroundings behind the line, or in hospital. And in the homes whose absent loved ones have gone never to return—who, in their youth and their strength and their devotion, died for Canada and Freedom—may there be in those groups around the table in those homes with vacant chairs all the consolation there is to be drawn from the great and true thought that no nobler use could be made of life than its devotion, in the full measure of sacrifice to the highest cause that man can die for! For such lives not the broken column, but the crown of glory is the true symbol.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

The central truth of Christianity, the keynote of all that the sacred festival of Christmas stands for, is the greatest of all truths—the equality and brotherhood of man before God. It is against this truth that the despotic military power which seeks to dominate the world is waging ruthless war. Prussianism, as the world has seen it in action since the morning of the invasion of Belgium is the most ruthless denial and violation that the world has ever known of the words of Him who was born in a manger at Bethlehem. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." And all this highly organized warfare against the essential spirit of Christianity, all this reversion to savagery, has been made possible, by the manner in which the autocratic system in Germany has been able to control education and shape the German people to its ends. Never has the world had such a lesson in the importance of education—a lesson which, if civilization is to be preserved, must never be forgotten. If there had been among the Teutons liberal and truly democratic education, if there had been instilled in the minds of the Teutons, beginning in the formative years of childhood, humane principles in respect to the rights of man, individually and collectively, the practices of the German Government which stand recorded in that Government's own documents, and the outrages and atrocities of the past two score months, which have fastened upon the name of Germany an ineradicable stain, would have been impossible.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

What will be the dominant thought and sentiment around every true Canadian hearth on Christmas Day this year? Will not the thought and sentiment animating every worthy Canadian heart here at home when the great household festival comes be in accord with the thought and sentiment animating the hearts of the Canadian men in the trenches? Between all that the spirit of Christmas stands for, on the one hand, and, on the other, Prussianism, that foul and cruel exhalation from the long-forgotten graves of primitive savagery, there can be no truce, no compromise. Civilization must free itself from the menace of the ruthless, torturing, destroying military absolutism that has its seat in Berlin. For another year of the war, or for more than that, if the struggle has still to continue longer than that before the world is free from this baneful terror, there must be no relaxing in the determination to fight the good fight to the end. This is the only right, fitting and appropriate frame of mind for the celebration of Christmas, 1917, in every land whose people value freedom as something without which life would not be worth living.

CHANGED MEN AND WOMEN

A correspondent in Saskatchewan sends The Philosopher a clipping from the New York World about Harry Lauder's recent appearance before great assemblages in New York and other cities in the United States, both in theatres and in the open air, and with this clipping another showing the great Scottish comic singer addressing a large mass of people from the steps of the sub-treasury building in New York city. "Who could ever have thought," says the New York World, "as he heard and watched Harry Lauder in old days, that this veritable monarch of stage fun would one day, with his only son in a soldier's grave somewhere in France, use his wonderful voice in earnest, compelling appeals to his hearers to buy Liberty bonds to help to buy the wherewithal of battle on humanity's behalf against despotism? Here is one of the striking transformations of the war." But are there not many hundreds of thousands of such transformations in all the lands that have given of their manhood in the fight for humanity's welfare in the years to come? Surely every man and every woman, except the incurably selfish and the intellectually vacant, has already passed through such a process of change.

"NICHT ARGERN; NUR WUNDERN!"

Of all the curious manifestations of the German mind since the war began, one of the most extraordinary—and, as The Philosopher cannot help thinking, significant—is the inscription in large lettering which the retreating Germans, methodically destroying everything as they had to move back in France, left in every orchard of young trees which they ruined. They went to no little trouble, as we read in the London Times correspondence from the front, to set up this inscription like an advertising billboarrd amid the destroyed young fruit trees—"Nicht argen; nur wundern!" If one will give it some thought, it will be found a singularly revealing message. Translated literally, it is, "Rage not; stand amazed!" It is a singular manifestation of the ponderous solemnity with which the Hun regards his vandalism as something superbly magnificent, something before which the world at large must needs bow down in humble and hopeless admiration. That inscription helps us a little in the endeavor to understand the amazing German mind. It is of a piece with the granting of a holiday to school children in Germany to celebrate the Lusitania sea-massacre. It is of a piece with the heavy German attitude of non-comprehension of the light-hearted—and often utterly grotesque—trench songs of the men in khaki. For the German takes himself with thoroughly-drilled, awe-struck seriousness. The German soldiers sing what they are ordered to sing; they also cheer gutterally by order, just as they do the goose-step, with machine-like solemnity, as if they were autonatoms

"NOT PEACE, BUT A SWORD"

As once more, in the annual journey of our world around the sun, we come to the season of the year in which falls the anniversary of the birth of Jesus, will it not be with a determination more resolutely steeled than at any time before since the war began that the life-and-death struggle for freedom must go on, without counting the cost or shrinking from the sacrifice? The name-day of the Prince of Peace is the best of all days on which to resolve highly that never can the free people submit to having Hun might make itself the master of human destinies. The message of the angels' song to the shepherds watching their flocks by night in the fields outside Bethlehem must be made good in the world. As the highest scholarship has now made certain, the correct rendering of the earliest manuscripts gives the angels' song thus in our language: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will." Jesus shall rule in a peace that crowns the triumph of righteousness —until that is achieved, He brings the world not peace, but a sword, for there can be no peace between the eternal principles of righteousness and men who are not of good will.

THE GERMANS AND WOMANHOOD

At the heart of civilization are the mother and the child. When we think of the first Christmas, it is the Divine Child we think of, whose mother had to lay him in a manger for a cradle. As the centuries have gone on and Christianity has made progress, its progress has ever been manifest in increasing regard and protection for motherhood and childhood, increasing recognition that motherhood is the most sacred thing in the world and that every child has rights in the sight of God equally with every other child. If civilization does not mean that, it means nothing. And in this war, which is waged by the Huns against both christianity and civilization nothing has been more characteristic of the Hun than their hideous outrages upon womanhood and childhood. It is further significant of the Hun spirit that the learned exponents of kultur, the masters and pastors of the subservient German people regard it as one of the many proofs of the superiority of Germany over other lands that is that in Germany women have not been encouraged in the least to think that they should have any say in regard to public affairs. This boast is made in a book by Herr Voechting, Ph.D., which The Philosopher has been reading—a book entitled "The Cult of Women," published the year before the war began. The learned author omits to mention that a like boast could be made for Turkey—which is so fitly Germany's ally. Herr Voechting, in his book, views with scarcely concealed satisfaction "the rapid advances of feminism throughout all the English-speaking countries," and predicts confidently that feminism "will eventually engulf those countries in degradation and ruin." German women, he boasts, "are to be trusted not to make themselves a menace to the welfare and progress of the Fatherland." But it would appear from some extracts from a few German newspapers reprinted in the London Daily Mail last year that a few German women forgot their "duty to the Fatherland" in one respect. They were actually guilty (so those newspapers declared in horrified and angry language) of "treachery' and "unworthiness!" And how did they show themselves "treacherous" and "unworthy?" By manifesting a little kindness towards prisoners being taken to a prison camp.

BEFORE THERE CAN BE PEACE

Among all the theologians in the world to-day there is none more venerable or worthy of greater honor than the great Biblical scholar and authority, Rev. Dr. Sanday, of the University of Oxford, one of the most gentle and peace-loving of men, who a year ago said he was ready to shake hands with the first German he met after the conclusion of the War and the return of peace to the world. In a recent letter to the London Times, Rev. Dr. Sanday writes: "All peace talk at present is utterly out of the question, no matter from whom it comes. The signal for true peace talk will come when Germany begins to show signs of conversion. And no such signs have appeared yet." And who that has eyes to see can fail to realize that in these words Rev. Dr. Sanday speaks the truth? There can be no real peace in the world again until the German people are converted from their monstrous false belief, which makes so fitting and appropriate the alliance between Germany and Turkey, and which finds fitting and appropriate expression in atrocities on land and on sea.

DOMINION AND REPUBLIC

We and our neighbors of the great Republic have reason to rejoice that this Christmas will find us united in purpose and in life-and-death resoluteness, in heart and in deed, as we never have been before. It will thus be the first Christmas of what we both may hope and confidently believe to be an enduring era of brotherly co-operation between Dominion and Republic, an era of closer linking up of all the English-speaking people on this continent. For more than a hundred years we and our neighbors have had between us that peace which the angels singing over Bethlehem proclaimed "among men of good will." Why should there ever be anything between us between good will and peace? The war has taught us to realize more deeply than we could ever have realized it before, that we have the same enemies to fight, and the same ideals to strive for.

THE GERMANS AND THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Germany is still possessed by the diabolical delusion that brutal power is the greatest thing in the world. The Germans fail to understand the basic principle of civilization. They "have gone astray after false gods." For several generations now they have been drilled into a military fanaticism which has been given a religious form, but which is in its essential spirit a denial of the eternally basic truth of righteousness —a denial of the Divine principle of equality and justice. It stands as the head and front of the indictment against them that they are the enemies of the Christmas spirit.

"THE MENACE OF PEACE"

The book with this title, by an able and travelled American, Mr. G. D. Herron, which The Philosopher has just finished reading, sets forth in less than a hundred pages a clear-sighted and unanswerable exposition of why the war must be fought to a finish that will end all possibility of Teutonic domination of the world. The fact that Mr. Herron was before the war ranked with the most distinguished of the pacifists gives all the more weight to what he now writes. He uses forthright words, with no mincing, when he deals with the pacifist activities of the present time and those who are responsible for them. "No matter how obvious or odious it may be, to each decoy which Germany sends forth the pacifist responds with his daft endorsement, his insane applause. The pacifist fails—he fails morally and intellectually—because of his dissociation from reality. He has let himself be seduced by an ideal that stands essentially unrelated to the terrible facts of the hour." In reading Mr. Herron's strong and irrefutable conclusions, The Philosopher was reminded of the words of the prophet Isaiah, as applicable to the condition there would be in the world if the pacifists had their way: "Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death and with hell we are at agreement, I will make justice the line and righteousness the plummet. And our covenant with death shall be annulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand."

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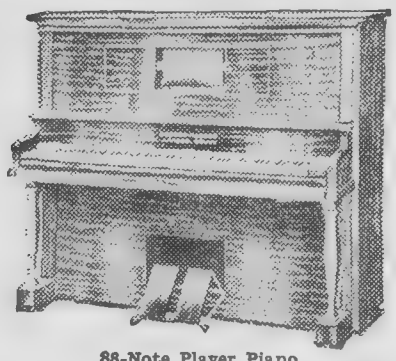

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1. Your choice of any make of Chickering, Nordheimer, Gerhard Heintzman, Cecilian, Bell, Haines, Sherlock Manning, Doherty, Canada Piano Co., Lesage, Imperial and Winnipeg Piano Company's Pianos or Player-Pianos at special club prices until Monday, the 31st December, 1917.
2. The terms are one-fifth cash down and one, two or three years to pay the balance, or small monthly payments can be arranged to meet your convenience.
3. A special discount of ten per cent for all cash or extra instalments paid at the time of purchase.
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6. Every Instrument is guaranteed without reserve for ten years. There are no "ifs" and "ands" in the guarantee—just a straight-out guarantee as strong as we know how to make it in writing.
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12. Each and every Club Instrument will be personally selected by our President.

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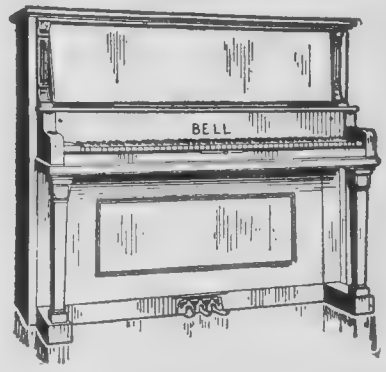

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Club opens Saturday, 1st December, and closes Monday, the 31st December, 1917. There will be a big demand for memberships. Take no chances. Be on hand early or send in this coupon. Sign the annexed coupon, mail to us and when registered on our books you become a member of the Club.

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To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

A Letter

I received a long and interesting letter a few days ago with respect to my remarks on Conversation in the last issue. I shall be glad at any time to receive communications about the matters touched on in this column. The art of conversation can be consciously developed. As a general thing the Latin races are better talkers than the Anglo-Saxon. Equally generally, Europeans in this regard excel Americans and Canadians.

King Coal

I have just read Upton Sinclair's book with this title. It is a savage indictment of conditions in the western mining camps of the United States. I wonder, by the way, what an investigation of Canadian mining conditions would disclose. I sincerely hope that there is nothing analogous in Canadian conditions to what Sinclair alleges with respect to American mining camps. Such conditions, in so far as they obtain anywhere, are a standing menace to the stability of existing institutions. They constitute an open sore. Employing classes are playing with dynamite in so far as they allow such circumstances to continue.

Murmurs of Dicontent

It is surprising how many quiet and well-balanced men confess privately that they fear that revolution in a great many countries will be the inevitable outcome of social conditions as they now exist. Faulty government is bound in the long run to provoke reprisals. A thing that we forget too habitually is that the present war is going to teach great numbers of men to think in terms of force. That psychology had almost disappeared from the consciousness of Anglo-Saxon peoples at any rate. The close of the war will release hosts of men accustomed to the appeal to force. Social amelioration will henceforth have to proceed more rapidly if society at large is to be saved from anarchy. One man of sixty said to me the other day: "I'm glad I'm sixty. The next twenty-five years are going to be terrible." On the other hand a young man said to me a few days ago: "I believe we are in for a half century of disorder." The way to meet this danger is, assuredly not, ostrich-like, to put our heads in the sand. We must reckon with the facts and try, by wise action, to forestall disaster. You will recall Tennyson's line about England, "where Freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent." The present temper of the world calls for the accelerating of the pace.

Mediation

The remedy for many social ills lies in a wise mediation. The gap between classes must be kept from widening by mediation based on mutual knowledge. The trouble is that many capitalists refuse to try to enter sympathetically into the needs of employees. Equally dangerous are the rabid representatives of the employed who refuse to take cognisance of the difficulties of employers.

American Ideality

In the best American life to-day there is a fine note of ideality. For this President Wilson is much to thank. Conspicuously he thinks in terms of ideality. The basis on which the United States is participating in the war has given tremendous impetus to this tendency. The American people are not fighting for anything material. They want not a dollar of money, not an inch of territory, as the price of their participation. Their grand object is, in the great phrase of Woodrow Wilson, "to make the world safe for democracy." History has never seen anything so magnificent and inspiring as this. I heard Reed Smoot, a banker, say in the American Senate: "If the President of the United States wishes to make a loan of a billion to steady the cause of democracy in Russia, without any prospect of return, I hold up both hands." An American railway president I heard say in the Council of National Defence: "American railways are badly run down. They need rolling stock sorely. They need new rails. But for years we must build nothing for ourselves. We must labor to reconstruct the lines of Russia and France." This is superb altruism. This is the spirit of applied Christianity.

Russia

We know very little of what is really going on in Russia. The news of the evening denies the news of the morning. When the veil is lifted we may easily find that the worst excesses of the French Revolution have been re-enacted.

Our Foreign Populations

It is highly desirable that the public of Manitoba should know what the Provincial Government is doing by way of providing educational facilities for our foreign fellow citizens. I recently heard the Minister of Education speak on this subject before a convention of school teachers at Emerson. I understood him to say that within two years one hundred new schools have been erected in Manitoba districts settled by foreigners. These hundred new schools are providing for about forty-five hundred pupils. An important feature of the policy is the erection, in connection with these schools, of homes for the teachers. This makes possible the securing of English speaking teachers for these districts. This policy is imperative if the future is to be safeguarded. It represents a fine experiment in nation-building.

Woman Suffrage

The triumph of woman suffrage in New York state is an event of the first consequence. The prestige of the movement on this continent will be enormously enhanced. Tennyson says: "For woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse." It is because she is "diverse" that women is needed in politics. Her grand public function is to breathe the human element into legislation. Man emphasizes property. Woman emphasizes life. She, better than man, knows what life costs. The old argument that because woman cannot fight she should not vote is untenable. One of the finest books I ever read on the woman question is Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor." She reminds us of the fact that, for every child that is born, some woman goes down to the gates of death. The vote is one return for this vast and inevitable peril. The New Republic, speaking of the victory of the women in New York state, says: "The enfranchisement of women on the same terms and to the same extent as the enfranchisement of men deserves to be incorporated in the fundamental law of the American nation as a vital principle of the American democracy." No state is really a democracy that is trying to get along with the votes of simply one-half of its population.

Japan

One of the gratifying features of the war is the wise restraint practised by Japan. Many of us were afraid that she would take advantage of the situation presented by the preoccupation of the great powers in the world war. Precisely the opposite has apparently been the case. She has performed the tasks assigned her. She drove Germany from the Kiao Cho peninsula. She assisted Britain in sweeping the Pacific. She has recently reached an agreement with the United States with respect to China that goes far toward removing the possibility of trouble with the American Republic. We have apparently every reason to be satisfied as to the wisdom of the British-Japanese alliance. The old bug-bear of the abyss between the East and West is pretty well exorcised.

Cosmopolitanism

The war is dealing a heavy blow at old prejudices. Prejudices are the fruitful source of danger. Class prejudices breed revolution. National prejudices breed wars. Charles Lamb said there were certain nations that he could not abide. Half-jocularly, half-seriously he named in this connection, Jews, Scots and negroes. Almost everybody cherishes certain national antipathies. These are usually the result of ignorance. Burke said it was absurd to indict a whole people. Think of the motley host fighting under the banners of the democratic allies. Comradeship in the defence of democracy must generate a new sympathy, a new cosmopolitanism. India has raised a million men for Britain in the present war. This must profoundly affect the attitude of Britain to India. This war gives tremendous emphasis to the word "God has made of one flesh all the nations of the earth." The war should generate a great company of citizens of the world. Over-exaggerated nationality has been one of the banes of society. That is precisely what Germany is suffering from.

Partisanship

The campaign eventuating in the formation of a national government must deal a heavy blow at partisanship in Canada. It will certainly be a strange phenomenon if it ever revives in its old intensity. "Partisan" is to-day in Canada a term of disparagement. It is not likely ever again to recover good repute. Anglo-Saxon countries at any rate have not yet discovered a good equivalent for party government, but the health of the state demands a large body of detached and independent opinion.

Venice

It is with a shiver that one hears that the Germans are within fifteen or twenty miles of Venice. The city of the Doges exercises an almost unequalled witchery over the minds of men. Only the very most celebrated cities of the world surpass her in fascination. There are vast numbers whom the fall of Venice would depress terribly. Every traveller and reader has his own group of associations that her name suggests. I think of ten golden days I spent there in 1898. After a hot ride across the luxuriant plain of Lombardy we were greeted by her refreshing breezes as by a benediction. Never shall I forget my first ride in a gondola, that dark rakish craft that moves almost like a swan over the waters. I remember what a shock it was to me when I read—was it in 1906?—of the fall of the campanile of St. Mark's.

An English Campanile

How surprised I was in 1904 to find a campanile in England. The campanile is a bell-tower. That is what the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa is. That famous structure is simply the bell-tower of the Duomo or Cathedral of Pisa. Cathedral, baptistery and campanile form a trio of buildings familiar in Italian cities. The celebrated Tower of Grotto at Florence, over which Ruskin expatiates with such enthusiasm, is the bell-tower of the cathedral of the Tuscan city on the Arno. But to come back to the English campanile of which I commenced to speak. I found it in the cathedral town of Chichester. This English building is a simple wooden structure. I was told that there was one other in England. Where it is situated I have forgotten.

Venetian Memories

I said above that every visitor to and reader about Venice has his own set of associations suggested by her name. I for my part think first of all of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." There is not much local color or allusion in Shakespeare's famous play. Save for the Rialto and the fact that Antonio is a merchant of a maritime city, the scene might just as well be laid anywhere else. The Rialto is the noble old bridge that spans the Grand Canal, the main street of Venice. The question "What news on the Rialto?" means just about "How are things on the Exchange to-day?" Then I think of J. Fenimore Cooper's "Bravo," a tale of assassination and intrigue. In the Doge's Palace one may still see the Lion's Mouth in which charges were dropped by those who wished to get rid by foul means of those whom they chose to represent as enemies of the Republic. Then in my memory stands Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," with its famous allusion to the Bridge of Sighs. If I remember rightly the scene of Shelley's "Julian and Maddalo" is laid in Venice. One of my chief pleasures in Venice was a visit to the Palazzo Rezzonico where Robert Browning died. Asolo, the scene of Browning's "Pippa Passes" is not far from Venice. Of all the cities of Italy the two that Ruskin loved best were Florence and Venice. The two volumes of his "Stones of Venice" are magnificent. I repeat that it will be distressing in the extreme if Venice should fall into the hands of the Austro-Germans.

The Vast Task of the Allies

Talk about consulting the Imperial Government as to how many more men it needs from Canada is absurd. We know perfectly well that the most we can supply will be none too many. I recall a conversation I had with a very intelligent officer last summer. He said, "We have a first-class battle over practically every village held by the Germans in the occupied territories of France. And there is a village every few miles." This is the herculean task that has to be performed on the Western front. Add to this the enormous labor of moving heavy guns and all the munitions of war over land torn by shell explosions as by so many earthquakes. The New Republic in its last issue confirms this picture when it says: "The territory behind the present line consists of one series of strong positions after another. When the Germans are ousted from one series, they fall back to another, and so slow is the movement of this kind of warfare that the new positions may be as carefully prepared as the old." In other words the Allies have the ascendency on the Western front, but it is impossible to capitalize this ascendency rapidly Meanwhile, in all the other theatres of war, with the possible exception of those in Asia, the Germans are in the ascendant. There is nothing to do but clench the teeth and go on. Our grand hope lies in the approaching application to the war of the mighty resources and the clear determination of the United States. Russia is paralyzed. Roumania is prostrate. Italy is reeling, though we trust rallying as well. Britain is at the peak of her power. France is past that point, in all probability. If we can hold on till America gets into her swing it will be a horse of a different color. The one hundred millions of the American Republic will not be worsted. It is Canada's duty to do her part to keep Britain's forces up to strength until the matchless resources of the United States are fully deployed.

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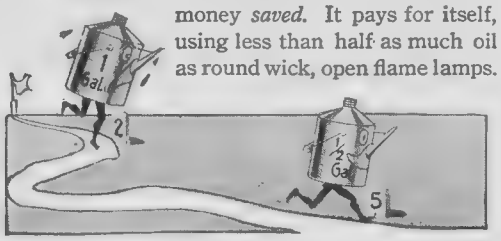

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Gentlemen:—Send me full particulars about—

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- ☐ Your offer to send the Aladdin *prepaid* for ten days *free* trial and how it can be *kept* without charge.
- ☐ Your plan whereby I can get an Aladdin free and make a lot of money without the need of experience or capital.

(NOTE:—If you are interested in the money-making opportunity, write a letter and attach to the coupon, tell us something about yourself, whether or not you have a rig or auto to work in rural districts, give your age, present occupation; say whether you can work full time or just part time, when you can start and what territory you would prefer. Hurry your letter before territory is taken.)

Name .....

P. O .....

R. F. D. or Street No..... Province.....

BUY Hallam GUARANTEED FURS BY MAIL DIRECT FROM TRAPPER to YOU

No matter where you live, you can obtain the latest styles and the highest quality in Fur sets or garments from Hallam's by mail. All Hallam garments are high quality Furs—yet can be obtained by you direct by mail at lower prices than elsewhere for the same quality—every Hallam garment is guaranteed.

Why We Can Sell at Such Low Prices Because, in the first place, we buy our skins direct from the Trapper, and sell direct to you for cash, saving you a great share of the middlemen's profits—high store rent—bad accounts—salesman's salaries. Then you are sure of satisfaction when you buy by mail from Hallam. You see the articles in your own home and can examine them without interference—if the goods do not please YOU in any way—you can simply send them back AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will cheerfully return your money—you are not out one cent—we are thus compelled to give extra good value, as we cannot afford to have goods returned.

The articles illustrated in this advertisement are fair samples of Hallam's great values and will be sent promptly on receipt of price.

1506—Driving Coat of Fine Muskrat. 45 inch length, beautifully designed. Skins are of fine quality; even, dark colors, carefully matched, and workmanship is faultless. Lined with heavy guaranteed brown satin—new style collar, which can be worn as a high Chin-chin or flat as in small illustration. Finished at waist line with half belt. In sizes 32 to 42 bust. $75.00, delivered to you.

1686—Handsome Manchurian Wolf Set. Newest design, made from fine, jet black silky skins. The large stole is in two skin style, wide across the back and shoulders—trimmed with heads, tails and paws. Muff is large and comfortable, made over soft down bed—has wrist cord and is trimmed with head and tail—lined with corded silk poplin. Exceptional value. $13.50 per set, delivered to you.

1508—Muff to match in new melon shape (as illustrated), or in pillow style, $11.50, delivered to you.

1507—Hat to match, silk lined. $7.50, delivered to you.

FREE

A beautifully illustrated Fur Style Book—giving advance information on furs and fur fashions and containing 125 illustrations of up-to-date Furs and Fur Garments. All these illustrations are photographs of living people—thus showing how the Furs REALLY appear; it shows Furs for every member of the family.

Don't fail to send for this book TO-DAY—it is now ready for mailing and will be sent as requests are received.

HALLAM'S 1917-18 FUR STYLE BOOK

Don't forget to send for Hallam's Style Book today—it's FREE—Address, using the number as below.

John Hallam Limited

897 Hallam Building TORONTO

The largest in our line in Canada.

A Christmas Dinner Amid Hardships of the Trail

By Bonnycastle Dale

LADDIE and I some years ago were working sou'east out of the Peace River Block, aiming for the Peace River and later on the Skeena. We had to raft it a bit as none of our men could speedily make a canoe. O'poots, our head guide, with some old cedar logs and vines, made a really safe raft, even if the bubbles of the swift currents did throw foam over our food spread on our blankets as we dashed down this un-named stream. We had the cameras, a rifle, and a bit of food, enough for ten days for the outfit of six men. It was a bit plain, flour, meat-venison, fish-spawning salmon, or rather a big charr like the deep water trout—"Namay-cush." We had secured important notes and pictures of the native tribes, past and present, numerous good skins and specimens, our fair share of sport, feathered, furred and scaly. Now, in early November, Jack Frost had played us a scurvy trick by sealing up the small streams and nipping the edges of the big ones. We knew just where we could strike our cached canoes, but the Skeena was two hundred miles west, and there was a big rock about one hundred yards ahead of the raft, a deep sluicing current, only a pole for an oar and others for pushing with; they snapped like pipe-stems when the Thompson River men tried to fend her off. Up, up! she went, there was a sickening rolling motion, a rending grating sound, a gurgling of waters, a snapping of stout vines and the raft was but a tossing drive of logs. Instantly we were swept into the shallows, each laden man hugging a log for dear life. I scrambled ashore with the big camera safe in its waterproof cover and Laddie tucked under my left arm, he in turn had a camera and a small rifle, but food, negatives, notebooks, blankets, all were sweeping down stream far ahead.

Some hours later when we were all dried out before an immense fire we took stock of the few bits of things we had snatched out of the swirling waters; and, after many confabs, and much gesticulation, the three Thompson River men decided to cross over to the Parsnip River and raft or canoe down it towards home as the circumstances decided. We divided the matches in my camera match case with them, gave them fair half of the scanty bits of food we had salvaged, made them to thoroughly understand that their wages would be sent from Prince Rupert—if we ever got there—bade them good-bye sorrowfully, watched them plunge off into the cold crackling woods with only one rifle and a few 44's among them, while all we had was our 22 Special and one box of 50, and I remember it was only a partly filled box at that. O'poots promptly took the leadership of us three, as naturally and kindly and firmly as if he had us hired or we were children. These West Coast Kwakiutls are strange people, make them your servants and they obey thoroughly without any offer of thinking out a thing for themselves, literally doing exactly as they are told, yet here was the usually stupid O'poots in my place in front, with my rifle in his hand and my camera strapped on his back, setting the pace towards the distant R.R. Surveyors' camps we knew were working through from or to the coast.

Of the scrambling up those dreary slopes, living on fish and venison with never a grain of flour or salt, of the desperate raft trips we were forced to take, of the rude camps in bush or snowy mountain side, all I can say is, O'poots acted a born leader, Laddie laughed away the hardships and I became a sort of humble camp follower waited on by two kind hosts. Suppers of old dried berries, breakfasts of lean, so lean when we needed fat, venison (for a few days we fairly swam in fat as the guide walked smack into a black bear on the wild animal trail we were following, and Laddie threw up the 22 and put six bullets in various parts of the poor beast's writhing carcase). Unfortunately for transporting the bear meat we had lately crossed the divide and the going was simply a struggle for life. The skin wrappings over our torn boots were so dangerous that O'poots went one whole day almost barefooted where much snow was to be met. However, we finally met a travelling camp of Thompson Indians and traded a few of our pitifully scarce duds and odds and ends from our pockets for a few much needed things. Later when an empty food bag and the last shell fired sent us to rest uneasily under our brush lean-to we were awakened by the caterwauling of a panther, and in answer to it sounded the ludicrous braying of a jackass, and later the neighing of some horses. We had gone sadly to sleep within a mile of a big surveying party and a rude trail was now open to us right down to Hazelton. We were given each a pair of old comfortable shoes. I bought an older pack animal, to wit the ancient brayer of the night before, a brindled Jack that looked like a cross between a Zebra and a solemn muley cow, but laden with purchased supplies it was a sight to cheer our hearts and lightened our tired feet, even if a rough uncertain trail and a wild river lay between us and the coast.

We ran into another native camp where the medicine man was "curing" a native woman. In the first place he told the hunters gathered about him that she was a victim of witchcraft, here he looked slowly around to find the evil one who had charmed away the health of this poor ragged squaw and, because I had offered her a few drops of a sleeping mixture to make her forget her ulcer tormented body, he did me the honor to plainly intimate that I was old Nick himself (see the jealousy that always exists between medical men). He edged close to me intending to spit upon me so to thus have power over me, but I blew such a volume of smoke into his face that he burst out coughing instead, and Laddie started the laugh that soon became general. But this thin shanked old witch doctor took his goodly potion, dried ground frog and salt water, and drank it himself, then this "shaman," as they call them, started on an ancient

(Continued on Page 38)

A B.C. river scene—Indians with grizly bear carcass and skin.

A WOMAN WHO HELPS WOMEN

I know your need for sympathy and health.

And the treatment that gives me health and strength, new interest in life, I want to pass on to you, that you too, may enjoy the priceless boon of health.

I am a woman.

What I have suffered is a far better guide than any MAN'S experience gained second-hand.

Are you unhappy, unfit for your duties? Write and tell me how you feel and I will send you ten days' FREE trial of a home treatment to meet your individual needs, together with references to women in Canada who have passed through your troubles and regained health; or you can secure this FREE treatment for your daughter, sister or mother.

If you suffer from pain in the head or back, obstinate constipation or piles, pain in the sides, dyspepsia, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling up the spine, palpitation, weariness, hot flashes, sallow complexion, with dark circles under the eyes, or a general feeling that life is not worth living, I invite you to send to-day for my complete ten days' treatment entirely free and postpaid to prove to yourself that these ailments can be easily and surely overcome at your own home, without the expense of hospital treatment or the dangers of an operation.

When you have been benefited, I shall only ask you to pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for all, young or old.

MRS. M. SUMMERS,

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Read My FREE Offer:

To Mothers of Daughters I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually dispels headaches and lassitude in young women and restores them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my method of home treatment a complete ten days' trial, and if you wish to continue it costs only a few cents a week to do so, and it does not interfere with one's daily work. Write and ask for the free treatment to-day as you may not see this offer again.

Where Rye Beats Wheat

By William C. Smith

After a long experience in growing rye upon all classes of soil found in the humid region of the Central United States, I have found that rye will grow, thrive and mature a paying crop upon relatively poor and "run-down" soils. I have never experienced a failure in growing rye, nor have I seen one, nor have I found, upon inquiry, a farmer who has failed in rye growing when the seed was properly sown and covered. This cannot be said of any other crop grown on the farm.

The initial expense in growing rye is small, as it can be drilled or broadcast in corn at the rate of one and one-half bushels to the acre. Some of the best rye I ever grew was broadcast in corn and nothing was done toward covering the grain. But I advise giving the grain a covering if possible to do so.

Often corn is so blown down that a covering cannot be given the seed, yet it is seldom, if ever, that you will make a failure by sowing the rye broadcast without covering the seed. It could only fail to grow a crop if it should be dry after seed time and on up to winter, but seldom does dry weather continue so late, and rye can be sown as late as the last of October and yet make a crop.

When rye is sown in the open the soil need not be deeply plowed, which means a saving, as it takes much horse or tractor power to plow deeply. Yet I plow deeply for the rye crop if possible, as it pays to do so.

Little fertilizer is needed for the rye crop, but of course rye responds and pours out its wealth of grain when sown in good fertile soil, the same as any other crop will do.

Rye is a profitable pasture crop, and it is remarkable how extensively it can be pastured and yet produce a paying crop of grain. From my window I can look across the highway upon a field of sandy, worn soil that has had no fertilizer or organic matter for twenty years. This field was sown to rye in the fall of 1916, and the late fall of that year and all the spring of 1917 was pastured by horses and cattle, until I thought it was impossible for it to produce a crop of grain worth harvesting; yet when the rye grown upon this field was threshed it produced twenty bushels to the acre and sold for $1.60 per bushel, and gave a large by-product of straw, of great value for feeding purposes. And, mind you, this was done on soil that for years has not produced a twenty-bushel-to-the-acre corn crop, and, in fact, for many of the years this field has been planted to corn the crop would be considered a failure.

In the fall of 1916 a neighbor's tenant at a considerable expense for plowing and preparing the seed bed, and for fertilizer and seed, sowed twenty acres of wheat. After the wheat was sown he went into a twenty-acre field of growing corn and broadcast it to rye, doing nothing toward covering the seed.

The two crops were recently harvested and sold, and each was an average crop for this year. A list of the actual expense for sowing and harvesting each crop had been kept, and upon comparison it was found that the rye crop returned the greater profit, although the wheat crop sold for the most money. The small expense incurred in growing the rye crop made it the best money-making crop.

Soils that will grow an average corn crop to the acre will produce a rye crop of twenty-five to thirty bushels to the acre, which at present prices makes the rye crop a profitable one to grow.

When rye was selling at sixty cents a bushel, and wheat at less than one dollar a bushel, and hogs were selling for nine cents a pound, I fed ground rye to hogs and realized one dollar a bushel for my rye, and the hogs were fitted for the market upon a feed of rye alone. with hogs now selling above eighteen cents a pound, I can feed them ground rye and realize more than two dollars a bushel for the rye.

There is no better pasture crop for cattle and hogs than rye. Sown in August it has given me four months' pasture in the fall before the snow covered it, and then from early spring until nearly the first of June I pastured it and yet it produced a twenty-five-bushel-to-the-acre grain crop. Rye affords pasture when other pasture crops are not available.

If rye is sown very early it must be closely pastured to prevent jointing, or the cold of winter will kill it. Rye will never winterkill if it goes into the winter unjointed. I have sown rye late in October after the digging of late potatoes, and while it afforded no fall pasture it made a splendid late spring pasture, and a paying crop of grain.

I know of soils that have been planted to rye for three successive years, and the rye crop grown upon them the third year was the best one of the three. I have given this fact in rye growing much study, and have reached the conclusion that the reason why rye does not exhaust soil fertility is because of its extensive root system. Growers of rye have noticed that rye plows up in the spring like heavy blue-grass sod. Its small roots are a matted mass of vegetable fiber, penetrating the soil to a depth of six or seven inches. These roots when growing evidently disintegrate particles of the soil and release valuable soil elements, making them available for building up the soils' fertility. And these roots, decaying, afford a fine feeding ground for soil bacteria, giving them the opportunity and material to contribute toward soil building.

I know of no plant so suitable to prevent soil washing, and the use of rye for green manuring is not appreciated by the American farmer.

Summing up the points to be considered in favor of growing rye for a grain crop, we find that: 1—It costs less to seed rye than wheat; 2—Rye will grow a paying crop on the poorest of soils where wheat will not grow a crop that will repay cost of seeding and harvesting; 3—It never fails to produce some grain or marketable straw.

There is always a market for rye, or it can be fed at a greater profit to stock upon the farm. Its by-product, straw, is more valuable for feeding than wheat straw.

In comparison with wheat growing—considering the facts of the heavy cost of seeding wheat, that rye will grow a paying crop on soil that will not produce a wheat crop, and that rye does not exhaust soil fertility like wheat—we must reach the conclusion that rye is the more profitable crop.

Where the keeping of livestock is an important feature of the farm, the value of the rye crop for pasture and grain feeding must not be overlooked.

INTELLIGENT FARMING IS A PATRIOTIC DUTY

MANITOBA FARMERS
DO YOU KNOW?

That in Europe to-day there are 28 Millions of Cattle fewer than before the war began?

That this decrease is about four and one-half times as many cattle as we have in Canada and over 40 times as many as Manitoba possesses?

That European sheep flocks have decreased by 54 million head?

That this decrease is 27 times as many sheep as Canada owns, and 367 times as many as there are in Manitoba?

That the European swine population has decreased by 32 million head, or 13 times as many pigs as Canada owns, and about 100 times as many as exist in Manitoba to-day?

That previous to the war the greatest suppliers of cattle, sheep and swine, and their products to Great Britain were Argentina, Uruguay, Mexico, New Zealand, Australia and Russia?

That for the duration of the war Canada and the United States must, because of their geographical position, supply a very much larger part of the food needed by the Allies?

That the Allies to-day will buy, at very high prices, all the beef, mutton, bacon, hides, wool, cheese, eggs, wheat, oats and barley we can raise?

That the prices for farm products will likely be even higher during 1918 than during 1917?

That even if peace were declared next week it would take years for the world to make up its deficit in some lines of production?

Therefore the Call to the Manitoba Farmer is--

To sow only clean seed.

To learn all there is to know about weed fighting—Attend the Weed Conferences.

To raise every calf to at least two years of age.

To save every ewe lamb for breeding purposes.

To increase the swine production greatly.

To keep as many live stock as will utilize all the surplus of pasturage, hay and straw in the neighborhood.

To breed up herds and flocks by using only high-class males.

To feed and care for sheep in such a way as to keep the wool free of chaff and dirt.

To increase dairy and egg production.

To feed all screenings on the farm after destroying the germinating power of all weed seeds.

To use as many vegetables and perishable foods as possible in the diet, and so permit of exporting the maximum amount of beef, bacon and flour.

To waste nothing.

To avoid, so far as possible, the erection, during the war, of expensive buildings that are not positively needed.

To leave till the summer no work that can be accomplished during the winter.

To study the latest government agricultural bulletins, Federal and Provincial. (For List of Manitoba bulletins, write the Publications Branch, Manitoba Department of Agriculture, Winnipeg)

To encourage the boys and girls to study farming through the Boys' and Girls' Club movement.

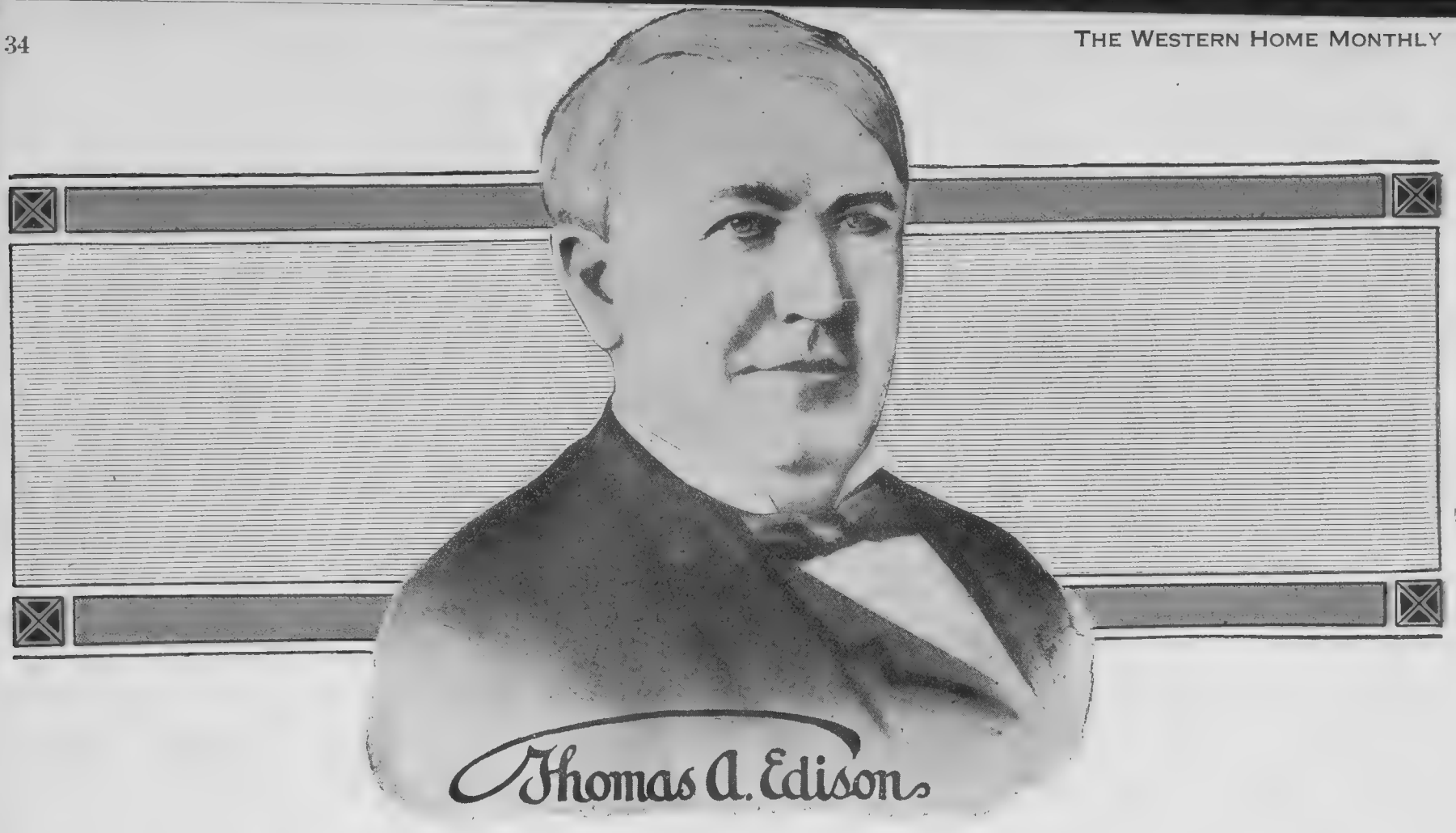
To attend the Farmers' Week Conferences if possible, and to send the boys who are at home to the Agricultural Short Course Schools or the Agricultural College.

To take the keenest interest possible in the work of the Agricultural Society, Grain Growers' Association, Home Economics Society or any other organization which stands for a progressive type of agricultural life.

To feel free at all times to write to the Manitoba Agricultural College, the Extension Service and Manitoba Department of Agriculture for agricultural information of any sort.

To exercise the greatest freedom in suggesting to this Department any constructive way in which the Manitoba Government can further assist Manitoba farming.

Manitoba Department of Agriculture
WINNIPEG



LAST Chance

to get the Genuine New Edison at the Old Prices!

Here's your chance, as prices positively will be increased Jan. 1. The very last announcement that will be made in this paper before big increase in price of the New Edison. Orders for the increase have come from Mr. Edison himself. High cost of materials and labor have made it necessary. Mr. Edison regrets the necessity of this price raise but conditions make it essential. So, if you want a New Edison now is the time to get it. Don't put it off. You can save money by buying your machine NOW!

See what the New Edison can do for your home!

Is Your Home Happy?

How about your home? Is it a real home? Is it something more than a house with a yard or a farm around it? Is it something more than a place to eat and to sleep and to shelter you? Is it a place where the united family can gather together and be happy? Has it something that will bring joy into the life of father, mother, grandparents or children? Has it something that will make your friends enjoy visiting you? That is happiness. That kind of a home is a happy home. Such a life is the only life worth while. And anything that will bring you such a life is a *necessity*. It means as much to you as food and clothing. Money cannot measure its value.

Put music into your home and you will have the greatest influence for happiness that the world has ever known. As long as history has been written, music has been man's inspiration. It is the mother's lullaby, the warrior's cry, the lover's song—who, indeed, does not find the expression of all his moods and emotions in music?

And now Mr. Edison's genius has put real music within your reach. You can make it part of your life.

Read Our Offer!

Just read on the opposite page how easy it is for you to get the New Edison into your home.

Consider how important—how invaluable—good music is to your life. Then read our offer. How ridiculously small is the expense of making music part of your home! Find out, at once, about Mr. Edison's wonderful new phonograph. Send the coupon on the opposite page for our free catalog. Get full details of our offer. See why you need not be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great, new instrument.

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors, 355 Portage Ave., Dept. 109 Winnipeg, Man.

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Yes, we will send you the New Edison, the product of the world's greatest inventors genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of the latest Diamond Amberol Records on *free trial without a penny down* On this offer you can now have the genuine Edison, the instrument which gives you real, home-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. *Seize this wonderful opportunity!* Send the coupon today—NOW!

Rock-Bottom Direct Offer—

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only $1.00. Pay the balance on easiest kind of monthly payments.

Think of it—a $1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all the musical results of the highest price outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for $1 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first! No money down, no C.O.D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send the coupon now full particulars.

Hurry! Hurry! or You Will Be Too Late!

Thousands of people are going to lose out on this offer unless you hurry—hurry. Don't fail to let me send you the Edison Catalog giving you all the details of the big price increase. You will have just time now, and no more than time, to let me tell you about the big opportunity you have and get your order in. So, "make hay while the sun shines", and rush in the coupon. There is absolutely no reason why you shouldn't save this money. You will always blame yourself if you do not. So, mail the coupon now. This isn't a matter which can be put off. Remember, **now or never!**

New Edison Catalog FREE

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—***while this offer lasts.*** Fill out coupon today.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors
355 Portage Avenue, Dept. 109 , Winnipeg, Manitoba

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors
355 Portage Ave. Dept 109 Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen: Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

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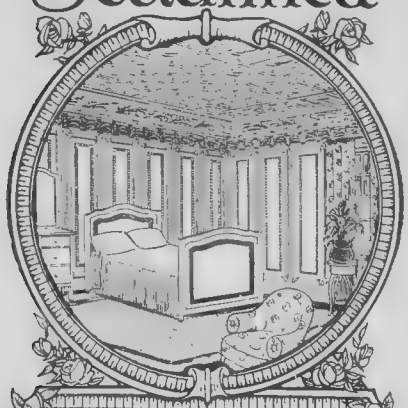
The Bedroom Beautified



ARTISTICALLY decorated walls and ceilings in the bedroom are a certain aid to repose. And you can have beauty combined with economy, permanence and sanitation if you finish your bedroom with

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Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.
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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

What is Food Control?

It is the Wiser of Two Methods by Which the Present Situation Can Be Handled

Speaking recently at a meeting of State Food Commissioners and his personal staff, Herbert Hoover gave a striking explanation of the part that food control plays in war.

He said that European nations went into the war giving little thought to the subject of food. Even Germany, with all its preparations, had not foreseen the significance of this factor. With millions of men taken from production, and thousands of square miles of fertile fields laid waste by armies, the world's cupboard quickly began developing a bareness like that of Mother Hubbard. Country after country went to the cupboard to get a bone, and found a diminished supply.

This made it necessary to organize food supply and distribution, and the various countries tried various methods. They fixed maximum prices, and minimum prices, regulated the production and distributing trades, and put their people on rations. Those countries which established the earliest and best methods of food control secured the greatest efficiency in war. The best system, on the whole, is still that of Germany, and she has been able to maintain efficiency with a food supply which in some of her enemy countries might be most embarrassing. Russia, with perhaps the greatest possibilities of food production in Europe, did nothing at all, and out of Russia's food situation grew her revolution.

Mr. Hoover said, that whether we like it or not, we must deal with the food problem of war in one of two ways. There is not enough food to go around, if we stick to the lavish methods of peace times. Rising prices, coupled with depreciation of money, due to issues of war bonds in every country, which make the purchasing power of money shrink, compel us to adjust the food supply to the world's appetite, either by controlling that supply in ways that lead to economy and make it suffice, or by letting wages rise as prices rise, to keep pace roughly with fluctuations. Even an amateur economist can see at a glance that food control is better than wage increase, because wage increase is a crude force operating slowly, unevenly and with great injustice and suffering to millions of workers. The wages of many workers do not rise—the professional men, clerical workers, public employes, and so forth. Russia tried the experiment of letting wages adjust themselves to the diminishing food supply, and it did not work—Russia was brought to a state bordering on anarchy by the intolerable pressure of the food situation on the ordinary peaceful citizen.

Therefore, whether we like it or not—this is a favorite phrase of the food administrator, and typifies the impersonal attitude he takes toward these great economic problems—whether we like it or not, we must meet the food situation in one way or the other, and food control seems to be the lesser of two evils.

This viewpoint explains most of the work thus far done by the United States Food Administration. From August 10th, when President Wilson signed the food law, until to-day, much of the work of the food administration has centered upon the organization of food control machinery. The farmer, the grain man, the miller, the baker, the packer, the grocer, the wholesaler and retailer, the traveling salesman and the canned goods broker, have gone to Washington in bodies representing the best men and the best minds in their respective trades, and have conferred there, not only with the food administrator himself, but with leading men in their own lines who are acting as volunteers on the food administration. Sometimes they have gone with fear in their hearts, or resentment at the prospect of government interference in their business affairs. But there is something in Washington which quickly dissipates fear and resentment, and leads these men to offer their unanimous support to food control measures.

"Whether we like it or not," they are told, "this is the situation. Business cannot go on as usual in war times because the law of supply and demand is thrown out of operation. These are the conditions, and here is the only remedy that has been found in countries with greater experience in war than we have yet had. What do you think about it, gentlemen?"

What the business men think is shown in every case by their action in recognizing the necessity for food control. They have promised their patriotic cooperation, and are readjusting their trade organization and methods for loyal support of Food Administration policies.

With sensible food control it is possible to handle the other two outstanding problems of food supply in war. One is increased production, and the other is economical use of food. With stable prices, absence of speculation, and the temporary surrender of individual trade advantages, the farmer can have an assurance of prices ample enough to encourage larger planting and live stock raising. And by these same safeguards, thrown around the food supply, the consumer is made willing to economize in food, and is also able to purchase the necessities of life at prices which are at least reasonable, and what is more important, do not suffer wild fluctuations.

This is food control in a nutshell. Whatever fear or hostility there may be in the country over food control arises entirely from misunderstanding of what food control really means, why it is necessary and how it is being carried out. In no case does this feeling persist after real food control has been explained.

Early in the battle of Menin Road, in Flanders, a British observation balloon and its observer got into serious difficulties. The observer, to escape injury, chanced his life in the parachute. This British official photograph shows how the parachute carried him to safety in a tree-top. The observer let himself down from his precarious position by means of the parachute ropes, which enabled him to reach another truncated tree.

Experience With Packer

In my experience the packer is one of the implements that cannot be dispensed with. On soil that has a tendency to be light or loose it is always needed. There are five chief reasons for its use. (1) It makes the land firm so that the drill works better, seed is put down at a more even depth, and disks or shoes of drill turn and clean better, and horses can walk faster and further without becoming tired. (2) It tends to bring soil particles closer to seed thereby assisting in the film movement of water and a quicker and more even germination is the result. (3) It connects the surface or cultivated soil to the subsoil so that capillarity or the upward movement of water is facilitated. (4) The packer is one of our best implements to assist in the prevention of soil from drifting. (5) It makes the land firm so that a much better drive at binding time is the result. These reasons, together with the fact that packing under average conditions increases slightly the yield, speaks volumes for the use of the packer. The Brandon Experimental Farm has shown a slight increase in yield by the use of the packer, and this result is generally borne out by those who regularly use it.

The question then resolves itself into: When shall we pack, and what is the best kind of packer to use? It is the intelligent answering of these two questions that give the benefits before mentioned. No set rule can be given, but each farmer must study his own soil and conditions and make his own applications. Generally speaking, however, the best time to pack is immediately after the plow. Sometimes by packing after the seeder we can save the land from drifting, and often by running the packer over a field that is already drifting, even though the grain be up, we can hold the soil for a few days until the grain has again got a good start. For the lighter soils the subsurface packer is a much better implement. It does not pulverize the surface layer of soil like the surface packer does. The packer with the V-shaped wheel connects the surface and subsurface soil better than the packer with a flat wheel. Whichever type be used it should be sufficiently heavy to do what its name suggests—pack the land.

"Were the commencement exercises interesting?"

"Very. The time was divided between advice from public men on the selection of a career and suggestions from graduates on how to run the government."—Washington Star.

Large Supply of Hog Feed Available

The farmers of Canada and the United States are asked to do their utmost to increase the production of hogs in order to relieve the critical situation in regard to the shortage of meat and fats in Great Britain, France and Italy, there being a shortage of 32,425,000 hogs in Europe.

Government Co-operation

The Dominion Government and the Provincial Governments are co-operating in every way possible to bring the gravity of the situation before the farmers of Canada and to safeguard the producers from loss in the undertaking.

Bran and Shorts

By licensing the Flour Mills, the Government allows a profit of but 25 cents a barrel on the flour only—the bran and the shorts are to be sold at cost, which ensures the farmer getting this feed at a moderate price.

Steps have also been taken to prevent the adulteration of bran and shorts.

United States Corn

The United States has the greatest corn crop in her history—more than 600,000,000 bushels in excess of 1916 and nearly 250,000,000 bushels more than the bumper crop of 1915. The United States will have a large surplus for export which will be available to Canadian producers.

Because of the shortage of the 1916 crop, and to prevent speculation, the United States has sold its corn under license.

The licensing system will not likely be used in connection with the 1917 crop which will be on the market about the middle of December, but the United States Government will exercise some form of control that will prevent speculation.

In the meantime, anyone in Canada can import American corn for any legitimate purpose, such as for feed, by obtaining a license. Application for license is made through the Canadian Food Controller.

World Shortage of Meat

The world shortage of meat indicates security as to the market. The depletion of the herds of animals in Europe is proceeding with increased rapidity, there now being 115,000,000 less animals in Europe than before the war.

Allies Killing Animals

On account of the scarcity of ocean tonnage the Allies are adopting the policy of slaughtering their animals to save the space on the ships occupied by the grain hitherto imported for feeding these animals. They prefer to import bacon rather than to produce it, because a given weight of bacon occupies very much less space on board ship than would be required to accommodate the grain it would be necessary to import for the production of hogs.

The Government of Canada is making arrangements to control the spread between the price received by the grower and the price paid by the consumer. The producer will be assured his fair share of the price paid by the consumer

Bought Through One Channel

The buying of the meat for the Allies will all be done by the one Commission representing the Allies which will be an influence in stabilizing the market and preventing wide fluctuations in price.

The Allies are dependent upon Canada and the United States to save the meat situation in Europe. Many shops in Britain have no bacon at all for sale—and for some months past the rising price of bacon has been simultaneous with deterioration in quality, indicating an increasing and general scarcity of this commodity.

United States Committed

The United States has committed itself to increase its hog production by 25 per cent in 1918.

The determination and fighting spirit of the heroic Canadian troops in Flanders is one example of what Canadians can do when called upon. The appeal is to Canada as well as to the United States to provide the boys in the trenches with their daily ration of ¼ lb. bacon per man, and to supply the women and children of Great Britain, France and Italy with the food they so urgently need.

SAVE THE YOUNG SOWS

Their progeny will be a vital factor in winning the war. A young sow slaughtered now will only produce about 150 lbs. of meat. One litter will yield many times that quantity.

Dominion of Canada Department of Agriculture

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G. DETBERNER
Watrous - - Sask.

A Christmas Dinner Amid Hardships of the Trail

(Continued from page 32)

two step, hopping like a pea in a pan, beating a rude drum, pinching the patient's shrivelled cheeks, blowing into her mouth, kneading her flesh and giving her what I am sure was plain water. If she recovered after the din and dirt and nerve racking I guess even modern medicine could not kill her, so, after a parting gift of tobacco to all but mine enemy the "shaman," he scorned it, we proceeded, Laddie leading the "Arab Steed" as he called the flea-bitten pack animal. Some weeks later, after we had parted with O'poots, (Alas, he chose to lead the noble animal down the river trail and lost pack animal, pack and nearly his own brown-skinned life, and he never found us again until we got into Prince Rupert), we were standing on the banks of the Skeena watching our overturned log canoes sweep down the swift current with fully three-quarters of all the things we had purchased since we came even thus near to civilization. I did not regret the canoe. Of all the five dollars' worth of unstable trouble she was certainly the limit. In every little roll, in every trough of even rapid river waves she promptly tried to upset. Laddie says the man who made her was lopsided; I guess he is right for she was the funniest model, upside down, of any craft I have ever seen. However, she was gone now, and here we were stranded again on the 24th day of December, with just the food box we had lifted out and the camera, yes, and at low tide we got the rifle again. No wonder she upset, we had left her swinging by her bowline and a tide-rip current suddenly ran, forced her against a ripple and she promptly and obligingly assumed her correct position, upside down.

The glad day of Christmas dawned on a sea coast scene where all the woods and fields were brilliant green, the river and distant ocean a vivid blue and the sky overhead flecked with summery white clouds. After flapjacks and fried clams we did our morning's work on the beach collecting any rare object or specimen, and returned to the spot we called camp tired and hungry; more flapjacks, more clams.

"Say! do you know what day this is?" burst out Laddie.

"Yes," I answered, "Christmas Day, but I said nothing about it before, because the first canoe I see I am going to buy or borrow or seize it and get over to Rupert to spend the fag end of the day right, anyhow."

"No plum pudding for yours truly I guess," wailed the boy.

Two hours later we discovered an old camping place with the cooking utensils stored under some cut and flattened out coal oil tins, some salt and the dregs of a tin of baking powder—not much truly, but it set me thinking—we had sugar and flour and a tin of molasses, I had seen on the ledges dried sallal berries and liquorice ferns, we had a bit of cloth, part of an old provision bag, and a fishing line to tie it with so Laddie rapidly rebuilt the old fireplace and I mixed the Christmas pudding. The only bits of fat I could get were from the two mallards we shot in the slough, and I think the mixture would have been as well without Blank's baking powder; anyhow, I got it mixed, pictured the lad as he tied it, and, after three hours furious boiling, during which he had an exciting chase after a pack of native dogs, trying to rescue a pretty little yearling buck of the Blacktail deer—he had to fight the beasts off with a club to get to the poor little thing, wet and sloppy as a rag—stranded on a beach flung log, but he beat them and lifted the shivering soaked creature and carried it back and dried it out, with my only sweater, of course; and then in pure wild animal gratitude it tried its best to stick its sharp prongs into his fat round tummie. (The yarns the desk writer tell of the gratitude of wild animals to one another and to man is drivel of the wildest character). Just when we were about to invite the black-eyed shapely thing, with its black-edged brush of tail, to have the dinner for The Day with us it scented danger—no, I do not mean the pudding—dangers in the brush only known to these large-eyed beauties who have lain trembling under the ferns, so sharply that the whole spotted coat was one tremor, while the slim-legged mother has led the loping terror afield in her path. I have handled the lonely little darlings while the cry of their would-be destroyers rang through the great woods so, just as I say we were about to invite it to share the dangers of the meal, it suddenly bounded up like a jack-in-the-box and cleared the low bush about the fire and vanished safely.

We are both still alive; yes, and we ate that pudding too, or as much of it as we safely could store away after a bit of toasted duck had been installed. The sauce was fine; ingredients: a three months' trip, blue sky for a tent, leaky boots for ventilation, last night's beds where the shy deer had lain, ten miles ramble along a rocky sea coast, a lightning chase after a herd of semi-wild dogs, rills of pure water, blisters on the heels and a pair of contented hearts.

At Christmas Time

There are millions who cannot have a merry Christmas this year. They wear the crown of sorrow and bear the cross of suffering. Father, brethren, kindred and friends have been offered in bloody sacrifice for their country. We can only wish for them, and for all the world, that the day may come when the rights of nations shall be secondary to the rights of humanity. This old world needs to learn a broader patriotism, the patriotism of humanity which came with the first Christmas. That seems now to be a long way off but it may be nearer than we think. All the great lessons of mankind have been written in blood. Perhaps this vital one is now being painfully but indelibly penned for the enlightenment of future generations.

But there are others who may have the merriest kind of a merry Christmas. They live in peace amid plenty. They have enough and to spare. If they want to be real merry let them share their plenty with the unfortunate and spare of their abundance for the needy. The children and the aged should appeal to all of us with special force at this time. Show Santa Claus the way to the home of every child who knows anything about Christmas. There are few things more sorrowful than a little one's disappointment over his failure to come. Remember the aged, those who being out of life's activities may imagine they are forgot. And remember them with such things as do not remind them of their age or helplessness. Grandpa and grandma like the things the rest of us like, not intimations that they are on the shelf. These simple suggestions for a merry Christmas have been tested and found wholesome. Thousands of testimonials might be given to their good effect on those who give and those who receive. Try them and be convinced.

It Will Prevent Ulcerated Throat.—At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Add a little sugar to it to make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swellings that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have thus made themselves immune to attack.

The Failure of the Family

By S.G. Nosher

DAVID Forbes sat for a long time staring at the unopened letter on the table in front of him. The address was in his half-brother's writing, and this half-brother, fifteen years younger than himself, was the only relative he had in the world. Until to-day, it was ten years since he had heard from John, but, though the letter had come two hours ago, it was still unopened.

David was thinking of the quarrelthat had made him and John strangers for ten years. He had been so fond of the brother left in his care, and so proud of the boy's quick progress at school. He used to lie awake at night planning John's future. The farm had been left to the two jointly, but it was much run down when it came into David's hands. He had thrown himself into the task of making the worn-out acres yield increased returns. If necessary, he meant to mortgage the farm to pay Jack's college expenses. David had decided his brother was to be a doctor.

But the boy had plans for his own future. He had no desire to become the brilliant surgeon David was sure he might be; his whole soul was wrapped up in his music. And ten years ago they had quarrelled over this.

"I will buy your share of the farm," David had said at last, "as soon as I can raise the money. That will support you possibly for two years. Do you really expect to be able to earn a living by your music after only two years' study?"

"At least I shall not ask you for help," Jack had retorted hotly.

"It would be useless to do so," David replied grimly. "I am giving you your share of the farm because it is your right. But I utterly disapprove of your choice of a profession, and not a cent of my money shall go to help you in it. Healing sick people is a man's work—but fiddling!"

David had seen his brother only once since that night. A week later they had met in the lawyer's office, and David had paid over the money that made the old farm his undivided property.

"Remember," he said, as he pocketed the deed, "that though I will not help you to become an idle fiddler, you will always be welcome back to the old place when you are tired of this nonsense."

"Good-bye, David," Jack said, holding out his hand. "You have been very good to me, but I shall never come back until I am a famous man."

Two years later David learned, through a newspaper paragraph, that Jack had won a small scholarship, and had gone to Paris to study. He turned the letter over again. It was postmarked Paris.

"So the boy is still loafing there," he thought. "And not famous, or I should have heard his name, unmusical as I am. I suppose he wants money to bring him home. Well, if he comes I shall welcome him, but I will send him no money. Let him work his way home like a man."

David rose with sudden decision and locked the letter away, unopened, in the old-fashioned desk that stood in one corner of the room. He told himself, as he turned the key in the desk, that the incident was closed. But in the weeks that followed he found himself constantly thinking of the unopened letter, though he was determined not to read it. Some weeks later David was working in the orchard, harvesting apples, when his pastor's buggy stopped at his gate.

"No, I won't keep you from your work by coming in," Mr. Cameron said, as David went to the gate. "It is a perfect day for gathering fruit, isn't it? I called to ask for your help. As you know, after very hard work we have at last raised about half the funds needed to build a town hospital. Yesterday I was surprised to receive a letter from Ribakoff, the famous violinist, offering to give a concert here next week, the proceeds to go towards the hospital fund. Surprising, isn't it? So I am out selling tickets."

"Ribakoff?" David repeated. "Isn't he the new Russian violinist about whose American tour the papers are making such a fuss? Why should he offer to give a benefit concert here?"

"He said he wished the hospital to be dedicated to his mother's memory," Mr. Cameron answered. "I have wondered if perhaps his father might have been one of those Russian laborers who used to work in the mines near here? Some of them came to our church."

Canadians interested in a Boche concrete machine gun emplacement recently captured near Lens.

"How much are the tickets?" David asked, taking a well-worn purse from his pocket.

"Five dollars for the best seats, three dollars forthe others," the pastor answered.

"Phew!" David whistled. "He must be top-notch, eh?"

"He is considered the best of the younger violinists," Mr. Cameron answered. "He has a European reputation."

"I will take two of the best seats," David said.

"I am quite looking forward to the occasion," Mr. Cameron said, as he gathered up the reins. "It will be a musical treat such as seldom comes our way."

"That night, after the hired man and his wife had gone to bed, David took out his brother's letter again. If it had only been Jack who was coming back, world-famous, to build a hospital by one night's playing! Just then David heard a step on the verandah, and a moment later the old knocker sounded on the heavy oak door.

David went to the door, wondering who could be calling at that time of night. The light from the lamp fell on a sturdy young man, in a rather shabby suit, who carried a suitcase.

"May I come in, David?" asked a well-remembered voice.

In a moment the resentment of years was forgotten. "Jack!" David cried, wringing his brother's hand. "How did you get here?"

"Walked from the station," was the answer.

"Carrying that suit-case? Why, it is five miles!"

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LADIES' BLACK RUSSIAN MUSKRAT COAT—This beautiful natural black Russian Rat coat is made from the lightest grade skins selected by our expert furriers in the straight line style with large deep collar and cuffs, lining of heavy brown satin of guaranteed quality, 50 ins. in length. Good value at **$175.00**

RUSSIAN MINK MARMOT COAT—This coat is made on the new full length straight line pattern, has large deep collar and cuffs, the full rich brown fur makes this coat a very attractive one at a most moderate price, it is lined with a guaranteed brown satin finished with inside pockets and very warm and comfortable. Specially priced at..... **$ 85.00**

HUDSON SEAL COAT—This attractive garment is made from carefully selected Hudson Seal skins, is loose fitting, has full skirt, fur buttons, and is handsomely lined and finished with large inside pockets, also slash pockets on outside, 45 inches in length, large square collar and cuffs..... **$190.00**

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TWEED MOTOR COAT—Ladies' handsome motor coat made from imported tweed cloth, lined to the hips with full-furred muskrat and faced with satin. This attractive model is light in weight, has deep Alaska Sable collar and cuffs, large patch pockets, straight lines and belted all around, 46 inches in length. Priced at..... **$100.00**

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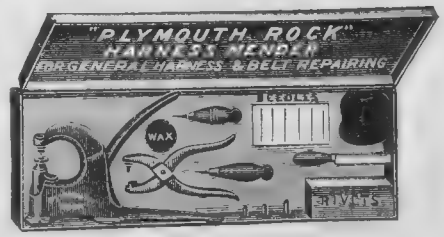

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For the people and democratic rule; for the liberty we fight for in Europe and have a right to enjoy at home.

ELECTORS OF MARQUETTE

Your own and the country's best interest will be served by electing **F. C. HAMILTON,** the Liberal candidate, on December 17th. Mr. Hamilton is a former resident of your constituency and a successful business man, who understands your problems, who has no personal interests to serve, and who stands for an **AGGRESSIVE WIN-THE-WAR POLICY,** and a progressive policy on all matters requiring immediate or future attention.

Your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for **HAMILTON,** who stands

For an aggressive Win-the-War Policy and the mobilizing of all men and resources for victory.

For better treatment of soldiers and their dependants, and better conditions for war widows and their families.

For the elimination of the PROFITEERS and the overthrow of the BIG INTERESTS.

For more consideration for the FARMERS, and the removal of unjust BURDENS which hinder agricultural production.

For a square deal for all, and for that true unity which will make Canada great and make her a strength to the Empire in war and peace.

Vote for

F. C. Hamilton

"That is nothing," Jack Fisher laughed.

"Sit by the fire while I hunt up something to eat," David commanded. Soon he was back with half a cold chicken, loaf of bread and a pat of fresh butter.

While Jack ate, his brother silently noted the difference the years had made. Jack had gone away an immature youth of eighteen, he returned a sturdy, bronzed man. His clothes were shabby, yet he had not the air of a failure.

"You were not expecting me?" Jack asked at last, leaning back in his chair.

"No," David answered, flushing. "At least I hardly thought you would be here so soon."

Jack looked puzzled. "But you got my letter?"

"I didn't open it," David confessed. "I knew it must be to tell me of your failure, and I was afraid I might be tempted to write you unkindly. But I have thought of you every day since the letter came."

"Let me see it," Jack said.

Without a word David took the letter from the desk and handed it to his brother. Jack threw it into the open grate fire.

"Long ago, David," he said, after a pause, "I said I would never come home until I was famous. I was a foolish boy then; I know now how hard it is to win success, and how few reach their goal."

"Don't think about it any more," David answered. "You are still young; you can start again. I said foolish things, too. Now you are home we will work the farm together and share and share alike."

"You were always generous," Jack replied, "but I cannot do that. The farm is yours. I have had some work offered me, and only ran down to see you for a day or two."

"Is the position offered you a good one?" David asked.

"It will yield enough for my needs," was the reply.

"How long can you stay, Jack?"

"I must be back in New York by Tuesday night."

"Only four days? Well, we must make the best use of the time."

The following Sunday Jack Fisher looked around the little church, thinking what a difference ten years had made. So many of the young faces were strange to him, and so many of the old faces were missing.

"We are building a new church," David told him, as they drove home, "and we hope soon to have a hospital."

He told Jack of the concert to be given the following evening by the famous violinist. "I suppose you have heard him?" he asked.

"Yes, many times."

"And is he really a great musician? I cannot imagine how he has heard of our little town or why he should be interested in it."

"Oh, he was quite the rage in London and Paris last winter," Jack answered. "The public is fickle, you know, always running after some new favorite. Ribakoff seems to be the latest idol."

David wondered if his brother were envious that another had won the success he himself had failed to attain.

When David brought the buggy round the following evening, Jack was waiting on the verandah, suitcase in hand. "I thought I might as well take my suitcase to town to-night," he said. "Then I can walk in to-morrow and catch the afternoon train for New York."

When they reached the station Jack got out to check his suitcase. David handed him a concert ticket, saying that he must take the team round to the livery stable.

When his brother had turned the corner, Jack Fisher did a curious thing. Picking up the suitcase, he crossed the street to the hotel, registered, and asked for a room.

When David entered the concert hall, he was surprised to find the seat next his vacant. "Jack is taking a walk around town," he thought. But the minutes passed and Jack did not come. There was a stir as the accompanist crossed the platform, opened the piano, and arranged his music. The mayor and other well-known people were sitting on the platform. David supposed that Ribakoff must be there, too, but the decorations hid the back of the platform from view.

A sudden silence fell as the mayor introduced the musician; then hearty applause as the famous violinist stepped forward, violin in hand. David stared, rubbed his eyes, and stared again. For it was Jack who stood, in evening clothes, upon the platform; it was Jack whom the people were applauding. And it was Jack who was making such music as David had never even dreamed of. Like a man dazed he sat through the long performance.

When the last number was finished, Mr. Cameron rose to pronounce a vote of thanks to the friend who had made the hospital possible. When the violinist rose to answer, a hush fell on the assembly.

"Many of the older people here," Ribakoff was saying, "must have recognized me. I was born near this town; I was educated in its schools. Thanks to the generosity of the best brother a man ever had, I was able to get the musical education I longed for. If the proceeds of to-night's concert should prove insufficient, call on me for the deficit. The only condition I make is that the hospital shall be known as the Mary Fisher Memorial Hospital in memory of my mother."

"There is no mystery," Jack explained, as he and David drove home together. "I had talent, but so have others who fail. The more money you gave me supported me until I won a small scholarship. Later I got pupils, and a few concert

This British tank, as yet to receive its baptism of fire on the western front, which is its ultimate destination, is now in New York to help in the campaign to raise the second Liberty Loan. With the tank has come a crew of veterans of the tank warfare against the Teutons under the command of Capt. Richard Haigh, of the Royal Berkshires, a youth of twenty-four, who has already won the Military Cross. This photograph was made at the pier at which the tank was landed and shows six of the crew of eight. As soon as they get it ready the tank will move over to the sheep pasture in Central Park where it will be on exhibition beside the captured U-boat "U-Buy-a-Bond" as a graphic lesson to Americans of the need of purchasing Liberty Bonds.

To Women of The West

Vote Union Save Canada

"And behind the Tanks came the Scots and Canadians!"

A German soldier is describing the "Hell in Flanders" in which he finds himself. He tells of the smoke-clouds, drum-fire, gas-shells which the British send over—terror is piled on terror—and then the enemy is upon him!

"And behind the Tanks came the Scots and Canadians!"

Aren't you proud of your Boys, Canadian women?

On the map of the Passchendaele battle-ground there are names put there at the first battle of Ypres—"Winnipeg" and "Calgary Grange."

Do you want the world to say: "Yes, Canada meant all that—once—but she quit!"

"And behind the Tanks came the Scots and Canadians!"

That's a pretty grim combination, the Germans have found.

It was the dear lads to whom we bade farewell in those first years that put "Winnipeg," "Calgary" and "Regina Trench" on the map. It is the boys who went away not so long ago who put terror into the heart of that letter-writing German.

The good stuff is still there.

Are you there with them, backing them up?

If you are, don't forget to vote—see that all your friends vote who have the power. Don't let anything else come first.

VOTE UNION AND BACK THE BOYS

engagements. I worked hard, saved my money and studied all the time. The letter I sent you was to say that at last I had made good my boyish boast and was coming home."

"But the name?" David asked.

"It is merely the Russian form of my own name. Russian musicians happened to be in fashion, and I took a professional name by the advice of my manager."

After a short silence Jack added. "I must leave to-morrow to fill my New York engagement, but later I hope to spend a month at the farm."

"You know I shall always be glad to see you," David replied, "but country life must seem very dull and simple to you now."

"Nonsense," Jack laughed. "I mean to show you I haven't forgotten how to milk a cow, or chop wood. After all, I'm just your brother, Jack Fisher."

Music in the Home

Taxing Music

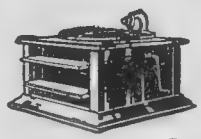
One of the sources of revenue in France before the revolution, and in several other countries before and since that epoch-making event, was a tax on windows. This impost had one marked result in addition to the rivulet of gold which it directed into the treasury of the kings of France. It discouraged windows.

Music is the window of the soul. Through this window, opening out of the darkness into the light, millions of souls are illumined with the inspiration of harmony.

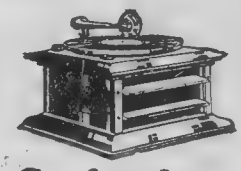
More than a century after the French revolution had abolished the tax on win-

Out-of-Town Customers May This Year Join Our Annual

GRAFONOLA CIRCLE



Grafonola
Model 24
$30.00
$5.00 Cash—4.00 Monthly
Including 14 Columbia Selections



Grafonola
Model 38 $44.00
$7.00 Cash—$5.00 Monthly
Including 14 Columbia Selections

No Interest
No Extras — Easiest Terms
On Catalogue Prices

You have always wanted a Grafonola. Here, now, is your opportunity of getting one right away. We have removed practically every obstacle that has stood in your way of possessing one of these great entertainers. In the past we have confined this great annual sale to our city customers, as the popularity of the Grafonola circle and the difficulty in securing large stocks of these high-grade standard instruments made it necessary for us to do so. By special effort this year, we have been able to secure a much larger number of instruments and are thus in a position to throw open the many extra advantages of the Grafonola circle to our out-of-town friends.

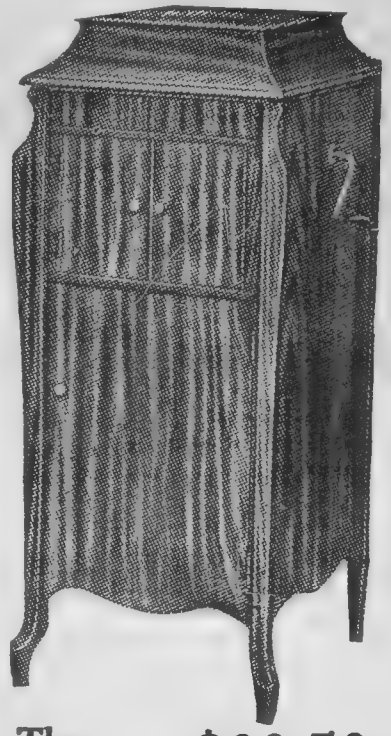
14 Columbia Selections With Each Instrument

You may choose these seven double-sided records from our large list of standard Patriotic Selections —Dance and Sacred Music—and, in fact, whatever pleases you most. Many of the world's greatest artists, are to-day making records exclusively for Columbia Grafonolas. This means that with a Grafonola in your home, you have all the world's best music—just the music you want—when you most want it.

Advantages of Joining Now

You secure any Columbia Machine on the most liberal terms ever offered—a full year's exchange privilege—and free insurance in the event of death before payments are completed, the machine becomes the property of your family, without further payment, provided payments due are made to date. Owing to war conditions we are confident of increased prices after the New Year. And remember even on this deferred payment system we charge no interest.

We Pay Express



The Phonola $99.50
$12 Cash—$9 Monthly
Including 14 Columbia Selections

An Easy Way to Buy the Phonograph You Want

Only one system of payment is referred to in this announcement for the various instruments illustrated. A small cash payment is all that is required to send any of these beautiful, clear-toned instruments to your home. Should it better suit your individual convenience, we are willing to arrange, quarterly or half-yearly terms on the balance. Only a few instruments are mentioned here. The same advantageous terms, however, apply to any instrument in our catalogue.

Don't Delay Join To-day

In the past four years many of our customers have been disappointed in not securing the particular style of instrument they desire, because they left their choosing until the last moment. Prices here quoted are good until December 31st, 1917, after that time we are confident that an increase will be made, over and above the present regular prices. We therefore strongly advise that you write us at once and thus avoid disappointment.

Write Us To-day

HOW TO JOIN

Simply drop us a line, making your selection of any instrument shown in this advertisement—or if you prefer, we will send you our complete catalogue showing many other styles of instruments. Immediately on receipt of your first payment, the instrument and records will be shipped to your home express prepaid. Why not solve the family Christmas problem at this time with a gift that every member of the family will enjoy

Grafonola
Model 58
$64.00
$9.00 Cash—$7.00 Monthly
Including 14 Columbia Selections

Illustrated Catalogue and Further Particulars on Request

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333 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.
DIRECT FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES
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Grafonola
Model 112 $118.00
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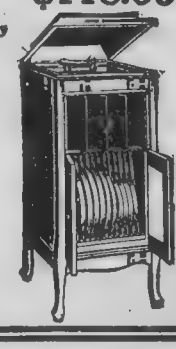
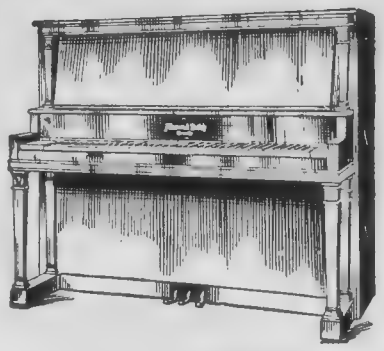


Illustrated Catalogue and Further Particulars on Request

YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS

when we say—"This is Mason & Risch quality." That is, you know, if you've lived long enough in the Northwest.



From Factory to Home

THE House of Mason & Risch has specialized for years on the production of the finest pianos that could be produced; not meaning finest *merely in wood and finish*, but finest also in the *parts* that *really make pianos good* or otherwise—the *unseen parts*—springs; strings; felt bushings; flanges; tuning-planks; sounding boards; metal frames, and all such things that keep the piano good through generations.

IT IS NOT TOO EARLY to think about your Christmas music. Just a few weeks now until the Holidays are here—and don't you remember how quickly these few weeks have gone by in previous years!

Twenty Branch Stores

WRITE OUR NEAREST BRANCH

for catalogue and details of our Easy Payment Plan, also for description and prices of used Pianos, Player-Pianos and Organs.

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LIMITED

"The Home of the Victrola"

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.

CONSULTATION FREE

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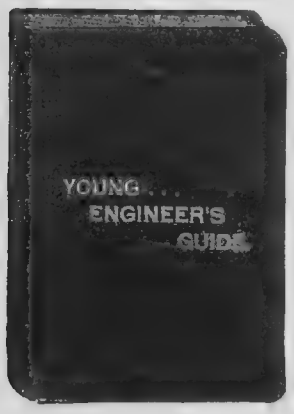

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Young Engineer's Guide

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Windsor Supply Co. - Windsor, Ont.

dows, it is proposed to impose a tax on music in America by levying on every musical instrument that is manufactured. And it is proposed to impose this tax at a time in the life of the people when the inspiriting influence of music has ceased to be an artistic luxury and has become a national necessity.

There is an excise tax on liquor and a tax on tobacco, argue the economists behind this measure; why should there not be a tax on musical instruments?

America needs music more now than it ever did before in its history. Music is the one universal language that speaks to all races, to all conditions of men. Music can be made a great unifying, rousing and inspiring force in the great crisis through which we are living. It can be made to promote the patriotism, to stimulate the devotion, to focus the spirit of the nation.

Why tax the instruments that produce this mighty force?

Why close the window of the soul?

If revenue is needed, there are a thousand and one products upon which it can be levied without doing one thousandth part of the damage that would be done by taxing music.

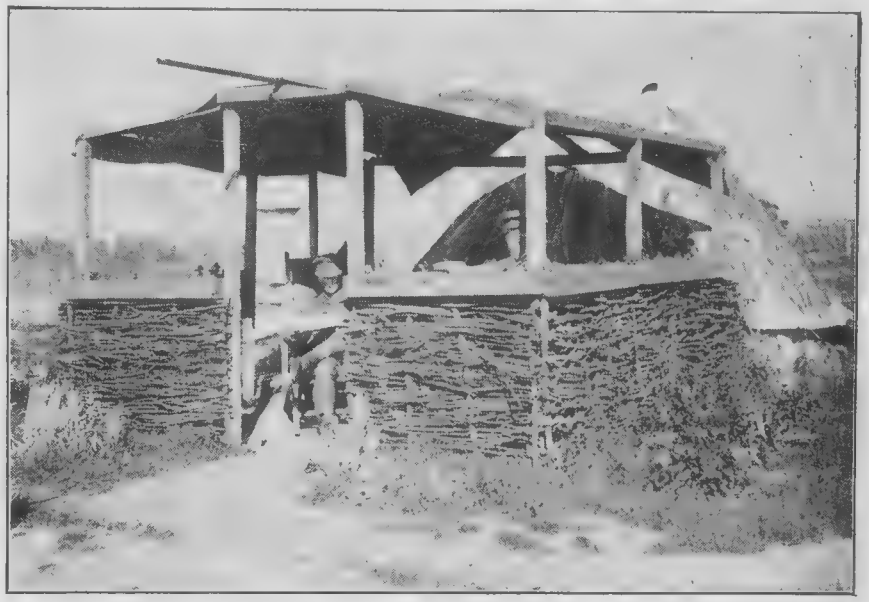
Great Britain, in her dire need of money to finance the greatest armament the world ever raised, decided to tax musical instruments. The men who are governing England soon saw their mistake. The tax on music was repealed.

Let us have music—and more music—in America.

Impose a hundred per cent tax on every drink that is sold over a bar, if it is necessary. But don't tax music.

The Drummer

A writer of bright paragraphs in one of the lighter periodicals of the United States wonders over the lack of parental direction which results in a boy learning to be a "trap-drummer" in an orchestra. It is the old story. Everybody abuses a drummer—but the musician. He knows better than to sap the foundations of his art by ill-considered comment. It is true that the mere beating of a drumstick on a circle of sheepskin is not a great technical achievement. There is no particular brain power employed in the mere act of hitting. The brain power shows in choosing the proper occasion for the hitting. Only a man with the keenest possible sense of rhythm is fit for the drum corner. Consider the task, for example, of counting 125 measures and then "coming in" at the right instant! A story is told of a famous drummer who accepted pupils but who disliked to be kept indoors by his teaching. He was accustomed to start the pupil counting 1,305 measures, then to go outside and smoke a cigar. When he returned, he would stop the pupil and say, "What measure were you at when I spoke?" Perhaps the pupil would say "The 827th." The teacher would reply, "Wrong. Start again." With this he would go out again and smoke another cigar. Perhaps there may be a suspicion of exaggeration in this moving tale but certainly it illustrates as nothing else can do the problems which the average orchestral drummer must face.



A Canadian officer's tent and summer house, well within range of the Boche guns in France. Flowers are growing in the boxes.

The Reed Organ Indifferent to Climate or Mice

Those who have come to years of discretion—whatever that age may be—will remember the interest aroused in the country by the announcement that the Johnsons, or the Smiths had bought a new organ to take the place of the rickety melodeon which was our first musical treasure in this country. The reed organ as perfected on this continent is a remarkable instrument and has had a large place in our musical life. While our growing wealth has enabled us to replace it in many homes by the upright piano, it is still filling a most useful place, not alone in the homes, but in the smaller churches of the country. Scarcely a church can be found in these days without such any instrument, frequently, one of great power and effectiveness. One great advantage of the organ has been its indestructibility. In districts where the heat in the church building fluctuated during the winter from zero to eighty degrees Fahrenheit, the organ remained imperturbable. Its reeds, being made of bronze, were not affected by damp and it was always ready and willing to do its duty in the service. The advantage of having instrumental accompaniment for the congregational singing cannot be estimated, for unquestionably the churches have been the nursery of interest in musical affairs. The invention in recent years of mouse-proof pedals is a silent witness to the existence of troubles that sometimes wavered between tragedy and farce. One remembers an organ in a country church which was the constant domicile of a family of mice. So long as the organist was a man, no trouble arose. But when a young girl took over the playing there was immediate difficulty. The Sunday morning service was a disturbing element to the mice and during the playing of the hymns it was not uncommon to see one or two of the inhabitants dodging out to discover the cause of the disturbance. One loud yell from the organist and a leap to a safe position on the top of the stool so disturbed one service that the minister was forced to dismiss the congregation. An instrument that can withstand heat, cold, damp, one that can give sufficient blue felt to make nests for mice, and still be efficient and in reasonably good tune is not an instrument to be regarded with the slightest grain of contempt.

Undeniably True

Among a squad of policemen who were being examined on their knowledge of ambulance work was a certain Irishman with whom the doctor had the following colloquy:

Doctor—What would you do to a man who had a cut on the forearm?

Policeman—Sure, sorr, I'd bath it with warm, soft water.

Doctor—What do you mean by soft water?

Policeman—Och! Just soft water, sorr; wet water.

Doctor—And what is hard water?

Policeman—Ice, sorr.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

Music at Christmas

By W.A. MacIntire L.L.D. Principal, Winnipeg Normal School

THE soul of man expresses itself in many ways—in form and color, in motion, in gesture, in action, in the making of things, and in language oral or written. Yet when it comes to the expression of the pent up feelings of the soul the most secret, the most holy and the most profound experiences of life—none of these modes of expression is adequate. Man is forced to employ sound to convey his ideas and his hopes. And as the great feelings of the soul are common to all men everywhere music has come to be a universal language. We may not know another man's speech, we may not appreciate his painting, and may misinterpret his actions, but we read his very soul when he expresses himself in music. Music is therefore, the language that makes for brotherhood. It knows no national boundaries, it respects neither class, race nor creed. It is the language of the citizen of the world. A king may rule over a realm that is measured by miles and by years, but the musical composer has all the people of all time as his subjects—and if he be a worthy musician his subjects yield him due homage and adoration.

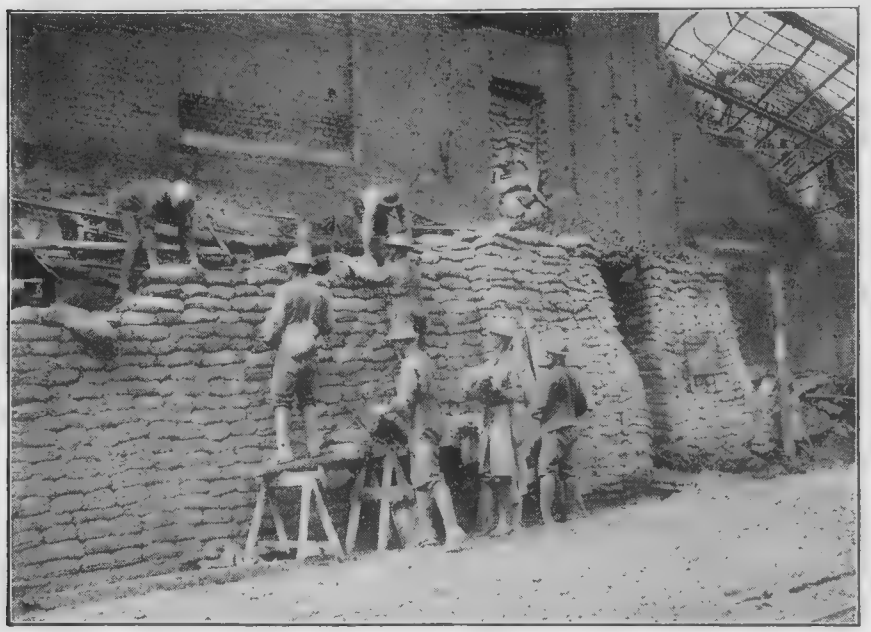
The world is full of music. It is in the air, in the streams, in the wind. It is in the song of the children and in the song of the birds; in the whisper of the growing corn and in the roar of the foaming torrent. It speaks from all to all. This is what Bushnell meant when he wrote: "What is called the musical scale or octave is fixed on the original appointments of sound just as absolutely and definitely as the colors of the rainbow or prism in the optical properties and laws of light. And the visible objects of the world are not more certainly shaped and colored to us under the exact laws of light and the prism, than they are tempered and toned as objects audible, to give distinctions of sound by their vibrations in the terms of the musical octave. It is not simply that we hear the sea roar and the floods clap their hands in anthems of joy; it is not that we hear the low winds sigh or the storms howl dolefully, or the ripples break peacefully on the shore, or the waters dripping sadly from the rock, or the thunders crashing in horrible majesty through the pavements of heaven; not only do all the natural sounds we hear come to us in tones of music as interpreters of feeling, but there is hid in the secret temper and substance of all matter a silent music, that only waits to sound and become a voice of utterance to the otherwise unutterable feeling of our heart—a voice if we will have it, of love and worship to the God of all."

If music is so universal there is surely every reason why it should be understood by all, and studied by all. Not every one can sing, not every one can learn to play but all can be taught to appreciate the language of harmonized sound. Good music elevates thought, and purifies feeling—and it was good music Luther had in mind when he wrote these words:

"Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God. To it Satan is exceedingly hostile. Thereby many temptations and evil thoughts are driven away; the devil cannot withstand it. Music is one of the best arts: the notes give life to the text: it expels the spirit of sadness, as one observes in King Saul. Some of the nobles and usurers imagine that they have saved my Gracious Elector three thousand gulden yearly by cutting down music. Meanwhile they spend thirty thousand gulden in useless ways in its place. Kings, princes and lords must support music for it is the duty of great potentates and rulers to maintain the liberal arts and laws; and although here and there, ordinary and private persons have pleasure in and love them, still they cannot sustain them."

"Music is the glorious gift of God. We should accustom the youth continually to this art, for it produces fine and accomplished people."

At no time of the year is music more appropriate than during the Christmas season. The song of the angels which announced the first Christmas seems to have been caught up by a listening world and has been repeated in countless forms throughout the ages. Carols, choruses, cantatas, oratorios, organs, trumpets, stringed and wind instruments—almost every instrument and every form of composition is used to honor the day of days.



Reinforcing a Canadian dressing station in recently captured village.

And as it is pre-eminently the children's day, it is no wonder that there was created and perfected during this season the children's orchestra.

It should therefore be the aim of all good people at the Christmas season to take part in and enjoy good Christmas music. In the home there may be sung the old hymns and tunes that have kept the day sacred; in the churches the services may be largely musical; the chorus singers may walk the streets as in olden days; the musical organizations may render the great oratorios; the schools may, when conditions permit, give attention to the music suitable to the season. And so to all people everywhere the Good News will be carried on the wings of song. That which is spoken may be forgotten, but that which enters the heart through the gateway of the ears, is a priceless possession forever. For songs once learned come back of their own accord—to cheer us in loneliness, to comfort us in sorrow, to reprove us when neglectful or to give us courage when despondent. He who would build up a life that is rich, purposeful and joyous will cultivate song more especially during the season that speaks of good-will and peace.

"What are the most important islands on the globe?" asked the geography teacher.

And without hesitation the boy from New York answered, "Ellis, Manhattan and Coney."—Washington Star.

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

A Christmas Gift Suggestion

FREE

To the mothers and fathers who desire to give their children the advantages of a musical education and a useful Christmas present.

Beethoven says, "Where the piano is there is the happiest home." Very few of us fully realize, yet, the actual value of a musical education to the child. Music is the food of the soul and should be nourished during childhood. It will help them to grow up better, broader and more sympathetic men and women.

Music will beautify the character of the child and impart grace and refinement.

Every parent should send for this "Art and Critic" album, giving the autobiography of the musical great. It is just as necessary to know the life of great artists as the history of politicians.

This book will interest every child and teach them to know the great musicians of to-day. Models of the famous Williams New Scale Piano are also shown with gold autograph of artists, which is placed on these "artists' choice pianos."

Send this Free Coupon To-night
Every Farm Home Needs Music

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Please send me your FREE album of Great Musicians and Models of Williams Pianos.

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Costs less than one cent a day for a beautiful complexion. The most perfect face preparation and skin beautifier. Whitens the face soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected,. **Blush of Roses** is as clear as water; no sediment to clog the pores; it takes the shine from the face, removes all impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure, harmless face preparation made. **Blush of Roses** will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver-spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Remember this, no matter how dark, rough or sallow your complexion may be you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. It is fine to use after shaving. When used in place of powder a bottle lasts six months. Interesting circular free.

FOR TRIAL a full-sized $1.00 bottle sent for 75c. Makes a fine Christmas gift.
Address—**LYDIA W. LADD, WINDSOR, ONT.**
Also for sale by **THE T. EATON CO., LTD.**, Toronto and Winnipeg.

COMIC RECITATIONS AND READINGS

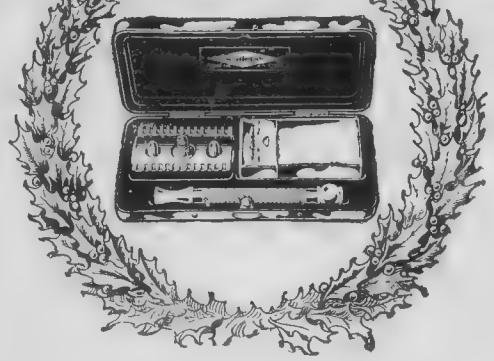
COMPILED AND EDITED BY CHARLES WALTER BROWN, A.M.

200 Pages **Cloth 75c. post paid**

A new volume of comic readings and recitations, many of which have never before been published in book form. Its contents comprise some of the best efforts of such world-renowned humorists as Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Ezra Kendall, Bret Harte, Bill Nye, Ben King, Geo. Thatcher, Lew Dockstader, Wm. S. Gilbert, James Whitcomb Riley and others. This is an unequalled collection of the most amusing, eccentric, droll and humorous pieces suitable for recitations in schools, drawing-room entertainments and amateur theatricals. Write for catalogue.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO. - WINDSOR, ONT.

A Very Merry Christmas



The business of being a man has its advantages these days as well as its responsibilities—especially if someone thinks enough about him, his needs and his wishes, to choose for his Christmas gift

The Gillette Safety Razor

Most men are practical. The *welcome* gift is the *useful* gift—the Gillette—that fits right into a man's intimate personal life, makes things easier for him, and proves its quality by the way it shaves.

At any good Hardware, Drug or Jewelry Store you can pick out a Gillette Set that will be sure to give him lasting pleasure. If you have any trouble getting what you want, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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MADE IN CANADA
Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

An Idyll of the Suburbs

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

JANE GRANT sat at her cottage window, looking out upon the flowers which, though it was nearly Autumn, still grew in such rich profusion in her garden.

She too was in the autumn of her life but, though her hair was silver grey about the temples, she showed no other sign of old age. Perhaps it was that her heart was still young with Hope and the love of everything beautiful.

People in that little suburb called her an old maid, or even: "The Old Maid," as if she were the only unmarried woman in her district. They had called her that so long that they had forgotten she was ever young. Yet Time had been when her hair was as golden as her own sunflowers, and Youth had had its sweetest romance, and Cyril Walton had spoken to her of love and marriage. Then he had gone to the far-off land of Canada, to make a home for her in the Western Prairies. "I will return here," he had promised, "here to this very garden to fetch you, when I have made a fitting home for my bride."

Twenty years ago he had spoken these words and still, womanlike, she hoped on. No letters had passed between them, because Cyril felt too honorable to tie her down to him in his poverty. . . . but high this year. I'm afraid I'll have a hard fight to make ends meet, but here he left me and here he must find me. No, I won't go and stay with my married sister, rich as she is. I've always managed before. Ah!" She paused, for her eyes had fallen on the figure of a stranger as he passed her cottage and it seemed to her he looked at the sign—"Room to let."

Hope filled her heart anew. With one more lodger, if he just stayed one month, she felt she could wrestle, even with the coal bill!

The man stopped a little as he walked past for the second time. He seemed about fifty years of age, well built, with grey-black hair and a face tanned by a strong sun. His eyes were blue, kindly eyes and his mouth was firm. He was clean shaven, save for a light moustache. He seemed in no hurry. Was it because the late summer air was laden with the indescribable perfumes of the open country, that he lingered near the little cottage, or was there some other attraction drawing him ever back to it, as if it were a magnet?.

At last he entered the tiny, lovely garden, and going to the front door knocked gently at it. He was not kept long waiting, for Jane herself admitted him, and leading the way to her sitting room

Obeying orders—Leaving the dirt outside.

Love itself tied her, and she knew she would be true to him for all Time and all Eternity.

She would willingly have married him in those first days of her love, and have followed him and shared in his troubles, even though she did not know all the hardships the pioneer must endure. Later on, she had thought that "all is for the best" and, a man has a man's work to do and, perhaps she might have hampered him, so, with a sigh and a few tears shed in secret, she had resigned herself to her fate.

Selling flowers from her front garden, and vegetables from her back yard, and taking a lodger now and then, she had found all she needed for her simple needs. Her kitchen had a rough board floor and crumbling plaster walls, which her landlord did not seem in a hurry to repair; but her sitting-room and her two bedrooms were prettily papered and kept so spotlessly clean that her summer visitors were always glad to return.

As she sat looking out on to the path across her garden she thought about the past and all her dreams and contrasted them with her lonely present.

"If I had had only one child," she mused. "If I had only been married even a month before he left, life would not have been so lonely. Still, he may come one day. He promised he would." She paused, then continued: "It's late in the season. I wonder if I shall have any more lodgers. The price of coal is so

motioned him to a chair. Then she sat down opposite him. For some time there was silence, and then she said, tentatively: "Perhaps you came about the room to let, sir?"

"Room to let!" echoed the stranger. "I did not know you let rooms!"

He was studying her carefully as he sat there, noting with pleasure the beautifully shaped hands, the abundance of hair and the still perfect roundness of her figure. Her eyes—he wondered, but he was not in a good enough light to see them—still he felt sure. . . . ah! she was speaking to him again. He scarcely heard her. Surely she must think him rude as he sat there staring at her and never saying a word.

"Was it Jane Grant's house you were looking for?" she asked at length.

"Jane!" exclaimed the man. "Why, of course! Whom else could I want? You are Jane, aren't you?" He went over to her chair and lifted her hands in his as he gazed down at her. "You haven't forgotten me, have you? I'm Cyril Walton."

"Cyril!" she cried, in an ecstasy of joy. "Oh, it can't be you; surely it can't be!"

She arose swiftly and studied his face, whilst he still held her hands. "Yes," she went on. "It is; it is!" and then, because she could not bury her blushing face in her hands, and, somehow, he was drawing her to himself and there seemed no other place, she laid her head against

MY FREE TRIAL TREATMENT MAY CURE YOU

Kingston, Ont., June 6th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ladd—I feel so very much better after using the 10 days' treatment of ORANGE LILY you were kind enough to send, that I will not require any more. In fact, I feel entirely well, and it is now a month since I stopped using the treatment. (Miss) F. W. T.

Similar letters to the above are not infrequent, though, of course, such cases are not of long standing.

Most women who have suffered for any length of time will require to use ORANGE LILY longer than the Trial Treatment in order to effect a complete cure, but in every case they will be perceptibly benefited. Further, the benefit will be permanent whether they continue to use ORANGE LILY or not. It is not taken internally, and does not contain any alcohol or other stimulant. It is an applied treatment, and acts directly on the suffering organs. In all cases of women's disorders, these organs are congested to a greater or less extent, and ORANGE LILY will relieve and remove this congestion just as positively and certainly as the action of ammonia or soap on soiled linen. It is a simple chemical problem, and the result is always the same, a step towards better health and complete cure.

In order that every suffering woman may prove its good qualities, I will send enough of ORANGE LILY for 10 days' treatment, absolutely free, to each lady who will send me her address. MRS. LYDIA W. LADD, WINDSOR, ONT. 10

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU. THE BOOK OF LOVE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

200 Pages Cloth 75c. post paid

It fully explains how maidens become happy wives and bachelors become happy husbands in a brief space of time and by easy methods. Also complete directions for declaring intentions, accepting vows and retaining affections, both before and after marriage, describing the invitations, the dresses, the ceremony and the proper behavior of both bride and bridegroom, whether in public or behind the nuptial curtain. It also tells plainly how to begin courting, the way to get over bashfulness, the way to "sit up," the way to find a soft spot in the sweetheart's breast. This is just the treatise to be in the hands of every young bachelor or maiden, every married man or woman, every widow or widower, young or old—in fact it is a complete marriage guide. Write for catalogue.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., WINDSOR, ONT.

his shoulder in deep content. Her dream had come true, and he, the lover of her girlhood, had found her at last. . . but she was old, she suddenly remembered, and, perhaps, he would not care for her as of yore.

Then they were sitting together on the sofa and, in his deep, strong voice, he was telling her of all the trials he had met with since he left England. Not having had any experience in farming, he had worked for others, year after year, making scarcely any money, but becoming richer and richer in experience. He found out where he could get the best land, and, after several years, he took a homestead. But it was not fit for her then and so he went on, earning a little money in the winter in order to be able to break land in the summer. He had had to buy absolutely everything except lumber. Of that, there was plenty on his land; but it had to be cut down and planed so as to be fit for building.

"You, Jane," he said. "With your pretty ready-built cottage, could not imagine life out there. It sounded rich, perhaps, when I said I had 160 acres of my very own; and, in a way, I was rich, for the vegetation of that virgin soil was luxurious, and I knew that in time I should "rustle" more than a bare pittance from the black loam. I saw possibilities before me, and still I had not a roof to my head. You'd have laughed at me had you seen me in my small tent, trying to cook biscuits—the bachelor's substitute for bread."

"I'm not young and pretty any longer," she answered, falteringly. "Perhaps you won't love me as before."

"Love you!" he cried. "Why, I've worked for you, dreamt of you, thought of nothing but you for years, and you doubt me? I shall always love you. There isn't a breath in my body that isn't for you. There wasn't one all those years of waiting. I never went with any girl, Jane. My heart has been true to you. But, perhaps," he added, as an afterthought "you don't care for me any longer. I'm not much to look at, I know, and my hands are rough with toil and maybe. . . there's someone else you love? If so, tell me. You've only to say the word, Jane. I don't want to force you. Is there someone else you love?"

"O you great, stupid man," replied the other. "Didn't you know that I only waited for your bidding to go to the World's End with you. But you didn't want me."

"I wanted you every minute, dear; but I had nothing to offer, and it wouldn't have been fair. A man must have a home fit for his wife."

"Any place was fit for me if you were there," she added bravely. Then, womanlike, she went on: "Tell me; am I very changed? You used to think—well—you know. . ."

He seized her in his arms.

"O Jane, my dear sweetheart Jane," he cried, passionately. "We're both older it's true and I've changed, I'm sure; but you—why you're as young and as beautiful as the day I saw you last as you waved me good-bye, standing under the porch whilst the honeysuckle hung all over it. Come with me to Canada. It's the land for us. I've got cows and horses, and a buggy. We'll have glorious drives together. The spring and autumn are lovely there. The summer is a little too hot at times, but it generally gets cool towards the evening. The winter air is dry and crisp. It puts new life into your bones. You never knew before such joy in merely existing as you'll feel there. You'll not only feel, but you'll be young again. Will you come and make my prairie home in the wilderness a very Paradise?"

And, of course, Jane consented and, to the astonishment of the neighbors, the "Old Maid" of the suburb became a bride and looked so young in church that many wondered how she had come by her former title.

The pretty cottage has no room to let; for Mr. Walton, before he sailed for Canada bought it and even repaired the kitchen, in case, as he said, "we visit England now and then," and Jane put one of her poorer friends in it as housekeeper "to keep it aired" during their absence.

There may have been younger, but I doubt if there were happier brides than Jane, as she entered the port of Halifax on her husband's arm, and saw, for the first time, the land where he had wrestled peace, happiness and a home for her.

This group of French mothers and children are at one of the barracks "somewhere in France" taken over by the Red Cross, which organization will care and make life easier for them.

But she did not laugh. Instead, two great tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the hardships he had endured for her.

"Why did you stay?" she asked.

"Stay!" he repeated. "I had to stay. That was the only place where I could one day hope to give you a home. A man is free in that wild country. He is his own master. No other can take his job away. No one can dictate to him how he shall live and how many hours he shall work. And, believe me, I worked longer hours than any man hired by the day. Once I got a plow of my own. I broke land and cleared brushes and fenced, and, in time, as I was able to buy a drill, I sowed my first crop. And when it was thrashed and I saw the golden grain in my temporary granary, I knew that I had conquered. A few more years and I had every implement a farmer should have, from a gang-plow to a binder. But you won't understand all that. Listen," and his eyes shone with pride as he went on. "I've a six-roomed frame house, a fenced-in garden, a lawn, stables and chicken yards. What's more I've even got water in the house." Again he paused and laughed, then continued: "Very few of the farms near me have this last; but I didn't mean my wife to fetch water from a well. I've even a telephone. As the Americans say: I've made good! And now I've come for my bride. Will you return with me to Canada?"

The Best Magazine Value Available—
The Western Home Monthly at $1.00 a Year

Christmas Messages to The Western Home Monthly Readers

From MAJOR-GENERAL S. B. STEELE

Shorncliffe, England

THE Editor of "The Western Home Monthly" has written me from Winnipeg asking for a message to the readers of its Christmas number.

Since the war started in August, 1914, a fourth Christmas has come round with the British Empire and her gallant Allies in the throes of the greatest war in history, and whilst all earnestly desire the great blessing of peace, of which Christmas-tide is symbolical, yet no one would acquiesce to a peace which had not a lasting foundation. For such a foundation Britishers from all parts of the Empire, near and far, unsheathed the sword more than three years ago and they are slowly but—and have no doubts about it—surely building up that solid foundation on which a true and lasting peace can rest, and although the time is not just at present when we can stop and say our work in this direction is finished, yet we can pause and review with thankfulness the great progress that has been made in regard to it.

There are many reasons why we must not be led into a fictitious peace with which our enemy is only too ready to tempt us: Firstly, the freedom of nations, truth, honour, integrity and justice; in fact all that go to make a nation worthy of its name, have been challenged and outraged by the foe. We are fighting for these things with a singleness of purpose and a true conviction of the right of our cause. Secondly, the great and wonderful sacrifices made by our men, whether they be from the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India or any other part of the Empire, will have been made in vain if we cease our efforts to reach the goal for which we set out and which we are nearing. These two reasons furnish, I think, sufficient thought for all of us and an incentive to continue this colossal struggle with all our might and main.

Although I have not been privileged to command our brave Canadian soldiers in the field of battle, and whilst I hold an Imperial appointment here and do not command the Canadian forces in England, and have not, my strongest sympathies and activities have been directed in the interests of the Canadian overseas forces and as a Canadian and a soldier of long years standing and varied experiences, I feel I can justly send this message to the readers of "The Western Home Monthly":

All around you have evidence of the great patriotism of Canadians of all classes and professions who have willingly rallied round the colours and gone forward to take their part as Britishers in the Empire's fight. The deeds of these men you have read about, and in many cases, no doubt, heard of from your own kith and kin who have returned to Canada after nobly doing their duty on the field of battle. Whilst many homes, alas, are bereft of ones near and dear to them (to which homes our deepest sympathy goes out), those who remain, great as is their bereavement, do not regret that their husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts listened to and followed the clarion call and proved themselves true men. All this brings home to you that you have your part to take in this great war, whether actually in the field of battle or in Canada, and the splendid example of those who have gone before as soldiers of the Canadian Expeditionary Force should be your great incentive. The need to-day for men and material is very great, and our statesmen have recognized this pertinent fact by forming a Union Government which will do what is necessary to maintain Canada's quota in the field. Throughout all my experience I have never taken an active part in politics, merely exercising my just right of franchise. In my military appointments I have made a point of doing my work the best way I know, viz., thoroughly without fear or favor and not meddling in politics. I do not in any way break this rule now when I say to you that if you are heart and soul with the soldiers in France, who are daily facing death and suffering privations beyond the past experience of mortal man, there is only one line of action open to you, and that is to support those men in Canada who have combined together, irrespective of party politics, in order that the whole strength of Canada, both in manpower and material, shall be available to continue this war and enable Canada as one of the great nations of the Empire to bring to a successful and glorious conclusion the great work which she began in 1914. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and unity of action and solidly combined effort are absolutely essential in face of the common enemy who has been preparing for forty years before the war began to convert, by force of arms and devilish machinations, civilized peoples into serfdom.

In conveying this message I do not see this or that party, and—in common with all true Canadians—am dominated by the thought of country first, by the thought of those heroic men who have suffered and died, and by the conviction that their sacrifices must not be in vain, and they will have been in vain as far as Canada is concerned if you, my fellow Canadians, do not unite as one man in continuing to do your part in winning this war.

In the past we have heard and read of men who have stood out conspicuously above their fellows and who have been referred to as builders of nations. The greatest of these are the men who have fought, bled and died in France and those who are doing so now; they are the true makers of Canada, and by their sacrifice and devotion in the past and the present are proving our country to be one of the foremost of the British Empire. It, therefore, rests with you now to do your part and so prove yourselves worthy to be a people of this great nation of ours.

From SIR ROBERT FALCONER

President University of Toronto

AS a Canadian who lives in the East I have great pleasure in sending a message of greeting to the readers of the Christmas number of "The Western Home Monthly." Our future prosperity in Canada depends upon the close bonds of sympathy that we are able to establish between East and West. We are people of the same origin, the same traditions, the same social customs, the same religion and the same political aims. Those who have gone from the East to the West have built up a new country which is an increasing source of pride to their kith and kin in the Eastern home; and those who have entered the West from Britain, the United States or other countries adapt themselves so readily to our Canadian institutions that we may anticipate with much confidence a solidarity throughout this Dominion. No more hopeful token of our future has been given to us recently than the Union Government which has just been consummated at Ottawa. We are all united at the present moment for one purpose, that is, the maintaining of our democracy.

The heroism of the people in the West comes as a message of cheer to us in the East. The prosperity that a kind Providence has given you this year has gladdened our hearts and made us rejoice with you, and from us, who are suffering as you are suffering for a great cause, there goes out to you a common note of courage that we may mutually cheer one another in our sorrow and remain steadfast until we have in common with the Allies secured a permanent peace.

From SIR WM. PETERSON, K.C.M.G.

Principal McGill University, Montreal

WHAT I should like to say to your readers is that I hope our people in the West will stand firm. At this end we have been hearing too much from a certain section of our population of how our country is drifting to ruination—how it is being made bankrupt "to fight England's battles." We cannot realize too clearly that we are in the war for ourselves as well as for others. What will anything matter if the Allies fail to achieve a decisive victory? Do not let us pay any heed to the prejudiced and ignorant talk of those who would like selfishly to detach Canada from further co-operation in the great cause of human freedom. Putting the matter on its lowest terms, such a policy would not even *pay*. "He that loseth his life shall find it."

Events are marching rapidly now, and in spite of many discouragements we see much in the outlook before us that is full of hope. Before long we shall be able to say to each other that it was a good thing for Canada that we "endured to the end." We cannot be sufficiently thankful that our powerful neighbour to the south of us sees eye to eye with us now in regard to the war. The enduring friendship that ought to result from war-time co-operation will have permanent results for progress and prosperity in peace. Generations of Canadians yet unborn will have cause to bless us if we remain united in concentrating every thought and every purpose on the great task immediately before us.

From HARRY LAUDER

The Famous Scottish Comedian

BE of good cheer this end o' the year, and think of the glorious work the Canadian men are doing. Let the mothers and fathers of these brave men live in the memory of their sons' glorious deeds—deeds which will never be forgotten. If the mothers and fathers and sweethearts could only see a battalion of Canadian men going into the trenches, how proud they would feel to see the bravest men that ever stepped on a battlefield. As fathers we should be proud that it has been our privilege to give our sons to the British Empire for the best cause that the world has ever known—LIBERTY.

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In playing position 31 inches high

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CAROLA **You must hear the sweet strains of this Carola to appreciate its richness.** And remember if it does not satisfy you in every way, slip it back at our expense, and it will not cost you a penny. Possesses a richly finished, mahogany cabinet, 22½ in. high, 11 in. wide, 13 in. deep, large turntable. Nickel plated No. 1 sound box. Tone arm is made of violin fibre; this prevents a rasping metallic ring. Brake and speed regulator. Double spring, spiral drive motor (can be wound while playing). Cabinet made of steel. All metal parts nickel plated. Observe lift cover as found on machine sold elsewhere at 50 per cent. more. You will find the Carola all and more than we claim. Thousands have been sold throughout America. To let you prove the quality of the Carola we are willing to give 30 days' trial, and if not entirely satisfactory return and your money will be immediately refunded. Shipping weight, about 40 lbs. Entire cabinet made of steel.

No. 2112—Price delivered any town in Man., Sask. or Alta... 25.00

Your Opportunity **You don't have to be deprived of the pleasure of hearing the great singers just because they may not happen to visit your home town.** With this excellent instrument you can hear your favorite singer render your favorite selections as often as you have a mind to. The Primola can be secured with a fumed oak or mahogany cabinet. Is 38¼ inches high, 16 inches wide, 17 inches deep, 12-inch turntable. Nickel-plated Primola sound box, tapering tone arm and "goose neck" sound-box tube, brake speed regulator and indicator. Extra heavy double spring, spiral drive motor (can be wound while playing). All metal parts nickel plated. Will play any make of record. The motion is equal to that used in machines selling at $100 to $150. Perfectly noiseless. Order on approval, 30 days' trial. Shipping weight, about 50 lbs.

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Large Record Cabinet

Will Play Any Make of Record

Stoves and Ranges

56.75

As shown with 16 in. Oven 4 Lids

Order on Trial

Drop door, high closet. Beautifully nickeled. Extra large oven. Burns wood or coal. Heavy steel body. Asbestos lined. Large encased reservoir. You will find this range all and more than we state. It is built to last a lifetime; will bake perfectly; is economical in consumption of fuel and is worth fully $25.00 more than we ask When you order the Domestic Brand you get the best. 20 inch oven. Six 9 inch lids. Complete with high closet and reservoir.

Price No. 7280..... 62.75

As shown with 18 inch oven. **Price... 59.75**

Large Fireside Rocker

13.95

Brown Imitation Leather

You must see it before you will realize the wonderful value. Has large seat with deep springs. Full upholstered all over high back and is exceedingly comfortable. The frame is made of hard maple, kiln dried. Covering is high grade imitation leather. It's a big bargain.

No. 1777—Price..... 13.95

The Worldlight

335 CANDLE POWER GASOLINE & KEROSENE MANTLE LAMPS

BURNS 8 HOURS FOR 1 CENT

$13.75 $13.75

We ship the lamp on trial. If not satisfactory, return it to us, and your money and all charges will be refunded.

No. 792—Supreme "Worldlight" Table Lamp, has colonial design standard with 12" artistic art dome with bent mottled glass panels, amber color with ruby points. Finished in nickel. Order it on approval. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY WHEN SETTING UP.

No. 792—Price, at Winnipeg..... $13.75

SAFETY The Worldlight Lamp was awarded the gold medal at the International Exposition of Safety in 1914, and has been endorsed by hundreds of lighting experts all over the world. It is as safe as a lamp can be made. You can turn it upside down and it will burn just as well as in an upright position. It can be upset without spilling oil. It does not smoke, and has no odor. It is the safest and most satisfactory light ever devised.

The Lamp Itself is handsomely nickel-plated; all parts are well made and finely finished. The design is neat and symmetrical. The shape is very artistic. The lamp is attractive in every way.

SIMPLICITY The Worldlight Lamp is just as simple as it is safe. There is no wick to bother with nor chimney to clean. It uses two shadowless, inverted mantles of exceeding durability. It generates in less than a minute, and no generating torch is required. The generator is removable without the aid of tools, and without disturbing either shade or mantles.

No chimneys to clean nor wick to trim, is clean, up-to-date, and economical. NEW MANTLES, 20c. EACH

No. 792—Suitable for hanging or setting on table is 24½ high, and when pumped up to 20 pounds pressure, will burn in your home fully 100 per cent. brighter than a $40.00 Gasoline Light and is just as good. Order it on approval.

No. 792—Price, at Winnipeg..... $13.75

335 CANDLE POWER As a light equal the Worldlight Mantle Lamp has not been made. It is the most powerful table or reading lamp on the market to-day. The light it gives is intensely bright yet soft, easy on the eyes and as white as the sun. It produces a light of 335 candle power. Gives 13 times as much light as the ordinary oil lamp, 7 times as much as gas, and 21 times as much as the standard 16 candle power electric light. Beside it all other lamps look yellow and dim.

ECONOMY The cost of operation of the World light is practically nothing. You can burn it 2½ hours a night every night in the month on a single gallon of kerosene or gasoline. But actual test it has been 80 hours at a cost of little more than 1 cent for each hour of burning. It will soon pay for itself in the saving of oil.

WITH EACH LAMP WE INCLUDE a pump, wrench, alcohol can, cleaning needle, and an instruction card which shows you how to set up and operate the Worldlight Lamp.

SUPREME WORLDLIGHT

$10.50

$8.50

SENIOR WORLD

Note the beautifully designed Chinese Chippendale shade, large artistically designed base and standard. It stands 24" high, and shade is 12" in diameter. Burns kerosene. 335 candle power. Send for this on free trial.

No. 790—Price, at Winnipeg..... $10.50

WORLD LANTERN

Has large fount, nickel-plated, two powerful mantles giving 335 candle-power. Burns 95% air and 5% oil. Can be used for boiling small saucepan or kettle (see small sketch). Order one on approval.

No. 780—Price, at Winnipeg..... $8.50

BURNS KEROSENE OR GASOLINE Either kerosene or gasoline can be burned in the Worldlight lamp without change of mantle. The principal fuel, however, is not oil, but air. The Worldlight Lamp actually consumes but 3% of oil to 97% of air, which explains why the cost of lighting with it is so small.

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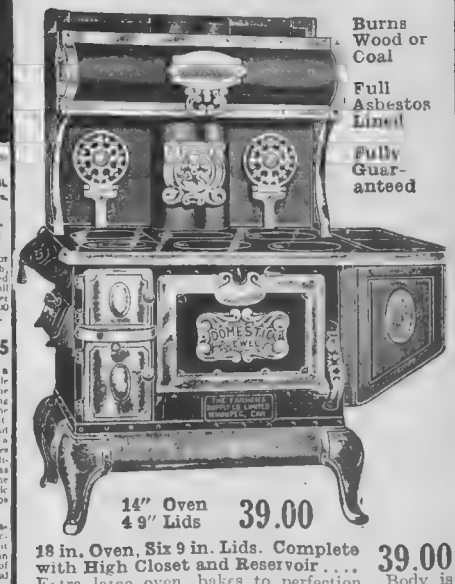

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Extra large oven, bakes to perfection. Body is made of Wellsville polished steel and the nickeled parts are high silver nickel. Has four or six lids, high closet, long front damper, pouch feed and is full asbestos lined. A range to last a lifetime. **Order No. 7108..... 39.00**

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A place for everything. Two large bookshelves in top. Large Writing Desk fitted with interior shelves. Bottom cupboard is just the place for files and large books. Long drawer is fitted with lock. Entire desk is made of maple, finished golden or fumed. Is 65 ins. high and 31 ins. wide.

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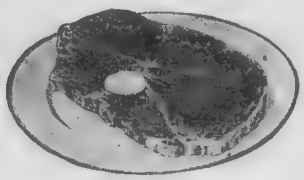
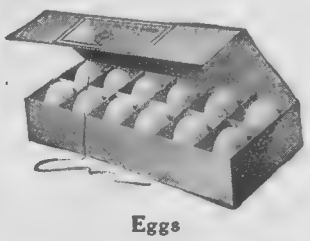
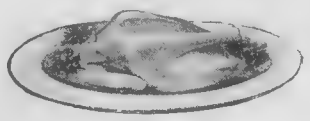
1810 food units per pound



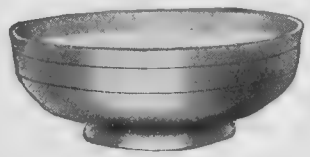
Round Steak
890 food units per pound



Eggs
672 food units per pound



Chicken
765 food units per pound



Milk
314 food units per pound

Mark How Oats Excel

Save 75%

Note how the oat—as a nutrient—looms above costlier foods.

Measured by cost, it looms very much higher.

Bacon and Eggs cost five times as much.

Steak and Potatoes cost five times as much.

Average Mixed Diet costs four times as much.

For the same nutrition, Quaker Oats costs 75 per cent less than the average of your foods. Each dollar spent for it saves an average of $3.

In food value the oat holds the pinnacle place. In cost it stands at the bottom.

Other staple foods have in late months advanced, some five times as much as oats.

So these are times to use more oats. Not in porridge only, but in bread and muffins, in cookies and pancakes—in place of flour. Use them to thicken soups. They yield a wondrous flavor.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

And these are times to insist on Quaker Oats. We use in the making just the rich, plump oats, and we get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is a flavor which has made this brand a world-wide favorite. Yet it costs in Canada no extra price.

Make your oat foods twice as welcome by using these luscious flakes

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohibit

An Aluminum Cooker for $1.00

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in an ideal way. We have supplied over 1,000,000 homes. Send us five coupons and $1.00 and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We supply only one cooker to a family. This offer applies to Canada only. Address

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
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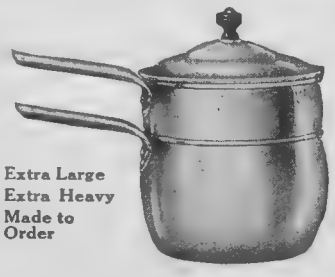
Peterborough, Can. **Saskatoon, Can.**



Extra Large
Extra Heavy
Made to Order

Household Suggestions

Table Decoration

The prettiest of Christmas dinner-table decoration is a basket filled with holly and tied with broad scarlet ribbon. In the bow of ribbon arrange daintily some sprigs of mistletoe. This may be placed on a mirror or on a white embroidered centrepiece. If mistletoe alone is used it it with green ribbon, using holly berries in the bow of the ribbon, and stand the basket on a square of scarlet satin edged with overlapping leave of holly.

Fruit cakes may be made two or three months in advance of Christmas. In fact they are better when a year old.

The citron used for the flavoring of mincemeat and fruit cakes is similar to the rind of lemon or orange, and is taken from the fruit belonging to the same family. The field citron belongs to an entirely different group of plants, and cannot be used in the same way.

Lemon peel and orange peel may be candied and saved for flavoring. Boil in water until tender, changing the water several times. then cut into narrow strips and cook in a thick syrup until transparent. Drain on a sieve. Roll in granulated sugar. Keep in tin boxes lined with wax paper.

The Dinner

The Christmas dinner has grown to be rather a bore in many families, because of its sameness; the same guests, almost the same bill of fare, year after year, until even the Christmas greeting has come to be said mechanically. Look about among your homeless friends and ask one or two of them to share your Christmas feast with you and they will brighten up the day wonderfully and add much to the Christmas spirit. Do not forget that Christmas, of all days, should be observed with simplicity, and if the hostess in moderate circumstances is to make the Christmas dinner enjoyable to her family and the guests she must follow the lines of cooking and serving with which she is most familiar. To serve a dinner without a maid requires careful arrangement. Do all you can the day before, as there will be many interruptions Christmas morning. Make the soup, draw and truss the turkey, make the cranberry sauce and salad dressing, make the pudding sauce, loosen lids of jars and arrange the dining-room as far as possible. A brief suggestion will not be out of place here regarding the table decorations. Red and green being the Christmas colors, the centrepiece must have them worked out in some manner if possible. Holly with its bright berries is always appropriate, flowers, a plant in bloom, a fern banked in red crepe paper, bright, ruddy apples arranged on green leaves, the branches of fir trees always look well and if tied with streamers of red ribbon look festive indeed. A woman who is clever with her fingers can reduce the expense to her table decorations to just what she wants to make it.

Menu.
Oyster or Bean Soup
Celery
Roasted Turkey, Brown Sauce, Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions
Cabbage Salad Salted Crackers
Plum Pudding, Sauce
Candy, Fruit, Nuts, Coffee

Do You Like Mince Pies?

Mince pies have never diverged greatly from their pristine character.

As far back as 1596 "shred pies" are noticed by writers on the ways of the English.

At that period neats' tongues were used in their composition, and at a later date mutton.

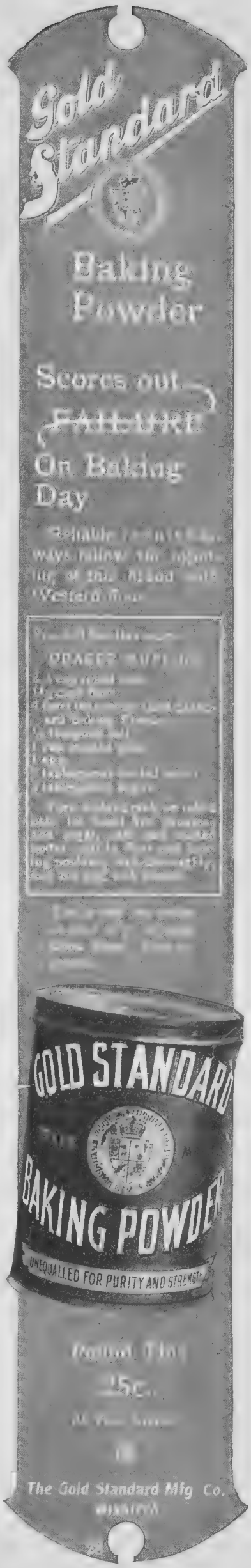
But it was not until long after the Commonwealth that mince pies ceased to have a religious symbolism attached to them.

After being baked, they were watched overnight, in allusion to the shepherds who knelt by the side of the manger in Bethlehem, and for that reason also the crust was shaped coffin-wise, though no doubt the original form was that of a cradle.

Little Clarence—"Pa, that man going yonder can't hear it thunder."

Mr. Callipers—"Is he deaf?"

Little Clarence—"No, sir; it isn't thundering."—Christian Register.



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Is to be found in the Splendid Picture

The Dispatch Rider

By Malcolm D. Charleson

The Dispatch Rider is one of the finest water color art productions of the year 1917.

It depicts a trooper of the 34th Fort Garry Horse Regiment in France.

It is from the brush of Mr. M. D. Charleson, a well-known western Canadian artist, and was produced by him while a member of the famous Fort Garry Horse.

Many months ago Mr. Charleson was commissioned by the management of The Manitoba Free Press Company, Limited, to create a watercolor that would make a suitable premium for the subscribers of The Free Press Prairie Farmer. Western Home Monthly readers, by taking advantage of this special offer, can also secure a copy of this picture.

The writer of this announcement cannot hope to picture in cold type the expression on "The Dispatch Rider's" face as he dashes along the old Roman road, with a century-old village just behind in the fierce grip of the red flames of war. There is something about the peaceful valley and the exploding shrapnel that is inexplainable, and both the horse and rider glaringly convey the absolute necessity and the urgency of the situation existing in the background.

The Free Press Prairie Farmer has had this watercolor painting reproduced in eight delicate colors on photocrome paper by the best lithographer in Western Canada. The size of the picture itself is 13 inches by 18 inches, and including the mount is 21 by 28 inches.

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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

A Vision of Xmas Candles

The spirit of Xmas came to me last evening in a vision to remind me of a message for all girls who read The Western Home Monthly. This was the command: "Dip your pen into the very depth of spiritual joy until every word shall burn with love and hope and faith and inspiration. Create in the heart of every reader a wonderful picture of a possible heaven in her particular corner wherever it may be."

Immediately down deep in my heart came the response—a desire to make this page ring the bells of the peace of Xmas into the life of every girl reader and make this Xmas her happiest. Santa Claus tells me he sees this magazine in many, many different kinds of homes. So whether our girl reader is in a tiny shack on the prairie—or is shivering in a chilly room of a city boarding house, or if she be settled snugly in an upholstered Chesterfield—or more, more probable still if she brightens the cozy living room of the average comfortable Canadian home—I want her to be happier after she reads this page. It may not measure up to the standard of a literary critic, but if it weaves a golden chord from heart to heart it will satisfy the command of the Xmas spirit.

And this is the vision—an Xmas tree—the most wonderful tree in the whole world, because it is dazzling with brilliantly lighted candles—no two alike—each one radiating different rays of light for each one is lighted from the flame that burns in a girl's heart.

The Candle of Service

There is one at the top whose light is almost a halo—it took a young woman ten years to light that candle. God has made it so that love given will come back in a rich harvest—nothing but unselfish service brings us happiness. For ten years the young woman who lighted that candle has spent nearly every Sunday in a girl's club and has blessed every life she touched. Quiet, unassuming, genuine, all the way through she has laboured unceasingly, many times neglecting her own needs for the welfare of others. Misunderstood, at times subjected to unkind criticisms from the leader, she courageously worked on and on until she won the good-will and admiration of every one who knows her. And every Tuesday evening after school, for she is a teacher, you may see her loaded down with Red Cross material which she takes to the club for the girls to make. This young woman is one of those quiet forces in life that moves the world to a heaven on earth. Patience—the proper result of a Christly temper, the great kindness which our religion does for us, bringing a settled condition on the mind and a consistency within ourselves. That candle shall burn on and on forever.

The Candle of Happiness

Another candle that burns with a beautiful flame was lighted by a stenographer I know. The love of happiness and the principle of duty—united—is religious master piece, the source of peace. This young woman has driven many clouds away for her smile and clean wit touched every heart in her company with light, and filled it with a melody that turned the ills of life to music. When she came into our club room every face would brighten with pleasure. She was popular. Why? Well, we all like a good time, and somehow she made us have a good time. Once she led me into the secret of her heart. It was sad—very very sad, but she determined to create from her trouble a wonderful life-rainbow.

"It's all the way that you look at a woe,
And not in the woe that is sent you;
You may bear it with courage and smile as you go,
Or frown and let it discontent you.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES **Granulated Eyelids,** Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by *Sun, Dust* and *Wind* quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes. **No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort**

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COULD KEEP NOTHING ON STOMACH.

Indigestion is one of the worst forms of stomach trouble. The stomach becomes upset and you have a raw debilitated feeling in it.

It is not necessary for you to be troubled with indigestion if you will only use that old and well-known remedy Burdock Blood Bitters, which will regulate the stomach so that you may eat what you wish without any ill after effects.

Mrs. Wm. C. Smith, Marshville, Ont., writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of Burdock Blood Bitters; it is worth its weight in gold. I was troubled with indigestion, and was so bad I could not keep anything on my stomach. A friend advised me to try B.B.B. which I did, and I never felt better in my life."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., for over 40 years. You do not experiment when you buy it.

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I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 9731 Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N.J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

"Guaranteed Perfection" Combination Outfit with "Ideal" riveting machine and extra quality tools. Each set packed in neat wood box. Do your own shoe repairing and save money. Quickly pays for itself. Send stamp for interesting circular showing and describing contents, or forward $3.25 for outfit complete. Satisfaction

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If you have piles in any form write for a **FREE** sample of **Page's Pile Tablets** and you will bless the day that you read this. **Write to-day.**

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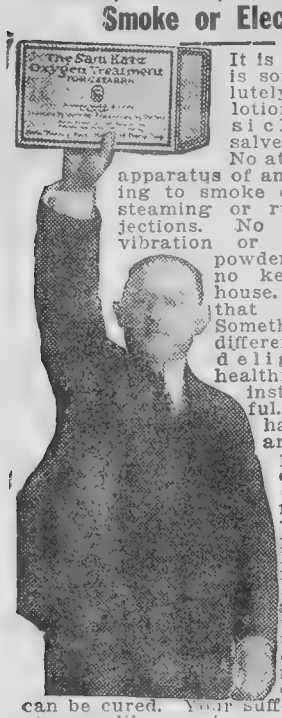

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—**FREE.** I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

Guarantee is Good 15 Days

"My catarrh was filthy and loathsome It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE, and I am ready to let you try it for fifteen days on my guarantee. Yes I'll guarantee it, and if you are not satisfied it won't cost you one cent, Write me promptly.

SEND NO MONEY

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and all about your 15-day guarantee." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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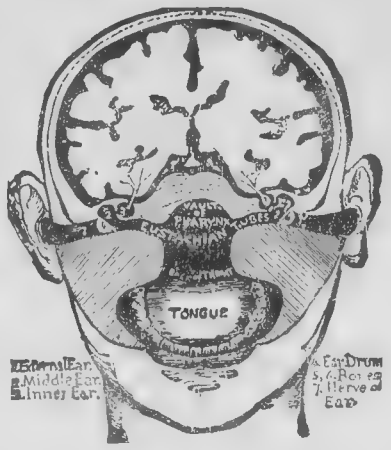

Ear Passages Where Trouble Starts

If you have buzzing, ringing noises in your head and ears, or a snapping in your ears when you blow your nose, write at once for the wonderfully helpful book on head and ear noises and how to treat them, now being given away absolutely free of charge by its author, the famous Deafness Specialist Sproule.

This book explains just what causes distressing head and ear noises, and shows how they are the forerunners of that terrible affliction—Deafness. It points out the way of escape and has already helped hundreds to get rid of their head and ear noises absolutely and permanently, and to regain clear, distinct hearing. From beginning to end it's full of medical information of great value to all sufferers from head noises, and it's illustrated with fine pictures of the head and ear passages where the trouble comes on.

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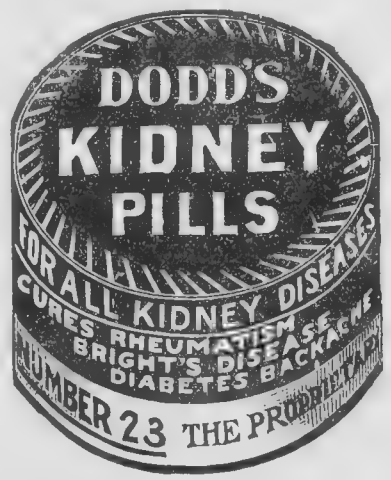

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"For care is a creature that's born of the mind,
And gloom is a cloud we can scatter;
The thorn of the rose if we seek we can find,
But the thorn of the rose doesn't matter.

"We can make our own sunshine and make our own mirth,
We can add to our trouble by moping;
We can make a grim graveyard of this glad old earth
By giving up loving and hoping,

"For it's all in the way that we look at the world,
Yes, it's in the way that we view things;
With sorrow or laughter our lips may be curled,
For it's all in the way that we do things."

So that particular candle shines through every dark corner—its rays penetrate every aching heart.

The Candle of Ambition

This candle is suspended high. It was lighted by an unmarried woman whose mind looks up. Nothing so strengthens the mind and enlarges womanhood and broadens one's life as the constant effort to measure up to a high ideal. There is always hope for the girl who turns toward the highest and best—for the one who climbs. They are always reaching for the light, reaching up and up till they touch the goal of accomplishment. Oh,—the inspiration that springs from the consciousness of self-respecting, whole-souled endeavor.

"No matter what my birth may be,
No matter where my lot is cast,
I am the heir to equity
Of all the precious Past,

The art, the science, and the lore,
Of all the ages long since dust,
The wisdom of the world in store,
Are mine, all mine in trust.

As much as any 'girl' am I
The owner of the working day;
Mine are the minutes as they fly
To save or throw away.

And mine the Future to bequeath
Unto the generations new;
I help to shape it with my breath
Mine as I think or do.

Present and Past my heritage,
The future laid in my control:—
No matter what my name and age,
I am a Master-soul."

Five years ago I saw that candle lighted. It burns brighter every year and when I meet the woman who lighted that candle I am reminded that "Genius is always simple"—that's what genius is, the gift of translating the beautiful to everyone.

The Candle that Saved a Soldier

He was a Winnipeg boy and she was his sweetheart. When he left to fight for her protection and honour she gave him a little Bible. Over on the battlefield he carried that Bible in his pocket. The shrapnel struck him but did not go through the Bible. It lay lodged in the leaves and his life was saved. The little gift was returned to the sweetheart. Do you know what the mother of that boy said to me? It was this: "I am sorry that I was not the one who gave that Bible to my boy."

Yes, the light of girls like that burn brightly into the hearts of men and saves them.

The tree is covered with candles that would take a life time to describe. We cannot extinguish the lights—they will burn into eternity.

As usual at Xmas gifts are distributed from the tree. Every reader can share from this tree for they come from heaven—the gift of love.

"Oh, I turn with joy to the hallowed soul
With a gift of love divine
And a friendly face, where tender grace,
And kindly purpose shine.

For the choicest gift that Heaven bestows
On its favored ones alone
Is a tender heart that can feel the smart
Of a sorrow not its own."

And God said: "Let there be Light."

Boarder—"Here's a nickel I found in the hash."

Landlady—"Yes, I put it there. You've been complaining, I understand, about lack of change in your meals."—Boston Transcript.

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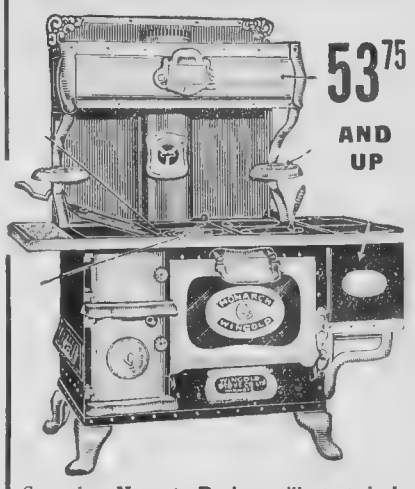

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Will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. **Does not blister** or remove the hair. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. **Book 4 M Free.**

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IF YOU could buy as good or better flour direct from the mill, and save the middlemen's profit, and other heavy expenses, would you buy direct and pocket the difference?

That's just the proposition we have to make you. Here we offer you this wonderful phonograph direct from the factory, of which $42.50 of the purchase price you are putting in your own pocket in place of the agent's.

Direct from Factory to Home
Was $110.00 Now $67.50
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By discontinuing our expensive selling force of salesmen and agents—by cutting down our big overhead expenses—high rentals in costly stores, etc., and by eliminating long credit plans, we are enabled to reduce the price of the Veolian from $110.00 to $67.50.

In future, you will be our agent or salesman. You know the original price of the Veolian, you know that formerly hundreds have been sold at $110.00—well, this is the identical machine—it embodies every improvement and superior features contained in any phonograph—yes, and also a great many patented exclusive features not to be had in other machines. Read the detailed specifications and guarantee. You will be interested in reading all about the Veolian.

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State finish you prefer, and we will send to your nearest railroad station, all express charges paid, this beautiful VEOLIAN PHONOGRAPH exactly as shown in this picture and exactly as described, the balance to be paid upon receipt of the machine. After ten days' trial, if you do not find it exactly as represented, return to us and we will cheerfully refund you the full purchase price. Give it a trial in your home—play your favorite selections all Christmas day, and listen to the accurate reproduction of your favorite pieces—the symphony orchestra, the gay Scotch laddie's comic songs, the patriotic selections of Sousa, etc.

Write or wire at our expense for your Veolian to-day. You won't enjoy Christmas without it.

FREE with each machine, 12 selections (6 records) one package of needles and one jewel point for playing Edison records.

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Made of genuine quarter-cut oak, fumed finish, selected mahogany or walnut—all four sides are finished alike, a feature not to be found in many instruments up to $200.00. Note the beauty of design, its silk-lined Grille Front, its large record compartment, every detail perfect. An automatic cover support, tone control and an all wood sound chamber. The universal tone arm enables you to play all makes of disc records, Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, etc., without any extra attachments. Jewel Point for playing Edison records supplied free with each instrument. A powerful but simple double spring, silent running worm-geared, constant speed motor of exceptional quality construction, ensures a lifetime of wear.

Free Trial and Guarantee

Order the Veolian and play it in your home, the only place to get a real test. Our guarantee is as strong as it is short—satisfaction or money refunded. The risk is ours. We guarantee the Veolian to be constructed of the finest quarter cut oak, or real rich mahogany or walnut—to be equal in appearance, musical quality, richness of tone, and volume of sound to any instrument selling to-day up to $150.00.

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THE VEOLIAN PHONOGRAPH CO.

WINNIPEG BRANTFORD TORONTO

Address all correspondence to our Western Office, Paris Building, Winnipeg

What Your Unionist Candidate Stands for

Union Government stands, first and foremost, for the speediest possible and most effective reinforcement of the Canadians fighting in the trenches. Over there, Liberals and Conservatives fight shoulder to shoulder for Canada. Here, too, Unionist Candidates pledge themselves to lay aside personal and party differences to the end that nothing may interfere with Canada's prime duty.

Loyalty to our Troops at the Front

Since loyalty is not confined to any one party, creed or sex, it is but a natural evolution of conditions arising from the conduct of a great war that former opponents should unite in action, as in purpose. Your vote for the Unionist Candidate will help to return to power those men, Conservative and Liberal, who are devoting their energies to Winning the War.

Old Parties United in Crisis

Union Government pledges itself to prosecute the war with ceaseless vigour, to strive for national unity, to administer the public departments with economy and efficiency, to devise measures of taxation which will regard social justice, and to neglect nothing that may be required to sustain the soldiers on service or to comfort those of their household whom they have left behind.

SUPPORT UNION GOVERNMENT

Women who can Vote Every woman may vote who is a British subject, 21 years of age, resident in Canada one year, in the constituency 30 days, who is the mother, wife, widow, daughter, sister or half-sister of any person, male or female, living or dead, who is serving or has served without Canada in any of the Military forces, or within or without Canada in any of the Naval forces of Canada or of Great Britain in the Present War, or who has been honorably discharged from such services, and the date of whose enlistment was prior to Sept. 20, 1917.

Unionist Party
Publicity Committee

16

Marjory Davis

By Dora Harrison

MARJORY DAVIS sat on the door-step of her mother's house with a very discontented frown upon her face. "It is always like this, can't, can't, can't; I am sick and tired of hearing the word can't, and I did want my new dress so badly and my shoes and my ribbons."

It might be supposed from the above that Marjory Davis was a much abused child, whose training consisted entirely of the negative element and that somewhere in the background was a person, in the form of a mother, who, to say the least, was entirely out of harmony with her child's mind.

But, instead of that, the true statement of the case was quite the opposite. Marjory's mother was a widow, kind and affectionate, who would willingly have given to her little daughter everything that her heart would wish or that money could buy, provided, of course, that she had the money for such indulgences, and, also, provided that such indulgences would not tend to spoil the character of her little girl.

Though Marjory's mother was a widow she was not considered poor, and up to the present had been able to gratify her own needs as well as those of her child with almost everything that they thought necessary. But lately, owing to the increased cost of living, and the changed conditions generally, a number of things had to be withheld, things

Ready for the great struggle. Canadian Highlanders and American tars fraternize.

that Marjory had begun to look upon as necessities and was very loathe to look upon in any other way.

"The other girls have them, mother, and why can't I?" she would reason, and her mother would explain, that, as now a dollar bought so many less things than it did two years ago, and as they had no more dollars to spend than before, it was necessary to do with less if they were going to come out even at the end of the year.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Davis, with increasing sorrow could not but realize how hard it was for Marjory to see beyond her own little wants, and how unwilling, also, was she inclined to see any other side but that of herself as an injured martyr.

Marjory's brow was still puckered and her step defiant as she got up from the door-step and threw herself down on the green grass under the shade of an old apple tree.

"It is too mean for anything," she said, "that I will have to wear my old dress and old slippers or else stay at home from the party when all the other girls will have everything new. I will stay at home, I won't go and be a laughing stock and when mother sees how unhappy I am she will be sorry that she has been so sting—," she didn't complete the word for a strange little old woman wearing a green dress and a straw hat came walking down the path and stopped right in front of where Marjory lay.

"Good-morning, dear," she said, and as she spoke Marjory sat up and looked at her.

"Good-morning," she repeated, and her face loooked so bright and happy that Marjory, in spite of her troubles, smiled back at her.

"Your garden," she continued, "looked so bright and pretty that I could not help coming in to look at it. I have not seen so many flowers before—no, not in months."

Her garden? Marjory turned her head and sure enough, there she was right in the centre of a beautiful garden, beds of flowers, rose-covered arbors and sparkling fountains. It was so beautiful that Marjory could only sit and look at it, and the longer she looked the more beautiful it became, and the more it seemed to belong to her, so that when the old woman said, "I was so tired when I came in here, but your flowers have made me feel better already and I think if I had a cool drink from from one of those fountains I would be strong for all the rest of the day," Marjory became fully conscious of the fact that the garden was all hers and that the strange little old woman was tired and thirsty and was asking for a drink of nice cold water from one of the fountains not far distant.

Being naturally polite and respectful, Marjory felt it would be a pity not to give it to her, seeing, the giving would be such a little trouble, so she skipped gayly along the path in front of the little old woman, and there at the first fountain was a silver cup hanging by a chain. She filled the cup to the brim and handed it to the little old woman who drank from it eagerly.

"There," she said when she had finished, "thank you, dearie, I will be strong for all the rest of the day."

"Have you far to go?" asked Marjory, "and would you like some of my roses?" and without waiting for an answer she began to pick the beautiful roses that hung in clusters near.

"Oh, I thought you would find me," laughed a little voice, out from under the rose Marjory had just picked, "and me too," gurgled another, and to Marjory's surprise and joy, out from under the rose-bushes trooped a whole company of little boys and girls laughing and dancing and singing.

The old woman was laughing, too, and as Marjory handed her the roses she said, "Now have a good play, dear, it will do me good to sit and watch you". So Marjory and the children laughed and sang and played and romped, and when they became tired there appeared, as if by magic, a table covered with everything the children counted good to eat.

There was more laughing and talking and eating, until Marjory thought she had never had such a good time before and was wishing that it might last for ever, when, suddenly glancing up she saw someone she had not seen before.

A little girl with a pale face and a torn dress. Her hair was not combed and there were scratches on her hands and feet and, altogether she looked very unhappy and very untidy, but as soon as she saw the little old woman she ran and buried her face in her lap and began to cry.

The children, when they saw what had happened, all stopped laughing and talking and looked very sober.

The old woman gently patted the little head with her hand and at each pat the hair seemed to straighten out, and, then, when she had rubbed her hand several times down the length of the hair, nice shiny curls lay there, curls, Marjory thought that looked something like her own after her own dear mother had brushed them round her finger in the mornings before she started out for school.

The children had now crowded around and some were rubbing the poor bare bleeding feet and others were kissing the scratched hands and soon the little girl looked up and smiled, then she look-

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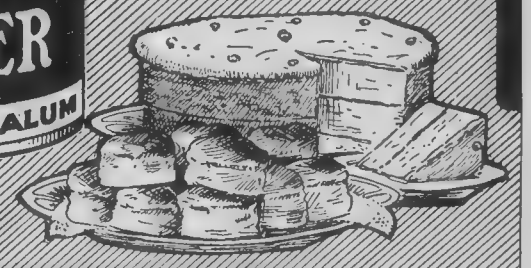

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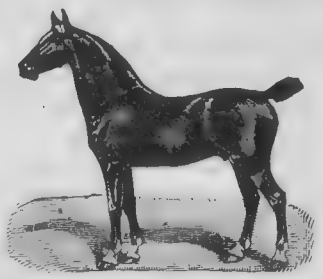

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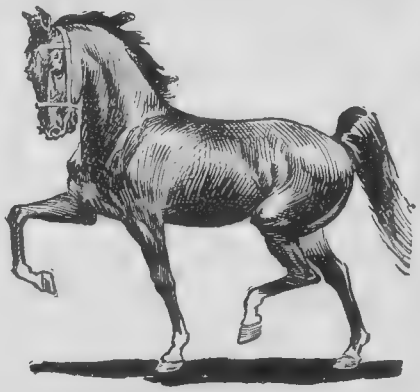

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ed down at her hands and feet, and Marjory saw that the loving of the children had made them all well even as the rubbing of the hands of the old woman had brought forth lovely shining curls from out of the tangled mass of hair.

When the little girl smiled the old woman smiled, and then the children all smiled and even Marjory smiled, it was so good to see happiness take the place of unhappiness.

Then the little old woman spoke, "I saw this little girl this morning start to go across a field filled with thorns and briars, and I was sure if she didn't come back she would be all torn to pieces. You see she has come back, but not before she was hurt, and her dress all torn and her shoes and stockings gone. She is sorry or else her hair would not have curled so prettily, neither would her bruised hands and feet have healed so quickly, but she needs a new dress and new shoes and stockings, now, how shall we get them for her?"

"When I was gathering primroses this morning I found these shoes and stockings," said a little boy, holding up a pair of shoes and stockings that made Marjory gasp, for they were the very ones she was refusing to wear to the party, and I found this in the primrose meadow too," said a little girl holding up Marjory's despised party dress, "Isn't it pretty?"

"We will try them on," said the little old woman to see if they fit, and if they do they shall be hers because they were found in the primrose meadow. And how it was Marjory could not tell, but, she felt herself whisked up and turned round and round, and, lo, in a trice there stood in the centre, dressed in her party dress and slippers and all, and the little children were clapping their hands and singing, how pretty! how pretty! The other little girl was no where to be seen, and as Marjory looked down upon herself she thought she did look pretty and she felt so light and happy that she forgot about everything else but just having a good time, so she danced and sang with the rest and thought she was at the nicest party she had ever been at in her life.

"Marjory, Marjory," she rubbed her eyes and looked up and there was her mother bending over her with a look of concern on her face.

"You must have been very tired, dear, you have had such a long sleep, it is now supper time."

Marjory rubbed her eyes again and looked around. The old woman the beautiful garden, the happy little children were all gone. She arose and went into the house but the memory of her joy went with her.

"What a sweet, happy little girl you have Mrs. Davis," said a friend, as they sat and watched the children playing at the party the following week. "She must be a great comfort to you."

"Yes, she is a comfort," said Mrs. Davis, and she felt again the same thrill of pride and pleasure as she did when Marjory put her arms around her neck and said, "No, mother, you must not spend that money on me for the party, You need it for other things. We will play so hard that we wont have time to think of our clothes." And all the little children said to themselves that night when they went home, "I liked Marjory Davis better to-day than I ever did before and she made us all have a good time."

Both men and horse now wear gas masks at the front. The troopers in the front trenches long ago found the masks a necessary protection against the poisonous fumes blown over from the German trenches, but it is only recently that protection of the same sort has been devised for the horses used at the front, though they are as susceptible as their masters to poison gases. This photograph shows the latest type of British cavalryman and his mount at the military efficiency competitions held at Aldershot, England.

The following brief and pointed dialogue appeared in "Punch":

Visitor—My good man, you keep your pigs much too near the house.

Cottager—That's just what the doctor said, mum. But I don't see how it's agoin' to hurt 'em!

An International Comedy

By W. R. Gilbert

WHEN Jack Adams was twenty-four he found himself unexpectedly Lord Portsea with a ruinous Abbey on his hands and a poverty that was increased a hunderdfold by the responsibilities connected with his new position.

"There is only one thing to do, I shall let the Abbey," he said to his mother.

"Impossible!" Lady Portsea held up her hands at the very idea. "What's the good of owning the Abbey if you let it, John?"

"What's the good of living in it if it ruins me?"

"All we need is money."

"But we have none."

"It's quite easy. You must marry an American girl."

Lord Portsea looked at his mother in silence.

"A nice American girl, of course. You see I too have—have—obligations. Debts in fact! Since you came into the title I've been obliged to spend continually. Mourning frocks, hats, extra maids, visitors. Money flies. So you must not lose this wonderful—I call it extraordinary—chance. In fact it looks as if Providence favored you. Wait till you see her."

"What on earth do you mean, mother?"

"There is one staying at the Beeches now with the Stoddarts-Stoddarts. Stoddart-Stoddart knows her father. Fabulously rich, my dear—fabulously! They want us to drive over and dine quietly to-night. What do you say, John?"

"I'll be hanged!" murmured Lord Portsea.

"At any rate you can see her. That won't do you any harm."

They were being presented to each other.

"How do you do?" asked Lord Portsea.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mamie Kinnersly.

It was evident she used a merely civil phrase, for she looked at him as she might have looked at a worm.

Something surprised him greatly. She was petite, this American girl, and he had thought they were all monsters, with broad shoulders, big hips and a conspicuous way of carrying themselves.

After dinner he found himself beside her. Lady Portsea had managed it well, herself vanishing to the other end of the room, as soon as the young people were together.

"Have you heard this new soprano?" asked Lord Portsea.

He wished she would not stare at him like that. Her little red mouth had such a scornful curve, her gray eyes held a haughty glance. He saw she was very young.

Instead of answering his question she suddenly dropped her voice very low and said. "Lord Portsea, I'd like to tell you what I think of you straight. Well, I think you're just the meanest thing that ever was. I do so."

"What do you mean?"

"I know all about it."

"About what?"

"This marrying."

"I'm not married."

"I didn't say you were. I don't suppose you will be. Your man told my maid all about it before dinner. Well I tell you straight, Lord Portsea, I'm not that kind of a girl. I wouldn't marry a lord even if it was to save my life. I want to have a good time. If my dad tries to make me marry I'll tell you what I'd do, I don't say I'd kill myself, but I would disappear."

"I'm sorry you feel like that."

"Well, I do, and I thought I'd tell you the very first chance I got. I'd never marry a man I didn't respect, and I could not respect a lord who married for money, and sold his old, old name, that came in, in the time of the Normans, for the dollars of a man who was a track layer on the railway twenty-five years ago."

Suddenly she interrupted herself.

"Smile at me," she said, "they're watching us, don't let them see we're quarrelling."

She looked up into his eyes with the loveliest smile he had ever seen.

Lord Portsea's smile was less successful and no wonder. He had never felt so serious in his life.

"Now I expect you feel pretty badly

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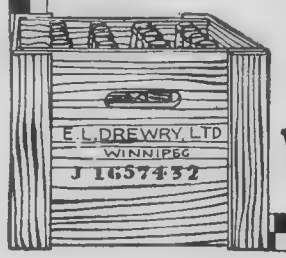

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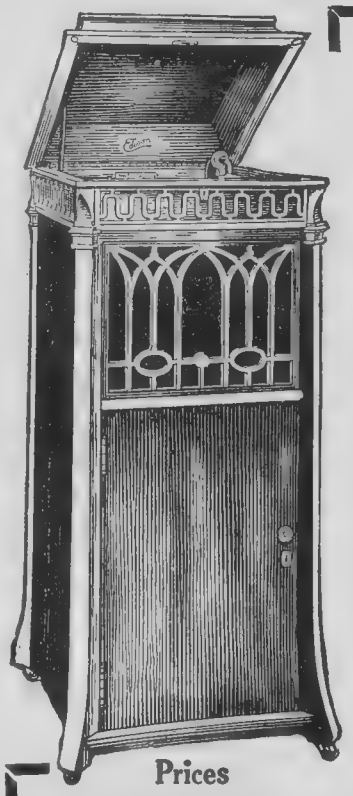

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about this? I expect you've reckoned on my liking you and our getting married as soon as possible."

"Oh, no, I assure you I haven't."

"Two days ago."

"Was that the very first? Then you haven't been plotting a long time?"

"I haven't plotted it at all."

"Do you mean to say it isn't true that you came here to see if I'd do?"

"I—I—"

"Never mind. You needn't tell fibs bout it. Is it true?"

"I don't tell fibs," said Lord Portsea.

She looked at him hard. Never was there a truer pair of eyes than the blue ones that met her searching gaze.

"You look as if you don't," she conceded. "I guess it's not you at all, it's your mother. Ah, you look guilty now. Yes, that's it. Your mother planned it. You've just been brought here like a machine. What fun! They're looking at us again. Smile!"

This time there was something so arch, so piquant in the lovely face that Lord Portsea forgot his part altogether and gazed at her as if he had never seen a girl in his life before.

* * * * * * *

Lady Portsea and the Hon. Mr. Stoddart-Stoddart were talking comfortably together out of earshot of everybody.

"A billionaire, you say?" queried Lady Portsea.

"Yes, he doesn't know himself how much he has."

"And how did you say he made it?"

"Quite nicely. Out of steel."

"You have seen him?"

"Yes, he brought his daughter here himself. You see—there have been so many expenses in the family lately."

"I quite understand. I hope he behaves handsomely."

"Magnificently! We've got a new motor, we've taken Lady Addy's house in Park Lane for the season, and we're hoping to pay our debts. His cheques are, well, frankly, colossal."

"It's unfortunate your two boys are both married."

"Yes, they married before the American girl came."

"So sorry," murmured Lady Portsea

"Of course, you understand he it impossible, this man Kinnersly. Bus then he knows it. He wants to stay in the background always he says."

"And the wife?"

"Oh, horrible. So I am chaperoning the girl through the season. And, well he made it quite clear to me that he wished her to marry a peer. He was most explicit. He said, "Some Americans won't let their daughters marry English lords, but I've got no prejudices that way. I had much rather see her married to an earl than to a commoner. So would her mother. In fact, that's what I brought her to England for, I want her to marry a lord.' These were his own words."

"Oh, if John would only be reasonable and unprejudiced!"

"Look at them now."

They caught that second smile of Mamie's and that look in Lord Portsea's eyes.

They nodded to each other, well pleased, and fell to thinking pleasantly of what the future might hold for them both.

In the meantime the American girl was laying down the law with what she called a "bully" idea.

"We'll pretend we like each other, we'll be chums and we'll take them all in splendidly."

"But what is your object?"

"I want to have a good time, don't you see, and if Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart wrote to dad and said that a lord wanted to marry me and I'm not behaving well to him, dad might come and take me home before the season really begins.

"I see."

"I want to meet the King and Queen and all the other royalties, and see all the old palaces. You know we haven't any over our side. And—and—there's someone else."

"A man."

"How clever of you. How did you guess? Yes, it's a man from America. I heard he was coming to London this spring and I want particularly to see him."

Lord Portsea thought he had never heard anyone put such an emphasis on a word as the American girl laid on that word "particularly."

"So now it's all right," she said. "We'll be nice to each other always, and we'll quite understand each other. Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart is going to invite you and Lady Portsea to stay a week. You'd better come, don't you think?"

"I don't know about that," said Lord Portsea. "I'm in mourning you see and am not supposed to go anywhere just yet."

"Oh, but there won't be anyone there but me."

"That's just it," muttered Lord Portsea.

"Now you're doing it worse than ever, but perhaps you can't help it. I guess it's only your expression."

At that without any warning Lord Portsea suddenly and thoroughly smiles. His companion stared at him in amazement. Why, he was downright handsome, this poor silly coon of a young Englishman whose mother was dragging him about in search of a rich wife.

"I think you're the funniest child I ever met," he said.

But the American girl did not approve of being called a child.

"I'm pretty sure you will not play your part properly," she said, and marched off to the piano, if a fairy can be said to march, where she played coon songs for the rest of the evening while Lord Portsea sat and looked at her, uncertain whether the acting had begun or not.

* * *

"There's one thing I want to ask you," said Mamie. It was the second day of the visit, and they were sitting in the hall by a big fire, tired out after a sharp round of tennis in which Mamie had come off a loser.

"I don't want to pry into your private

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affairs, but I simply must know one thing. Are you in love?"

"I? Of course not."

"I mean is any one in love with you?"

"With me? Of course not."

"No girls at all that you like, and have made think that you like them?"

"None at all."

"But haven't you ever been in love?"

"Never."

"But why haven't you?"

"Never had the time."

"But what have you been doing?"

"I don't know. I collect beetles. That takes an awful lot of time."

"Lady Portsea says you've a scientific mind. Is that so? Do you collect beetles as a scientist or simply as a horrid boy, because you like to stick a pin into them?"

Lord Portsea, who had forgotten about the tennis, thought that unnecessarily spiteful.

"You ought not to say such things to me, some one might hear."

"You mean Lady Portsea or Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart?"

"Yes."

"You think they listen, then? So do I."

"No, no, I don't think so."

"Well, they do. They are always hanging round and disappearing. Don't you notice how wonderfully they leave us to ourselves?"

"Do they? This is the first time we've been alone all day."

"You said that real well," said Mamie. "It's a pity there's no one to hear it."

and honesty of this American girl was marvellous.

"You see women are very sensitive," went on Mamie staring dreamily into the fire. "Now there's an American man I know very well. He's very good looking and—"

"But you just said you didn't know any," Lord Portsea interrupted sharply.

"Oh, yes, so I did. I—mean—I—"

She put her hands up to the cheek nearest Lord Portsea who was leaning over staring into her face. Then she jumped up said it was time to dress and flitted towards the staircase.

Above, on the balcony, at the top of the stairs, there was a soft rustle. Lady Portsea glided away down the corridor with a happy smile on her lips.

On the sixth day of the visit the American girl came to breakfast, opened her letters and became a little pale. Neither Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart nor Lady Portsea appeared. Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart was away in London.

"I'm glad we're alone," said Mamie. "I want to speak to you. Will you do me a great favor?"

"Yes," said Lord Portsea.

"Will you take me up to London for the day?"

She looked at him pleadingly.

"Oh, do take me," she said, throwing into her soft eyes an irresistible sweetness such as Lord Portsea had never seen in any other eyes.

"But will they let you go?"

"With you? Yes. It's my only chance.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley talking to a wounded Canadian during his visit to France. The soldier has lost one arm and is badly wounded in the other, but is still able to smoke, thanks to a great device, a wooden clip which clips the cigarette holder to his bandaged arm.

She looked into the fire and sighed.

"I want to ask you a question now," said Lord Portsea. "Have you ever been in love?"

"Good gracious, I should think so—often."

"I mean seriously."

"I should think so, deadly serious."

This was extraordinary he thought. If she had loved anyone, it was impossible that he had not loved her in return, and where was he now?

"One was an Italian, one was an Englishman, and another was a Spaniard."

"But the American?" said Lord Portsea.

"What American? There was no American."

"Oh, I thought—I thought—there might be."

"Well, of course, they're the best of all, but I've been at school abroad ever since I was a child, and now I'm eighteen I scarcely know any of my countrymen."

Lord Portsea nodded but said nothing.

"The Italian was my music master. The Englishman was an actor. The Spaniard was a great musician. I only knew one of them, the music master. He married my French teacher. It was all long, long ago."

"And now? What about now?"

"Oh, now I'm in love with no one. If I were you see I wouldn't be playing the game. It wouldn't be fair, that's why I asked you about your love affairs. I wanted to be sure I wasn't making another woman suffer in accepting your attentions like this."

Lord Portsea thought that the honor They'll willingly let me go with you. And it's so important."

At eleven o'clock they were in London. Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart's new motor had been put at their disposal with many smiles, and away behind them at the country house two very happy ladies were talking house decorations and trousseau without end.

Much less happy were the two in the motor. Lord Portsea was a little aggrieved. Mamie had not given him the slightest idea for what she was coming to London. And considering that she had made him do the asking, made him represent the excursion as his idea, not hers, he felt she might at least tell him, what she wanted to do. But no, scarcely a word did she speak from the house to Marble Arch. There she asked him to stop.

"But where are you going?" he asked.

"I have an appointment with someone in the Park .I shall be about an hour. Then I'll come back and meet you here and you can take me to lunch at Princess where Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart will meet us at one o'clock."

"You can't go over there alone."

"Absurd! Of course I can."

"At least I must escort you."

"But I don't want you!"

"I insist. Young girls can't go alone to meet—people."

"I hate you," said the American girl under her breath.

"I dare say. I'll escort you all the same."

"I won't have you."

Popular Williams New Scale Models

SPECIAL $800.00 PLAYER

Dreary winter evenings can be turned into real joy festivals when a good Player-Piano is in the parlor, playing patriotic songs and marches, old-fashioned songs, our church hymns, the music of the old masters, and popular songs and dances of the day, and song rolls with words on them to sing with the Player.

TERMS—$200 cash and the balance in three equal yearly payments.

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If you have a good pianist in your home they will want the very best Piano. The style of Piano illustrated is the **Williams (New Scale)** most popular model, and used most frequently for concert tours. A better-toned upright Piano is not made anywhere. Can be had in mahogany, fumed or dark oak.

TERMS—$150 cash and the balance in two equal yearly payments.

Cross, Goulding & Skinner, Limited

323 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

Catalogue Wanted

Please send me your Piano and Player Catalogue and further information about the Williams New Scale instruments.

Name .....

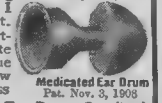
Address .....

W. H. M

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 21 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Mailed Free to any address by the author

BOOK ON

DOG DISEASES

and How to Feed

H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S. 118 West 31st St., N.Y.

Have You Bought Your Victory Bond

"Oh, yes, you will. I won't leave you."

"You bully."

"All this only proves you're doing things you ought not to do."

"I'll never, never speak to you again."

They paused for breath. The motor, which had been jammed in a crowd of vehicles, whilst this had been going on, now stopped at the kerb. The footman jumped down and opened the door. Mamie got out and Lord Portsea followed. Each was flushed and excited. Each was equally determined.

But before the combat could be renewed a young man rushed round the back of the motor, and, with a gay laugh, seized Mamie suddenly by the arm.

"Mamie," he said.

"Billy!"

Before the eyes of Lord Portsea, in the face of the whole world, he stooped and kissed her. She reddened, slipped her hand within Billy's arm, said haughtily to Lord Portsea, "I shall be back in one hour," and walked away.

He moved after her unconsciously, taking a dozen steps without knowing it.

"What on earth made you come over here?" he heard Mamie say. "You told me to meet you in the Park. That was Lord Portsea and he saw you."

"I'm sorry, I saw you and I ran over. I thought he was a flunkey. They all look alike to me, Mamie."

* * *

"It's a lover's quarrel," said Lady Portsea.

"It simply shows how devoted they are," said Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart.

"I look on it as an excellent omen."

"Nothing could be better."

At the same time each felt it was a little trying to see dear Mamie sitting opposite to dear John without a smile or a glance. She said she had a headache. But dear John, who had no such excuse, was equally glum and speechless all through dinner.

After dinner Lord Portsea disappeared into the library. Mamie went to the music room.

But just as the solitary occupant of the library was tossing aside the third book he had picked up, some one came softly in, and there before him was the American girl.

"I want to speak to you," she said.

He sprang to his feet, but she sank into a big chair by the fire as though she meant to say a good deal. Lord Portsea went to his seat.

"We've got to have this talk," she went on. "Of course, it's unpleasant for me to speak to you after—after your behavior this morning, but I am nothing if I am not honest. I hate pretending and deception, as you know very well."

Lord Portsea, who all the day had been finding synonyms for her deceit and double dealing was taken aback.

"By an accident," she said, "you found out my secret."

"I found out nothing," said Lord Portsea hotly.

"Why you saw me meet him. You saw him kiss me. How can you say things that are untrue. And it was all your fault. If you had let me get out at once without any argument he would never have seen me, and you would never have seen him."

Just then someone went drifting by the door of the library, and, casting a casual but well directed glance at the two figures, passed on quickly to tell the good news to Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart.

The American girl jumped up and shut the door with a bang.

"This is not for you to hear," she said in an angry voice as she sank back into the chair.

"What are you going to do about it? Are you going to tell?"

"Tell?"

"Tell the Stoddart-Stoddart's, I mean."

He looked at her without speaking but with his lips set.

"I know I'm in your power."

He was still speechless. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears.

"I should think you might promise me," she said.

"Men don't tell," said Lord Portsea quickly.

She was looking into the fire while her hand sought for her handkerchief.

"You don't know my dad," she burst forth piteously. "He's like iron. If he heard of this he'd come over like a shot, and—and—lead Billy an awful life."

Lord Portsea found something extremely comforting in the idea.

"Promise you won't tell."

"It is not necessary. However, to please you Miss Kinnersly, I promise."

"Honest Injun?"

"I promised."

The handkerchief disappeared, the piteous look vanished.

"Well, now, our making belief to—to like each other can come to an end," she said. "There's no longer any need for it since Billy's been and gone. I don't mind now if I am sent home. England's much duller than New York. Dad can haul me back there if he chooses I guess I don't mind, I need not pretend any longer that I'm going to marry a lord."

The ingratitude of it held Lord Portsea tongue tied. She had no more use for him. He could go. As he sat staring into the fire, long after she had disappeared, he was thinking dark thoughts of what he would like to do to her if he had his way. He would not treat her as he treated beetles.

"Love's dreams," breathed Lady Portsea to Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart as the ladies passed on their way to bed.

The visit was a thing of the past. Two weeks went by and the "news" was vouchsafed to Lady Portsea by her son who announced that he was going to let the Abbey.

"But Miss Kinnersly?" gasped Lady Portsea.

The GREAT MOVIE MYSTERY!

TWO MAGNIFICENT 1918 MOTOR CARS

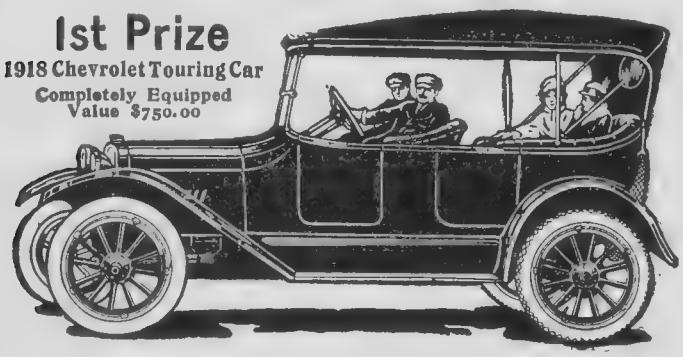
and $373.00 in Cash Prizes for Best Replies

Here's a problem that kept an entire audience puzzled a whole evening. Can you solve it?

IT'S so interesting that you will get an hour's stimulating mental excercise from it and no end of amusement. You see the owner of this particular Movie Theatre was very proud of the excellent character of the plays he produced and each night would flash on the screen the names of the famous players who would soon be appearing in his pictures. But on this particular night the operator, wanting to play a little joke on his audience, took the names of the players and so mixed up the letters in each name that they spelt out the funny sentences you see above. Time and time again this film was flashed on the screen only to be demanded back. Many of the audience are still trying to solve the mysterious names. Can you help them?

1st Prize

1918 Chevrolet Touring Car
Completely Equipped
Value $750.00



Can You Name the Most Popular Movie Stars?

Probably you know the names of most of the famous players but just to refresh your memory we mention below the names of a few of the most popular players.

Charlie Chaplin, Hazel Dawn, Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Francis Ford, Grace Cunard, Marguerite Clark, Clara Kimball Young, Fannie Ward, Max Linder, Dustin Farnum, Alice Brady, Theda Bara, Wilton Lackaye, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, Julia Sanderson, Marie Doro, Pauline Frederick, Robert Warwick, Anita Stewart, Olga Petrova, Norma Talmage, Lou Tellegan, George Beban, Annette Kellerman, Mary Pickford, Lillian Walker, Mabel Normand, Pearl White.

All the puzzle names can be re-arranged to spell out the correct names of one of the great stars. So sharpen your pencil, put on your thinking cap and when you think you have the right names, send your solution promptly to us.

The Prizes

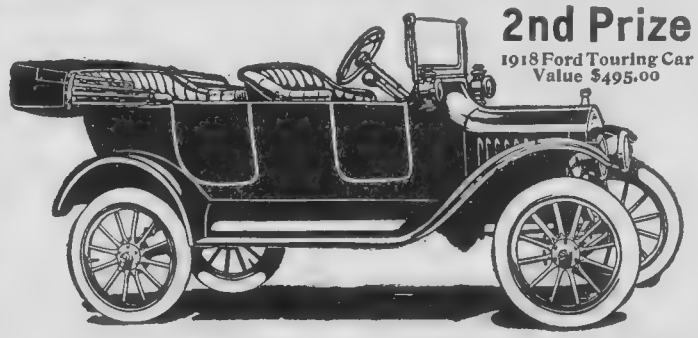
1st Prize—1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, Value $750

2nd Prize—1918 Ford Touring Car, Value $490

3rd Prize, $100.00 Cash; 4th Prize, $75.00; 5th Prize, $50.00; 6th Prize, $25.00; 7th Prize, $20.00; 8th Prize, $15.00; 9th Prize, $10.00; 10th Prize, $10.00; 11th Prize, $10.00; 12th Prize, $10.00; 13th Prize, $5.00; 14th Prize, $5.00; 15th Prize, $5.00; 16th Prize, $5.00; 17th Prize, $5.00; 18th Prize, $5.00; 19th Prize, $3.00; 20th Prize, $3.00; 21st Prize, $3.00; 22nd Prize, $3.00; 23rd Prize, $3.00; 24th Prize, $3.00; and 25 extra Cash Prizes of $1.00 each.

2nd Prize

1918 Ford Touring Car
Value $495.00



WHY WE ARE AWARDING THESE MAGNIFICENT PRIZES

This great contest is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant.

Frankly, it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Great Home Magazine. You may enter and win one of the fine Motor Cars or the $100.00 cash prize whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny of your money in order to compete. **Here's the idea:**

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of over 125,000 copies a month; but our motto is "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in Every Woman's Home." We want all Canadian women to become better acquainted with Canada's great home magazine, knowing that when they are they will be glad to have it every month. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to this contest and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you **without cost** a special copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine stories, fashions, house-keeping and money-making features, soon to appear. Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the grand prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big introduction plan by showing your sample copy to just four of your friends or neighbors who will appreciate this really worth-while **All-Canadian** magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time and we will even send sample copies for you to leave with each of your friends if you would like to have them.

RULES FOR SENDING YOUR ENTRY

1. Write on one side of the paper only. Your solutions of the names should appear on one sheet with your full name (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address in the upper right hand corner. Use a separate sheet of paper if you wish to write anything else.

2. Employees of this company and their relatives are absolutely debarred from competing.

3. Boys and girls under 12 years of age will not be allowed to compete.

4. Three independent judges, having no connection with the firm, will judge the qualified entries and award the prizes according to the number of points gained on each entry, the answer gaining 160 points, which is the maximum, taking first prize. 10 points will be awarded for the correct solution of each of the names from No. 1 to No. 9 inclusive (No. 10 being given as a "Key" will not count), 20 points will be given for general neatness, style, spelling, punctuation, etc., 10 for handwriting and 40 for fulfilling the condition of the contest. The contest will close at 12 noon, April 30th, immediately after which the prizes will be awarded. The names and addresses of the judges will be published in due course and contestants must agree to abide by the judges' decisions.

5. Contestants may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may be awarded a prize.

6. In the event of different members of a family competing, only one prize will be awarded in any one household or family. Address your reply to

Movie Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Ltd. 33 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

"Hang Miss Kinnersly," said Lord Portsea.

"Did she refuse you?"

"Do you suppose I asked her?"

"Didn't you?"

But he had left the room. He saw that his mother was on the verge of tears, and he anticipated distressing scenes in the future for her hopes had been allowed to rise too high, poor lady, and the coming down would cause her painful disillusions.

* * *

"Whither away?" asked Lord Portsea, in his clear young voice. "How are you?" It was Mamie Kinnersly whom he addressed.

"I am going for a walk," she said.

"So am I," said Lord Portsea. "But you are a long way from home, you're almost at our place."

"I didn't notice where I was going. I never do when I'm out alone. What a lovely day it is." It began to rain as she spoke, but neither noticed it. "I'll turn back now," she added. "I was just going to."

"May I walk along a little way with you?"

"Sure," she said coldly, though it was a word that does not go well with a cold tone.

"How is Mrs. Stoddart-Stoddart?" asked Lord Portsea.

"She has nerves she says. It's very dull at the house. Some days she doesn't speak to me at all. To-day she's gone to London and left me all alone with no one to talk to."

The rain was coming down in earnest now. Neither of them had an umbrella. The only shelter was a gnarled old oak, they stood side by side under its great branches and waited for the shower to pass.

"Why don't you ever come to see me?" asked Mamie.

"You are a heartless coquette," he burst out. The words or the voice did not seem his. He felt himself speaking as if he were some other person than Lord Portsea. "You have won the affections of—of Billy and now you would like to play with mine. You have no heart. You don't know what real love means. You—"

"I guess you're mad."

"No, I'm sane, too sane. I can see through things."

"I guess you're mad," she repeated. "Why, Billy's my brother."

The rain beat fiercely and they could not move away from each other.

"I told you my dad was awful," she went on. "He has only us two, Billy and me, and he's terribly afraid that I'll live in America and look down on him and my mother, and that Billy will turn out a loafer. He wants me to live in England and marry a lord because he wants to stay at home and be his natural self with mother, and doesn't want me near feeling anyway ashamed of them. As if I ever should, the two old dears. And he sent Billy to Germany to work like a common stoker with not one cent but what he earns himself."

"Go on," said her companion in a voice that was strangely husky.

"Billy's great. He's twenty, but he has to get up at four every morning, and have dirty hands all day. He hates Germany but has to live there. He taught them to play football but he says they will never be any good."

"It was he who kissed you?"

"Of course! He came over because he has fallen in love. She is a girl friend of mine who was coming to London this spring. She arrived sooner and that was why Billy appeared like that. He made up a tale and got away from work for five days. And I was there—to be there so that Chrissy could say that she had met me, in case things went wrong, and their meeting was discovered; and they had a sort of quarrel because Billy had been jealous, but now it is all right." She paused and looked sadly into the rain. "Being in love runs in our family. Billy takes it from dad who ran away with my mother when she was eighteen and he was twenty-four."

"You are eighteen and I am twenty-four," said Lord Portsea.

And the wonder of that discovery so overcame them that neither seemed to know that Lord Portsea's arm was round Mamie's waist, and her head was lying on his shoulder.

"Darling, you will marry me, won't you?" whispered Lord Portsea.

"Oh, but what will they all say? They'll all be so glad."

"What do we care what they say. I love you so that I cannot do without you. Don't you love me a little bit, too, darling?"

"It'll please everybody so."

"But what does that matter? I love you. Do you love me? That's all that matters. Tell me, do you?"

"I guess I—I must," said Mamie.

"You darling, and you will marry me?"

"It's awful to think how they will rejoice."

"Let them," returned he, and putting his arms round her, he stooped over her, their lips met in the first shy, wonderful lover's kiss.

Quite Important

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said his host; "don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite'?"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverbe, you know ze proverbe; but ze dog—does he know ze proverbe?"

Examination Gems

Epidermis is what keeps your skin on.

The Torrid Zone is caused by the friction of the equator which runs round the earth in the middle.

Longitude and latitude are imaginary lines on the earth which show you which way you are going.

The days are shorter in winter because cold contracts.

A Mr. Newton invented gravity with the aid of an apple.

There was no such man as Hamlet. He lived in Denmark.

A curve is a straight line that has been bent.

The climate is caused by hot and cold weather.

The pagans were a contented race until the Christians came among them.

A boy who is amphibious can use all of his hands.

Gold was discovered in California before anyone knew it was there.

Mars is the name of a star so far off it would take a million years to walk there in an express train.

A miracle is anything that someone does that can't be done.—Christian Intelligence.

Unexpected Shrinkage

It is generally understood that quality of mind and not size of body determines the place a man fills in the temple of fame; but two countrymen, of whom the New York Times tells, were evidently in doubt about it.

One day during the Congressional career of Major-General Joseph Wheeler two rural visitors were in the House gallery taking in the proceedings on the floor. One of them noticed the general flying about, as was his wont.

"Who's that little chap down there in front talking to the big feller?" he asked of his companion.

"Blessed if I know," replied the other.

Some one sitting back of them ventured the information that it was General Wheeler of Alabama.

"Well, I declare!" said the first one, "I've heard that a feller might be a good deal of a man at home, but when he come to Washington he wa'nt so much of a heavyweight; but I didn't suppose they'd dwindle away like that."

"John, have you solved your problem?" asked the teacher.

"No, sir," answered John.

"How old are you, John?"

"Sixteen."

"Sixteen, and can't solve that! Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor."

"And at your age," was John's answer, "he was President of the United States."

"Class is excused," said the teacher hurriedly.

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—The chief ingredients of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mandrake and dandelion, sedative and purgative, but perfectly harmless in their action. They cleanse and purify and have a most healthful effect upon the secretions of the digestive organs. The dyspeptic and all who suffer from liver and kidney ailments will find in these pills the most effective medicine in concentrated form that has yet been offered to the suffering.

December Excursions

TRAVEL
CANADIAN NORTHERN
ALL THE WAY

TO

PACIFIC COAST

LOW EXCURSION FARES

DECEMBER 2 to 8
AND **JANUARY 6 to 12**
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FROM		TO Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, B.C.
		$ c
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Battleford	Sask.	45.80
Beulah	Man.	55.00
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Emerson	Man.	55.00
Errington	Alta.	38.15
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Evansburg	Alta.	38.15
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Port Arthur	Ont.	57.00
Prince Albert	Sask.	49.40
Regina	Sask.	49.35
Rosetown	Sask.	45.10
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Vegreville	Alta.	40.35
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Warman	Sask.	47.20
Winnipeg	Man.	55.00
Wroxton	Sask.	50.95
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DAILY TRAINS

BETWEEN

Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Brandon

Winnipeg AND Toronto

DECEMBER 1st TO JANUARY 5, 1918

For the convenience of the many persons who make this their annual trip East, the Canadian Northern will operate a daily train service from Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Brandon and Winnipeg to Toronto. The Trnscontinental train equipment from Winnipeg consists of a thoroughly modern type of electric lighted compartment, library observation cars standard sleeping cars, tourist sleeping cars, dining cars and first and second class coaches, all especially constructed for this service. Up to Winnipeg the equipment is the same except that there will be no observation car.

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	TORONTO		OTTAWA		MONTREAL	
	Standard	Tourist	Standard	Tourist	Standard	Tourist
Edmonton	$12.25	$6.15	$12.50	$6.25	$13.25	$6.65
Calgary	12.25	6.15	12.50	6.25	13.25	6.65
Saskatoon	10.50	5.25	10.75	5.40	11.50	5.75
Pr. Albert	10.75	5.40	11.00	5.50	11.75	5.60
Regina	9.75	4.90	10.00	5.00	10.75	5.40
Brandon	8.25	4.15	8.50	4.25	9.25	4.75
Winnipeg	7.50	3.75	7.75	3.90	8.50	4 25

TO

EASTERN CANADA

LOW EXCURSION FARES

Daily December 1 to 31

GOOD TO RETURN ANY TIME WITHIN THREE MONTHS

FARES from a few of the most important points are quoted below; from other stations they are proportionately low. All fares quoted are for the round trip.

FROM	FARE	TO
Winnipeg and Points East to Pt. Arthur, inclusive	$40.00	Sarnia, Windsor, London, St. Thomas, Stratford, Goderich, Kincardine, Wiarton, Owen Sound, Collingwood, Orillia, Toronto, Hamilton, and Niagara Falls, and points west of the above in Ontario.
Brandon	45 35	
Canora	52.15	
Regina	54.20	
Saskatoon	59.30	
Prince Albert	61.35	
Edmonton & Calgary	70.10	
Winnipeg and Points East to Pt. Arthur, inclusive	$42.00	Lindsay, Peterboro and Port Hope.
Brandon	47.35	
Canora	54.15	
Regina	56.20	
Saskatoon	61.30	
Prince Albert	63.35	
Edmonton & Calgary	72.10	
Winnipeg and Points East to Pt. Arthur, inclusive	$45.00	Belleville, Brockville, Tweed, Pembroke, Ottawa, Kingston and Montreal.
Brandon	50.35	
Canora	57.15	
Regina	59.20	
Saskatoon	64.30	
Prince Albert	66.35	
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Winnipeg and Points East to Pt. Arthur, inclusive	$49.90	City of Quebec and Levis.
Brandon	55.25	
Canora	62.05	
Regina	64.10	
Saskatoon	69.20	
Prince Albert	71.25	
Edmonton & Calgary	80.00	
Winnipeg and Points East to Pt. Arthur, inclusive	$59.30	Moncton and St. John, N.B.
Brandon	64.65	
Canora	71.45	
Regina	73.50	
Saskatoon	78.60	
Prince Albert	80.65	
Edmonton & Calgary	89.40	
Winnipeg and Points East to Pt. Arthur, inclusive	$63.45	Halifax, N.S.
Brandon	68.80	
Canora	75 60	
Regina	77.65	
Saskatoon	82.75	
Prince Albert	84.80	
Edmonton & Calgary	93.55	

Routes

Choice of routes is offered by all authorized gateways, including:

New Canadian Northern route through to Toronto without change.

By starting on your journey according to the condensed time table shown below you will avoid all delay and get through to your Eastern destination in the fastest possible time.

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Lv. Edmonton	10.20 p.m.	Lv. Prince Albert	4.05 p.m.
Lv. N Battleford	8.25 a.m.	Lv. Melfort	6.42 p.m.
Lv. Prince Albert	1.00 p.m.	Lv. Tisdale	8.05 p.m.
Lv. Humboldt	2.27 p.m.	Lv. The Pas	3.30 p.m.
Lv. Canora	1.04 p.m.	Lv. Yorkton	4.15 a.m.
Lv. Dauphin	1.20 a.m.	Lv. Russell	7.48 a.m.
Lv. Calgary	7.50 p.m.	**Tues., Thurs., Sat.**	
Lv. Hanna	2.10 a.m.	Lv. Swan River	5.05
Lv. Rosetown	11.13 a.m.	Lv. Dauphin	9.15
Lv. Saskatoon	5.05 p.m.	**Daily Except Sunday**	
Lv. Davidson	7.36 p.m.	Lv. Neepawa	12.30 p.m.
Lv. Regina	11.25 p.m.	Lv. P. la Prairie	3.00 p.m.
Lv. Brandon	8.45 p.m.	Ar. Winnipeg	5.00 p.m.

Daily { gLv. Winnipeg 5.15 p.m. / dLv. Port Arthur 9.30 a.m. / gAr. Toronto 5.00 p.m. } With direct connections to all Eastern points

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R. CREELMAN, G.P.A. Winnipeg, Man.

Ask for Pacific Coast Pamphlet

About the Farm

Grown Up

"I looked at him a little while ago
And thought, how much he does begin to grow,
And yesterday he measured to the span
Full five feet six—the youngster is a man!
Grown up Lord help us, but it makes us wince
To look at him and think a short while since
He was a boy in breeches to the knee,
And now he's got a girl he goes to see!

"They'll shave him next, and make a dude of him,
And tog him out regardless. Eyes grow dim
Along the vistas of the far-off days,
And there amid the vision sometimes plays
A little tike, all curly gold on hand,
With kilts of plaid, and little shirts with bands,
With bands with buttons on them where a mother's hands
Buttoned his breeks with patience. Now he stands
A half head taller than I am myself—
Ambitious to be off and earn some pelf!

"This is life for you! To bear, to bring
Our hearts to love them as with brooding wing
Above their couches we bend down in prayer—
And then some day they are no longer there,
But walking with us in our dark and light,
Like men and women—staying out at night,
Gathering their own ideas, of age and free,
And only our dreams still left to you and me!"

Does Your Butter "Break"?

Creamery operators have little trouble in getting their cream to churn at any season of the year. Conditions are well under control, and they are careful to secure the proper temperature and ripeness necessary for good results.

On a farm where the cream from a single herd is handled, the conditions are often far from ideal and fall brings its trials to the butter maker. Some of the more common causes of difficult churning are: advanced stage of lactation in a majority of the cows, shortage of succulent feed, low acidity of cream, wrong churning temperature.

As cows advance in lactation the milk becomes more viscous and the percentage of hard fats increases. To counteract that condition many dairymen are having their cows freshen at intervals throughout the year. The use of soiling crops, silage and other succulent feeds will tend to overcome the trouble to some extent by causing an increase in the soft fats of butter. When cottonseed meals forms a large part of the grain ration a hard, tallowy butter results, and for winter feeding it is wise to replace one-half the cottonseed meal with linseed oil meal.

Where commercial starter is not used it is often difficult in fall and winter to secure a proper acidity in the cream. This is due in part to the cream being held at a lower temperature than desirable for ripening, seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and to milk contaminated with organisms that hinder the ripening process.

A good dairy thermometer is indispensable in butter making, and use should be made of it in ripening the cream. If the cream does not sour in a reasonable time set some clean milk, preferably from a fresh cow, in a warm place until it clabbers, beat it until smooth and add to the cream at the rate of one part milk to nine parts cream. Set aside to ripen. Cream ripened at a low temperature is apt to be bitter, and the butter of inferior quality.

During the summer, when cows are on pasture, fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit is a good churning temperature; but as winter approaches this should be raised to sixty degrees, and, if necessary, to sixty-two degrees. This will cause the butter to break sooner and will prevent frothing, which sometimes results when improperly ripened cream is churned at a low temperature.

In olden times if the butter did not come they threw heated horse shoes into the churn to drive out the devils. What they really did was to warm the cream so the granules could gather.

In addition to these more or less special factors there is the general fault of filling the churn so full of cream that there is not sufficient agitation. Too fast or two slow speed reduces the concussion of the fat globules, and also the mixing of sweet and sour cream together makes it almost impossible to secure an exhaustive churning without overchurning a portion of the butter. It is well to follow carefully the directions that all reliable churn manufacturers furnish with their churns. It saves time.

After using a churn, wash and scald thoroughly. Before using, rinse with hot water, then with cold to fill the pores of the wood.

Pedigreed

Bushrod was establishing a pigeon coop of his own, emulating his neighbor, Bill Hite. In arranging the financial promotion of this venture, he went to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I want a dollar to buy a pigeon."

Mother thought a dollar a rather high price for a pigeon, with common birds averaging 10 cents.

"But, mother," Bushrod said, earnestly, "you don't understand. This is a pedigreed pigeon. With its pedigree it's cheap at a dollar."

Bushrod finally wheedled his mother out of the dollar and left to buy his blooded bird. He returned with the pigeon and a scrap of crumpled paper in his pocket.

On the crumpled scrap of paper was written:

"Grandfather unknown. Grandmother unknown. Father, unknown. Mother, Bill Hite's pigeon."

Investigational Work on Farm

This year I have under way four fields for demonstration, to find out if summerfallow can be eliminated in our locality—50 acres in all. This land had three crops of cereals. In 1916, we planted potatoes to six acres, corn to 15, oats planted June 30, to 20 acres, and summerfallowed the rest. We harvested over 1000 bushels of potatoes. The corn we used for the cows and now we are anxious to see what it will produce in wheat this fall. I have arranged to have the banker or some reliable person present when the fields are threshed to certify the yield of each plot and compute the cost of raising grain under this system if it proves successful. One thing is certain, I have in the potato crop eliminated the charge of summerfallow against succeeding grain crops even if the six acres do not yield a full crop of grain this season. The object of planting corn has been to produce a better grade of wheat, thus, even if the corn has no value, which of course, it has, though I have not been able to figure it out in dollars and cents, I can this fall figure the profit by increased yield and grade.

Now for an outline of the work I have done. In 1914, the driest year the country has ever known, we produced 14 bushels to the acre of a very high grade, while our neighbors for miles around had a flat failure. Our success, in my opinion, was due to disking the stubble right back of the binder and harrowing the crop as soon as it came through the ground, and again after it was out of the single leaf stage. Second, good pure seed, in a firm seed-bed, planted one bushel to the acre. 1915, that stubble land yielded 35 bushels to the acre of a high grade wheat. Backsetting in wheat yielded 41 bushels to the acre. Backsetting with one bushel oats planted to the acre, yielded 116 bushels per acre. 1916, wheat yielded 40 bushels per acre, oats 120 bushels. The yield in 1916 was much reduced by the depredations of mice and shelling for it was not threshed until freeze-up.

Now, the most interesting part to me is, the neighbors would go out of their way to joke me on the thin looking stand of grain in the early stage. This was carried so far that my oldest son left home feeling ashamed of me. Then the threshermen added their slurs to my small hand selected plots, and having to clean the machine for each plot, they dubbed my quarter the experimental farm. The boys and myself would have to stand all kinds of jokes when we went to town. This has suddenly ceased this fall and the thresherman purchased four bushels of my Marquis wheat at $3.50 per bushel, and is going in for pure seed growing. Several neighbors also purchased seed, all anxious to become members of the seed growers' association and get $3.50 per bushel, and it is fun to watch them follow in everything we do.

With so thorough a preparation at hand as Miller's Worm Powders the mother who allows her children to suffer from the ravages of worms is unwise and culpably careless. A child subjected to the attacks of worms is always unhealthy and will be stunted in its growth. It is a merciful act to rid it of these destructive parasites, especially when it can be done without difficulty.

U.G.G. M-re Grinders

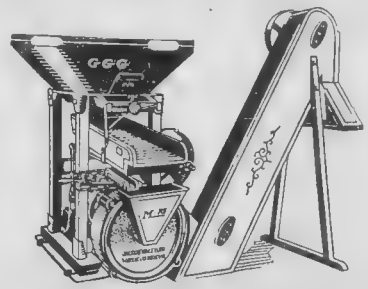
REALLY GRIND

The M-re Grinders are the new and most successful method of grinding whole wheat into whole wheat flour ready for baking, or of grinding grain for your stock. Not only are they equal in capacity to any other make of grinders sold, but their plates, made of emery, are much superior to cast plates, by producing a far better quality of chop. They do not cut or slice the grain, but grind it as thoroughly as can be done by the best old-fashioned stone grinders. The emery plates are of sufficient thickness so that they can be dressed down similar to the old style millstones, and with ordinary usage will last three times as long as cast plates. They will completely destroy all wild seeds—this in itself is a big feature. Exceptionally well constructed from materials which give the greatest service, and come in 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 inch sizes.

The 8" requires from 4 to 8 H.P.
The 10" requires from 8 to 12 H.P.
The 12" requires from 12 to 20 H.P.
The 14" requires 25 and over
The 16" requires 35 and over

	Winnipeg	Regina	Calgary
8 inch Emery Grinder, without bagger, weight 325 pounds	$53.00	$54.00	$55.00
14 inch Emery Grinder, without bagger, weight 825 pounds	226.00	228.50	230.60

This shows one of the larger sizes of the M-re Grinders



Can be supplied with or without bagger, as desired

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Are you in need of a washing machine? We have a good stock on hand equipped either for electric or gasoline engine power. Each machine carries with it the U.G.G. Guarantee against defective parts or faulty construction. Write us for full description and prices, specifying by what power you want to run it.

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UNITED GRAIN GROWERS' LIMITED,
Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary.

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.....Oils and Greases	.....Sleighs
.....Grinders	.....Grain Tanks
.....Kerosene Engines	.....Cutters
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Hercules Engines in 3, 5, 7, 9 and 12 H.P. sizes, each carry a five year guarantee. The Hercules is a throttling governed engine built to burn kerosene, and other low grade fuels, and it gives perfect satisfaction under all conditions. It comes to you equipped with Webster magneto and without skids, or can be shipped as hand portable, or horse portable, according to size. The 5 and 7 H.P. also come as sawing outfits. Use the coupon to get prices and information.

U.G.G. Sewing Machines

The U.G.G. Special at $33.00 Winnipeg, $33.75 Regina, $34.25 Calgary, carries with it a 10 year guarantee. Smooth running and easily operated. The woodwork is of a pleasing Colonial pattern, quarter-sawed oak, hand rubbed mirror finish. Six roomy side drawers. Each machine comes to you with complete set of attachments, needles, bobbins, tools, etc. The U.G.G. No. 1 and the U.G.G. No. 2 give you good machines at less money, both guaranteed for ten years. We shall gladly furnish you prices and full information.

Dizzy and Faint Spells

Are Warnings of Heart Trouble That Should Be Heeded.

Those feelings of weakness, those dizzy spells and "all gone" sinking sensations, which come over some people from time to time are warnings that must not go unheeded. They indicate an extremely weakened condition of the heart and a disordered state of the nerves.

Those who are wise will start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills before their case becomes hopeless. They have no equal for strengthening the heart and invigorating the nerves.

Mrs. Emil Brooks, Upper Gagetown, N.B., writes:—"All last summer and winter I had dizzy and weak spells, headaches and fainting and blind spells. A friend recommended Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to me. I had only taken two boxes when I found great relief. I highly recommend them to all who suffer from heart trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

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Fashions and Patterns

A Seasonable Style. 2277—This coat model is fine for double faced woolens, for broadcloth, velour, corduroy, serge, plush and other pile fabrics. The lines are simple and stylish. The garment is easy to develop. Mixed cheviot suiting in green and brown tones could be combined with green broadcloth for collar and cuff facings. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6⅛ yards of 54-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Smart Style For The Growing Girl. 2262—Plaid suiting, checked or striped gingham, chambray, repp, galatea, seersucker, crepe, serge and gabardine, are good for this style. It is also nice for taffeta and velvet. The pockets may be omitted. The waist portions are joined to a straight plaited skirt. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 ears. Size 10 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Natty Suit For The Growing Boy. 2259—Linen, galatea, gingham, cheviot, serge, mixed suiting, corduroy and velvet are nice for this model. The belt may be omitted or finished separately. The trousers are straight at the lower edge and close at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Unique and Stylish Model. 2263—Navy blue serge would be fine for this, with trimming of braid or buttons. It is also nice for satin, silk and velvet; likewise broadcloth, gabardine, velour, poplin and corduroy. The sleeve is a one-piece model, finished with a neat cuff. The dress closes at the left side, under the panel. For simplicity, chic and comfort, this style has much to recommend it. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5¼ yards of 44-inch material The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Model. 2268—This style has one good point, in that it covers the dress well, and is cut wide over the shoulders. The pockets are ample, and the apron is confined to the figure, with a neat belt. Striped seersucker, checked gingham, drill, lawn, cambric or alpaca, could be used for its development. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 4¼ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Chic Dress For Mother's Girl. 2285—This model would be nice in serge, velvet gabardine, voile or cashmere. It could be made of plaid or checked suiting, with plain material for the waist and pockets, or vice versa. The skirt is in two pieces. The facing on pocket and trimming on cuff may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 2006—Ladies' House Dress, with reversible closing, with or without chemisette, and with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Seersucker, gingham, chambray, lawn, cashmere, flannelette, alpaca, brilliantine and percale are nice for this style. The fronts may be closed from left to right or vice versa, and the sleeve finished at wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 7⅛ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2⅞ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 1915—Ladies' Apron. This model is good for drill, denim, sateen, lawn, batiste, cambric, seersucker, gingham and muslin. It is cool and comfortable, and its fulness may be confined at the waistline, under the belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. Medium size requires 4⅛ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Model for Mother's Girl. 2274—This style is nice for serge, gingham, percale, galatea, chambray, repp, poplin, voile, velvet or taffeta. The pockets may be omitted. The sleeve is a one-piece model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material. Braid or embroidery will be nice for trimming on this design. A pat-

TO THE GIFT SEEKER

The true Gift Giver of to-day is better known by the wisdom of his selection than by the amount of money he spends. So long as the Gift bears distinction and quality, its cost may be dropped out of consideration. The Gift spirit is not measured in Dollars and Cents.

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A Popular, Practical Style. 2015—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in either of two lengths. Striped galatea in brown and white, with trimming of white pique is here shown. The closing is effected under the insert at the centre front. The model has smart pocket trimmings. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Neat House Dress. 2281—Now that housework has been promoted to domestic science, women are taking more interest in the style and kind of garments for home work. The model here portrayed has reversible fronts, good lines, ample fulness, and may be made

with the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Linen, khaki, drill, percale, lawn, dimity, cashmere and flannelette may be employed, but the wash fabrics are most satisfactory for service and laundering. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6½ yards of 44-inch material. The skirt portions measure about 2⅜ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Set of Neck Accessories. 2284—No. 1 shows a very stylish stock with tie, good for linen, satin and silk. No. 2 and No. 3 are nice for lawn, batiste, crepe and lace. No. 4 is suitable for any material that goes to trim or finish a dress or gown; lace, linen, mull, faille, corduroy, pique, lawn or satin. The styles here illustrated are cut in 3 sizes: Small, 12 inches; medium, 14 inches; and large, 16 inches neck measure. Size medium requires for No. 1, ⅝ yard of 36-inch material; for No. 2, ¾ yard of 27-inch material; for No. 3, ⅝ yard of 36-inch material; for No. 4, ⅞ yard of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Business Dress. Waist, 2266. Skirt, 2267—This combines a smart shirt waist, fashioned from pattern 2266 and a stylish skirt developed from pattern 2267. Madras, linen, khaki, silk, flannel, crepe or cashmere would be nice for the waist. The skirt could be of serge, broadcloth, satin, corduroy, velour, mixed or plaid suiting or Jersey cloth. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure, and will require 3⅛ yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. It measures 2⅜ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Comfortable Design. 2287—Child's Night Drawers. Suitable for dress on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Doll's Set of Short Clothes. 1506—Cut in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. It will require ⅝ yard for the drawers, ⅞ yard for the petticoat, and 1 yard for the dress of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. Price 10c. This pattern also comes in Child's Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Price 10c.

Waist 1807, Apron and Bag 1844. A Smart Combination—Waist 1807 cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material for a medium size. Apron and Bag 1844 cut in one size: Medium. It requires 2⅝ yards of 27-inch material for the apron, with ⅞ yard for the bag. Two separate patterns 10c for each pattern.

SEVEN YEARS TORTURE

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

ALBERT VARNER

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.

For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe *Headaches and Indigestion.* I had belching gas from the stomach, bitter stuff would come up into my mouth after eating, while at times I had nausea and vomiting, and had chronic Constipation. I went to several doctors and wrote to a specialist in Boston but without benefit. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. *Finally, a friend advised* "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. I am grateful to "Fruit-a-tives", and to everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well".

ALBERT VARNER.

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SEND **10c** in silver or stamps for our up-to-date **Fall & Winter 1917-1918 Catalogue** containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a **Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, also some points for the needle** (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

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Appeal to every woman for style, comfort and easy fitting. Write for catalogue

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House Coat for Men. 2264—Cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches breast measure. Size 38 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

A Dainty Set for Dolly. 2273—The pattern includes all styles illustrated, is cut in 6 sizes for dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. The dress requires 1¼ yards of 27-inch material, the petticoat ½ yard, and the combination ⅝ yard for an 18-inch doll. Price, 10 cents.

A New Dress and Hat for Miss Dolly. 2275—Cut in 6 sizes: For dolls 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. Size 24 will require 1½ yards of 27-inch material for the dress and ⅝ yard for the hat. Price 10 cents.

A Set of Pretty Bags. 2278. The pattern supplies each of the three styles illustrated and is cut in one size. Each one requires 1 yard of 27-inch material. Price 10 cents.

A Pleasing Set of Nursery Toys. 2298

—The patterns are cut in one size only. It will require 1 yard of brown flannel for the Monkey and ½ yard of red flannel for his suit. The Elephant requires 1 yard. The Rabbit ½ yard. Price 10 cents.

Miss Aurilla's Responsibilities

"My work isn't as responsible as it used to be," declared little Miss Aurilla Peters, for nearly forty years dressmaker at the Corners. "What with all the ready-mades and Paris fashions coming out in most everything, even the newspapers, folks can choose for themselves. It wasn't so when I began. They didn't know what they wanted half the time, and when they did, like as not I had to convince them they couldn't have it. You wouldn't believe the things some folks would ha' put on their backs if I had let them!

"There was Angeline Moss, now—pretty as a pink, and all for gay colors and flounces and fur-belows. Well, she could carry them off if anybody could, and I never crossed her so long as she was the only one concerned; no, nor after she was engaged to Solly Simkins, either. Her trousseau was most done before she broke it off an' took up with the new minister. Amazing what a serious-minded man will think he sees in a little fool flutter-budget with yellow hair, isn't it?

"They were engaged in six weeks. There was the parsonage standing ready, and naturally they were all for getting married straight off. And do you know, if I hadn't pointed it out, that girl would never have seen that the same trousseau wasn't right for marrying a minister as for marrying Solly Simkins.

"First off, she wouldn't believe me, either. Then she said anyhow it had got to do, because she couldn't afford another.

" 'Of course not,' said I. 'And 'twouldn't look well for a minister's wife to appear extravagant, anyway. All you need is to tone things down a mite an' there—and especially that pink China silk.'

" 'But, Miss Aurilla, that's the prettiest of all!' said she, half-crying. She was a babyish little thing. 'I don't want it changed. I like it just as it is.'

" 'You can't have it just as it is,' I said, finally, but soothingly. 'But I can tone it down so nobody will object.'

"She felt dreadfully, but I brought her round to see that I was right. And with black gauze on it and a high neck and black insertion, and black velvet ribbons and black gloves, she wore it to the parish reception; and if she didn't look the kind of a wife a minister ought to marry, it was because she wasn't. I'd done my best, and I couldn't be held responsible.

"Why, no, she wasn't exactly a failure, nor I don't know as you could call her a success. The truth is, 'twas a providential streak of luck, her having twins. Everything she failed to do in the parish, folks excused her, having her hands so full at home. Reelly, I can't remember that there was any criticism to speak of, except, maybe, as to the amount of tucking in the babies' dresses—and she might have been spared that if she had come to me. I could have told her! But 'twas her own idea, and she put it in herself, so 'twas no responsibility of mine."

DYSPEPTIC FOR SIX YEARS

Halifax, N.S. Sergeant tried everything on the market, but Only Cure was Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Sergt. Duncan MacNeil (home address 116, Pleasant-street, Halifax, N.S.), writing from Europe, says:—"For six years I suffered from frequent attacks of Dyspepsia, and though I tried all the remedies on the market I obtained little or no relief. I had not been long with the C.E.F. when my old trouble returned. Then a friend told me about Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The first box brought such pronounced relief that I continued, and to make a long story short complete cure was effected."

A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent to you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing. Address Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the supreme remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Nervous ailments, and Nerve paralysis, and for weakness in children. Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Price 50 cents per tube. six tubes for the price of five, from Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Don't waste your money on imitations; get the genuine Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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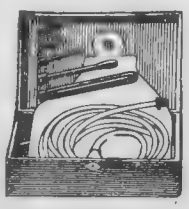

Pain in Shoulders
PAIN IN HEAD
LIVER BOTHERED HER.

Miss A. Windsor, Peterboro, Ont., writes:—"I have been sick for about four years with pains in my head and pains in my shoulders which I always thought were caused by working outside in the sun on the farm.

People told me that it was my liver bothering me, so I bought three vials of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and found that they were doing me good. I continued taking them until now I am well and strong. I am very thankful to you for my recovery."

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quickly kills all nits and vermin in the hair. It is double the strength of any other but perfectly safe to use and will not injure the most delicate skin; nourishes and beautifies the hair.

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gives you the crest of "his" battalion on a handsome felt hanger 11 x 15 in. in rich colors in art process resembles hand-painting, with a metal top and hanger and a calendar pad for 1918.

Sold by book, drug and novelty stores everywhere. If you cannot secure it send us 25c. the number of his battalion or unit, and we will mail you one post-paid.

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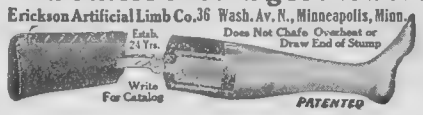
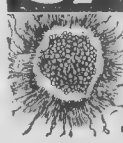


CANCER



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The Home Doctor

Hysteria

It is not possible to define hysteria satisfactorily, for it is not a clearly marked disease with definite symptoms; it manifests itself in a hundred different ways. It affects the young and the old, men as well as women, the intellectual as well as the weak-minded and the ignorant. It is a condition of emotional instability and capriciousness. The mood of the hysterical person changes from day to day, almost from hour to hour—now he is gay, now downcast; one moment full of hope or of quiet resignation, the next in the depths of despair or peevishly discontented; to-day friendly and at peace with the world, to-morrow sensitive, faultfinding and impossible to please.

A striking characteristic is the patient's "suggestibility"; he is ready to act in response to any idea that is impressed upon him from without or that is born in his own inner consciousness. The mimicy of symptoms, therefore, is common. If a hysterical person sees or even hears of a paralytic, he is very likely to have symptoms of paralysis, so real that they may deceive the most wary physician. The paralysis, indeed, is real while it lasts, for the patient is actually unable to move the affected limb; and often sensation is absent as well.

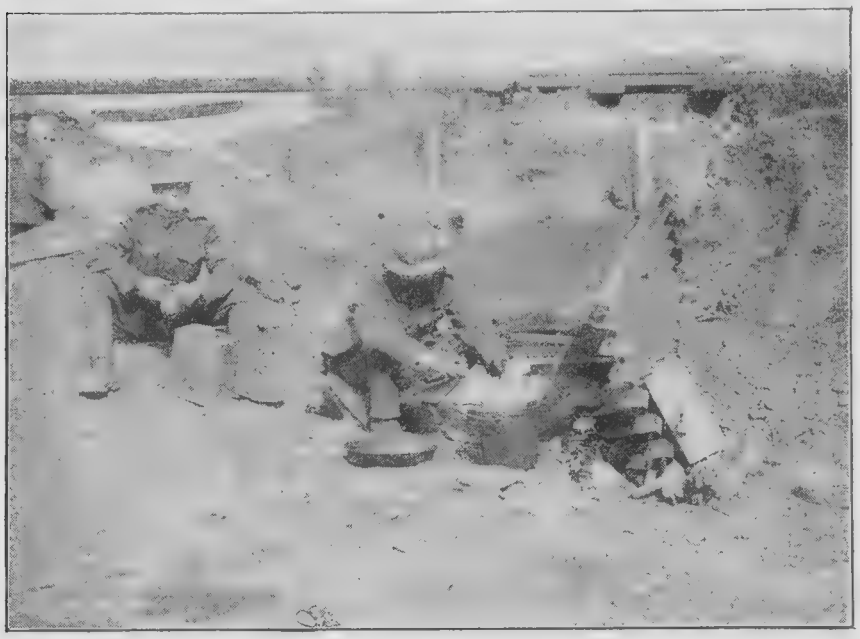
Instead of paralysis there may be convulsions, especially in "major" hysteria, and instead of insensibility to pain there may be extreme sensitiveness or spontaneous neuralgic pain. Many other symptoms may be associated with hysteria; there is probably no symptom of organic disease that it cannot cunningly imitate.

The treatment of hysteria is often very difficult, and, in severe cases, it should be undertaken only by the trained neurologist. As suggestion often causes the symptoms, so it may be employed in their removal; but hypnotism is not often used at the present time. The patient must be under the control of some wise, tactful and resolute person who can persuade without argument and, when it is necessary, can command without offense.

Prevention of hysteria, however, is better than cure, and nervous, excitable children should be carefully trained, kept outdoors as much as possible, and shielded from everything that is likely to upset their unsteady nervous systems.

Warm Feet

If grown people choose to go to bed with cold feet, "what's to hinder?" Maybe they agree with the irascible old man who, having tried various liniments and emollients without effect, at last defied the offending member: "Ache away, old fellow, I can stand it as long as you can." But to put into cold sheets feet that should be warm and rosy, but that are numb and blue, is enough to make all the toes this side of the tropics curl. Some have constitutionally cold feet, that will be cold in spite of woollen stockings, and thick shoes, and any amount of exercise. The nervous system of children is said to be five times greater proportionately than that of their elders. Who can doubt it? And certain restless specimens, common to every neighborhood, should be, in justice to ordinary two-footed urchins, ranked as human decapods; for how can one pair of feet accomplish all these juvenile Fliakims do? But bed-time rolls around, and then the tired limbs, the yielding bones of the growing body, should lie in happy unconstraint: knees and chin should not be brought into unnatural and uncongenial neighbourhood. How can they help it when all below the hem of the night-dress is a dreaded Nova-Zembla? If the bed-rooms are warmed, there will be no chill in the mattresses and blankets; but everyone knows how it is in a cold room. We should like to urge all mothers, elder sisters, aunties and nurses to use either a soap-stone, which is easiest, or a warmed crib-blanket, for the feet of their little charges. With that pleasant anticipation, going to bed will be robbed of half its objections. There will be fewer coughs and catarrhal colds, digestion will improve, and "awful dreams" becomes less frequent; there will be no tedious hours of chilly wakefulness. Mother may then, with the good-night kiss, safely invoke "pleasant dreams and sweet repose."



Canadian cook making tea in the line. A stretcher bearer is waiting for his share.

Hints on Health

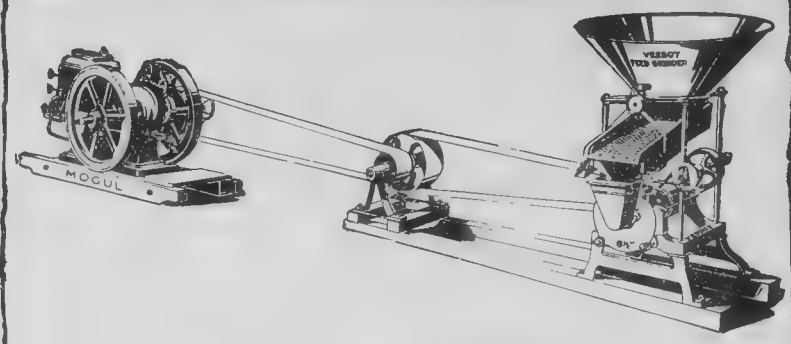
Warm fomentations applied with cloths wrung out of hot water are the best applications in the first instance to sprains. Subsequently, when inflammation is past, cold water may be useful, and the common practice of holding the limb under a spout of water is not a bad one.

It is a sign of health, or of convalescence, when men love gentle, simple pleasures and enjoyments that do not rush or roar, but distil as the dew. The love of rural life, the habit of finding

Work Quietly

Endeavor to take your work quietly. Anxiety and over-action are always the cause of sickness and restlessness. We must use our judgment to control our excitement, or our bodily strength will break down. We must remember that our battle is to be won by a strength not our own. It is a battle that does not depend upon the swift and strong.

A Foe to Asthma.—Give Asthma half a chance and it gains ground rapidly. But give it repeated treatments of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy and it will fall back even faster. There is no half-way measure about this remedy. It goes right to work and drives asthma out. It reaches the inmost breathing passages and leaves no place for the trouble to lurk. Have it by you for ready use.



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This grinder cleans grain as well as it grinds. The spout that carries the grain to the grinder is made with two sieves, a coarse one above and a fine one below. The coarse sieve catches nails, sticks and stones, but lets the grain fall through. The fine sieve holds the grain but takes out all sand and dirt. The grain passes to the grinding plates as clean as grain can be.

And it comes from the plates well ground. **Vessot** plates have such a reputation for good work that we have had to protect our customers and ourselves by placing the trade-mark "SV" on all the plates. Look for it.

To do its best work a **Vessot** grinder should be run by the steady power of a **Mogul kerosene engine.** Then you have an outfit that cannot be beat for good work or economy. Write us a card so that we can send you catalogues of these good machines.

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WEST—Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., Estevan, Sask., Lethbridge, Alta., N. Battleford, Sask., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon, Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Yorkton, Sask.

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No matter how fast it comes, the most unruly animal can't break through a *Peerless Perfection Farm Fence*—it springs back into shape.

Made of heavy Open Hearth steel galvanized wire with all the impurities taken out and all the strength and toughness left in. Every wire is crimped making the fence into one continuous spring. Top and bottom wires are extra heavy. Will not sag. Requires less posts than ordinary fence. Absolutely guaranteed.

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Throughout Canada Peerless Perfection fencing has built a reputation that we are proud of.

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SAFETY & COURTESY WITH YOUR TICKETS

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A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the spasmodic Croup at once.

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Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

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UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

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Yours respectfully,
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We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent developments, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

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Send free trial of your method to:

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Children

Jimmie's Christmas

SAY, Jimmie, come on over tomorrow, I want to show you something."

It was the Friday afternoon before Christmas, school was over for two weeks, and the two boys, Jimmie Cameron and Roy Harris, were on their way home. They lived but half a mile apart and were the best of friends. In fact, one was seldom seen without the other. Jimmie, the younger by a year, had red hair and freckles and was of slender build. Roy, on the other hand, was of fair complexion and because of his size, no one except his parents or the teacher ever called him anything but "Fat." Of the two, Jimmie was the leader. When any mischief was afoot he usually planned it and as a rule his word was law not only with his chum, but with the other boys as well. Tonight, however, Fat would not give way to him.

"What you got to show?" demanded Jimmie.

"I can't tell you now," returned the other, "because I ain't got it yet. It's something I'm going to get in the morning."

Jimmie questioned and threatened; he tried to catch his chum off his guard and learn what this mysterious something was, but all in vain. Fat refused to tell his secret.

Hard Work

"You come over in the morning, Jim," said he, "and you'll see it."

"Huh, I'll bet it's a new pup or a cat or else some early Christmas present," returned his friend. "Don't know whether I'll get over or not. I'll probably have something of my own to tend to."

"Oh, you can get over in the morning, all right," said the other as they parted at the Cameron gate. He knew that Jimmie would not rest easy until he had solved the mystery and so had no fear of not seeing him on the morrow.

Sure enough, the next morning Jim was up bright and early. He hurriedly milked the two cows assigned to him, fed the calves, and even managed to get the chickens fed before breakfast. He ate hurriedly and before the others were half through, left the table and started to slip quietly out of doors.

"James," said his father, "where are you going?"

"Just over to Fat Harris'. I'll be back in a little while, Dad. I've got my chores all done, all but filling the wood box and I'll do that at noon."

"Well, be sure to do that before dinner, because I want you to help me this afternoon."

"Yes, sir, I will." With that the boy grabbed his cap, slammed the door behind him, and went off down the road. Ten minutes later he was in the Harris yard whistling for Fat. Presently that worthy appeared, his face still bearing traces of the breakfast egg.

"Gee whiz," said he, "you're early enough. Must of wanted to see that thing I told you about pretty bad. I thought you'd get here all right."

"Oh, I guess I'd have got along without seeing what you've got," returned the other, with a fine show of indifference. "I didn't happen to have anything to do this morning, so I just came over, that's all."

"I'll bet it is. Well, wait till I get my cap and we'll go down to the barn. What I told you about is down there."

With that Fat disappeared in the house and as promptly reappeared with an old cap stuck on the back of his head.

"Say, Jim, but it's a dandy. Bet you'll wish you owned it when you see it," said the fat boy as he led the way.

"Well, what the deuce is it anyway," growled the other. "Anybody'd think you was afraid I'd steal it."

By this time the two had reached the barn and Fat, stepping inside, pointed to the first box stall.

"There it is in that stall. Ain't it a dandy?"

Jim stepped inside and looked down to see a cow with a wobbly, awkward calf by her side.

"Why," he said, "Brown Bess has got a calf." Then he turned back to Fat. "Is that calf yours?"

"Yep. Dad gave it to me for helping with the milking all summer. Now I'll bet you'll see a letter from me on the junior page telling how I earned my calf. She's all mine and if I want to sell her any time, I can and I'll get all the money she brings. Don't know whether I'll sell her or not yet."

Jim looked the calf over carefully and it was evident that he was the least bit envious of his chum's good fortune.

"Yes," he said, "that's a good calf" all right and she ought to make a good cow. Brown Bess is the best cow in the barn, ain't she?"

"She gives the most milk of any, but, of course, the two pure-breds are worth more money. Wish Dad would let me have one of their calves. It would be worth a lot more money."

"Well by gosh, can't you ever be satisfied with anything? You've got a blamed good calf now and you ought to be thankful for it. Look at me. I ain't got nothing. Gee, I wish I could get one as good as that. Bet I wouldn't be hollering for another one the first thing. Say, how're you going to pay for what this calf eats? Is your Dad going to give it to you for nothing?"

"No, he won't give it to me for nothing," returned Fat with some resentment in his tone. "I'm going to earn its feed, too. Got to work an hour a day to pay for it. That's seven hours a week and if I want to, I can work extra Saturday and then not do so much other days."

"What kind a work you got to do?" demanded the younger boy.

"Oh, just regular work like milking, cleaning the barn, cleaning horses, and things like that."

"Pretty soft for you, Fat Harris. You'd have to do all that, anyway. Feed for that calf is just like getting something for nothing."

"Well, I guess I earn it. My dad says what I do is worth more than that to him, and from now on he's going to pay me for what I do. The way he talks I'll have to be earning my spending money next thing. Don't know as I'm very struck on that."

Jimmie appeared to be struck with a new idea. "Say, why wouldn't that be all right, anyway? Let's figure up and see what a fellow could earn that way. When Dad hires help by the day it costs him 20 cents an hour and sometimes more besides board. We ought to be worth half as much. That's 10 cents an hour or 20 cents a day if we was to work two hours. Seven days in a week makes it $1.40. Now there's 52 weeks in a year. How much does that make?"

This was too much for Fat's powers of mental calculation but he produced a stub pencil from his overalls' pocket and proceeded to do some figuring on the barn door.

"Seventy-two dollars and eighty cents," he announced.

"Gosh, that ought to be enough to feed a calf and, besides, a fellow lots of times works more'n two hours on Saturdays and in vacation. Bet I've earned $100 this year. Lots of days last summer I worked as long as the hired man did. I'm going to ask Dad if I can't earn a calf, too."

SUFFERED WITH HACKING COUGH

COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.

The constant hacking cough that sticks to you in spite of everything you have done to relieve it, is a source of danger. The longer the cough stays, the more serious menace it is to your health.

It is easy to check a cough at the outset with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. If you have let it run though, it takes a while longer to cure, but Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure it even then after other remedies have failed.

Mr. J. Henry Landry, South River, Burgeois, N.S., writes:—"I received such great benefit from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup that I cannot help expressing my thanks. I suffered with a hacking cough for over a month, and could not sleep at night. I used many kinds of remedies, but they didn't do me any good, until I used 'Dr. Wood's,' and found great relief right from the start. I only used two bottles, and was completely cured. I will never be without it as long as I live."

There are a number of substitutes on the market for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so when you ask for it see that it is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c., and that it bears the name, The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MOTHER SAID TRY IT

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Mrs. Copner after Doctor's Failed.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I want you to know the good Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was in such bad health from female troubles that I could hardly get off my bed. I had been doctoring for a long time and my mother said, 'I want you to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.' So I did, and it has certainly made me a well woman. I am able to do my house work and am so happy as I never expected to go around the way I do again, and I want others to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. JOSIE COPNER, 1668 Harrison Ave., Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from choice roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

HORLICK'S

Malted Milk for Infants

A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract

With that he opened the door and started for the gate.

"Hey, where you going?" yelled Fat "It's only about nine o'clock. Come on back and we'll go down to the creek and look for muskrat houses."

"Nope. Got to go home," returned his friend. "Got to get my work done this morning so as to help Dad this afternoon."

So home he went and the way he worked for the remainder of the morning made his mother wonder what the trouble was. Usually she had to speak to him several times about the empty wood box, but this morning he filled it to overflowing without a word. Next he split enough kinling wood to last a week, and finally even went so far as to clean the stable thoroughly, calfpens and all, a job he had never been known to do unless his father commanded it. When that gentleman returned from town at noon, he noticed the results of the boy's labor and at dinner questioned him about it.

"Well, I was over to see Fat Harris this morning and he's got a heifer calf his father gave him for helping with the work this summer. It's all his, and if he wants to sell it and keep the money he can Him and me figured out this morning that if a fellow worked fourteen hours a week for a year at 10 cents an hour, he'd be earning over $72. That's the way Fat's going to pay for his calf's feed. I thought maybe you'd let me have a calf and I could pay for what it eats the same way."

"So that's the trouble, is it? You don't want Fat to get ahead of you. What do you want with a heifer, anyway?"

"I want to get started in the dairy business. A lot of the other Hoard's Dairyman Juniors are doing it and I want to, too. Then, if my heifer would turn out to be a good cow I could keep her and keep all the good heifer calves from her, and after awhile I'd have a herd of my own."

"So you don't want to get a calf to sell. You must be figuring on being a farmer."

"Why, sure I am," returned the boy, as if that was the most natural thing in the world.

"Well, son, that's a pretty big proposition you've put up to me. I'll think it over and let you know in a day or two. Eat your dinner for we have some work to do this afternoon. Your mother's chicken house must be fixed up and then there's some wheat to be bagged."

With that the boy had to be content and as he helped his father during the short afternoon, he felt that since he had not been refused outright, here was a fairly good chance for him to get that calf. In fact, so confident was he that as he fed the calves that evening, he picked out the one that would be his. Five of the ten he fed were pure-breds and these he passed over as being too valuable for his father to let him have, but out of the others he picked a good one from the best grade cow in the barn. Perhaps the father knew what he was doing. Certain it is, that as he passed that way, he paused for a moment, then went on smiling to himself.

The next day was Sunday and as usual the Cameron family drove to church in the morning. They occupied their accustomed pew and from his point of vantage between his parents Jimmie could see the round head and short thick neck of Fat Harris. That worthy turned around once or twice and grimaced at his friend, but Father Harris soon put a stop to such demonstrations. It must be confessed that Jimmie did not hear much of that Christmas sermon. The sight of Fat suggested calves and he fell to dreaming of what he would do with his calf when he got it.

Presently the service ended and as the people were passing out, Fat managed to wedge his way through and catch up with his red haired chum.

"Say, Jimmie, got your calf yet?" he demanded.

"No, but I guess I am going to have one. Dad said he would think about it when I asked him."

"Huh, I'll bet you don't get as good a one as I've got," crowed the fat one.

"Bet I do," retorted the other. "You just wait and see, Fat Harris. My calf will be bigger than yours and it'll be better, too."

"Well, you gotta show me. I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't get a calf at all."

By this time the two boys were outside and the discussion was suddenly interrupted by the "honk" of the Cameron auto. Jimmie climbed in without replying to this last remark, but during the ride home he thought of it several times. Just suppose that Fat was right and his father refused to let him have a calf. Then his chum would crow over him. However, his father had not refused yet. Perhaps he could still make good his boast.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear and the boy was awakened by his father's "Merry Christmas, son; time to get up." He sprang out of bed, dressed hurriedly, and ran out to the barn, eager to get his chores done, for in the Cameron family everyone's Christmas presents were found on the breakfast table. Work that morning was finished in a shorter time than usual and at seven o'clock the family were seated at the table. Three big packages and a small one lay beside Jimmie's plate. He looked them all over, picked each one up, weighed it in his hand, and wondered what it contained. How he did want to look inside. However, at his mother's bidding, he laid them aside and proceeded to eat his breakfast. He was through long before the others and waited impatiently for them to finish. When they did and his father gave the word, he lost no time in satisfying his curiosity. There was a big sweater from Aunt Kate, books from Uncle Will, skates from his mother, and a little watch from brother Fred who lived in another state—just what he wanted. He turned to thank his mother for the skates and stopped, his father had forgotten him. At that moment the father spoke:

"James," said he, "I've been thinking over that calf proposition and I guess you've earned one all right."

The clouds vanished in an instant.

"Oh, Dad, can I have one of those calves?" exclaimed the delighted boy starting up.

"Yes, if you want it. But wait a minute before you pick it out. I've got a different offer to make. You can pick out any calf in the ten, grade or pure-bred, have her for your own, and earn her feed by helping me as you suggested. If you do that I'll get you that new rifle you wanted for a Christmas present. Or, if you'd rather, you can have that pure-bred heifer that's due to calve next week. That would be part Christmas present and part payment for what you did last summer. Which will you take?"

The boy hesitated only a second. "The heifer, Dad. Then I'll have a cow to start with and won't have to wait for one to grow up." Then his face fell. "But how am I going to pay for the feed she and her calf eat, 14 hours a week won't be enough."

"Well," said his father, "maybe it won't, but suppose you try and think of some other way."

"I could let you have the milk from my heifer. That would be fair, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, no doubt it would be more than fair, but that isn't what I want. If you're going to start in and be a farmer, you've got to make it a business. Now how can you tell what it costs to feed your heifer?"

"Why, by keeping track of what she gets."

"All right then, you do that, and after she freshens if the calf is good enough to keep, you do the same thing with it. Besides that, you can keep a record of how much milk that heifer gives and maybe later on you can test it. Now then, at the end of every month you'll owe me for the feed of the heifer and calf and I'll owe you for help and for the milk from your cow. If the time you spend helping me at 10 cents an hour isn't enough to pay for the keep of your stock, we'll take the rest out of your milk money."

"But, Dad, what becomes of the rest of that milk money if there is any? Is it mine?"

"It certainly is, but I'll expect you to make good use of it or else bank it."

"Oh, but that's good. Thank you, Dad. Now I guess Fat Harris won't think he is everything. Wait till I see him."

With that the excited boy grabbed his cap and, coatless as he was, went racing to the barn to view his property, as happy as if he owned the world.

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What the World is Saying

Patriotism in the Kitchen

Running the kitchen successfully always did require brains. Now it demands a considerable degree of patriotism.—Ottawa Citizen.

Not Like Luther

The Germans of this age are not, like Luther, nailing documents on church doors. They are bombarding them with 42-inch shells.—Paris Gaulois.

Quite So

Admiral von Tirpitz says he never said that the submarine war would finish England by August 1. No matter. It's just as untrue as if he had said it.—New York Sun.

Brother Vultures

The Kaiser and the Sultan are (to adopt an English expression) two "birds of a feather." They are both vultures.—Rome Giornale d'Italia.

Badges of Infamy

Captain Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, has returned his German medals. A German decoration to-day is a badge of infamy.—Montreal Gazette.

Depreciation

The German mark has depreciated fearfully in neutral markets—the German reputation for good faith has sunk even lower.—Washington Star.

A High Tribute

The Kaiser's declaration that King Ferdinand, of Roumania, is "a traitor to the Hohenzollern traditions," is the finest tribute that has yet been paid to the Roumanian monarch.—London Truth.

Food in Great Britain

A new campaign to stop waste has been organized in Britain. Yet the British people have been dieting like dyspeptics compared with Canadians.—Hamilton Herald.

He Has Many of the Rat's Characteristics

Count von Bernstorff has been named by the Kaiser a "Wirklicher Geheimrat." We knew that he was a rat, but it is pleasing to ascertain the breed.—Buffalo Express.

No Place for Neutrals

However, you can't expect us to have much sympathy for the neutrals. After all that has happened, this world is no place for a neutral.—Indianapolis News.

As to German War Aims

A statement of Germany's war aims, the Imperial Chancellor at Berlin has declared, would prolong the war. That seems hardly probable. The war is going to last until Germany is defeated, in any case. Then it will stop.—Minneapolis Journal.

He Knows Better Now

Two or three years ago the Kaiser was grieving over the thought that France was a decadent nation. He is probably grieving a great deal more to-day over the fact that she isn't.—New York World.

Efficiency in Uruguay

Uruguay has turned the locust pest to advantage by manufacturing fertilizer and soap from the insect—which seems to be on a par with some of Germany's boasted ingenuity.—Aberdeen Free Press.

A Plain Truth

Germany has not won a solitary victory on land when met man for man and gun for gun since this war began, and anybody not a mental defective knows by this time she never will.—New York Telegraph.

A Vital Distinction

The Cologne Gazette says Wilson and Lloyd George are greater dictators than anybody in Germany. It does not admit that at any rate they are the dictators whom war produces and not the sort that produces war.—Glasgow Herald.

A Most Serious Duty

So earnestly did Thomas Carlyle take his duty when he went to the polls that he felt, as he put it, that Heaven and Hell hung upon how he marked his ballot. That should be the way every Canadian elector feels in regard to the coming Dominion elections. The fate and future of the country depend upon the outcome of the voting.—Toronto Star.

The Rule of the People

The world's best barrier to war lies not in prohibitions or restrictions, but in granting the best instincts of human nature the freest possible play. In government this means the universal establishment of the rule of the people.—Westminster Gazette.

Nothing to Thank Germany For

Germany's reported intention to declare the Atlantic coast of this country and Canada a war zone causes no special disquietude. That region has for many months been as much of a war zone as Germany has been able to make it.—Chicago Tribune.

To Make Peace Safe

Let us say that, in the case of whatever great League of Peace may arise, its lasting peace, if there is to be one, will have to be based on a sharp watch kept by the Children of Adam on the Sons of Belial.—Dundee Advertiser.

Crosses

The Kaiser's soldiers continue to covet the Iron Cross; often, in unexpected places, is found the double cross; but the crosses that interest the most of us in this country right now are the Red Cross and the come-across.—Manchester Union.

He Would Have Good Reason

If Captain Kidd were living to-day, he would protest with all his might against the practice of calling the German submarine commanders pirates. He would denounce it as an infamous slander upon the memory of the pirates of his time.—Providence Journal.

The Clear-sighted, Resolute Swiss

Mr. Stovall, former United States Minister to Switzerland, returning from the Alpine republic, says the Swiss are a discreet people. It should be added, however, that their military arrangements prove that they consider preparation as well as discretion a part of valor.—Toronto News.

Hohenzollern "Safety First"

German prisoners complain that their officers do not take the same risks as themselves, but keep well out of danger. It has been repeatedly stated that there is one family in Germany that has lost not a single one of its six sons, and that is the Kaiser's.—Baltimore American.

Like Nero In More Ways Than One

Ex-Ambassador Gerard writes that before the war the Kaiser used occasionally to compose songs of a decidedly mediocre character, which his courtiers had to pretend to admire greatly and declare to be works of genius. Nero used to do the same thing, and his courtiers used to make the same pretence.—Paris Figaro.

One Thing the Germans Have Learned

The Germans have no chance of winning this war unless they can hang on and tire the other races out. That was very far from being the idea with which they went into the war. They have learned much about themselves and other races, and they will learn more.—Toronto Globe.

Canadian Resourcefulness

The other day it was officially reported that of 200 prisoners who recently escaped from German camps, 175 were Canadians. Now comes news of the escape of 5 more. The record is noteworthy, and goes to prove that the soldiers from Canada are as resourceful as they are daring.—Halifax Herald.

War As A Teacher

War is a great teacher. One of the lessons which it has forcibly driven home is the need for the application of science to industry if a nation is to hold its own in the modern world. A transformation has come over the attitude of all classes in the community, and not least the men of business, towards the claims of education.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

If Terms Were Dictated From Berlin

A pamphlet is being circulated all over Germany stating that an indemnity of $87,000,000,000 is to be exacted from the United States. The sum is made a big one to make the Germans feel that there's something ahead worth fighting for. The deluded Huns will have a reckoning with their rulers some day. But, let the reader ask himself seriously, what he supposes would happen to Canada if the Germans won this war, and if British power were broken and we had to accept terms dictated from Berlin? Peterboro Review.

Cruel and Destitute of Honor

What nation save Germany would glory in the blotting out of men with whom she has no quarrel, left to drown like rats, though it was in the power of her sailors to give them succor? A strong and hardy race the Prussians are, but surely the least chivalrous, the most cruel, the most destitute of honor.—Victoria Colonist.

Must Be Decisively Settled

There is no compromise. There is no method whereby civilization can be half-shackled by a Germany half beaten. Either the shackles will be burst off or Germany will not be beaten. Nor can the struggle be postponed. It is here and now that the world must settle accounts with Germany, for all time to come.—Kilmarnock Standard.

War Badges for Mothers

Our felicitations to the government of the Commonwealth of Australia, who have devised the decoration embodying the prettiest sentiment in the present war, and one which is well worthy of adoption in this country. The Australian Government are issuing badges to the mothers of soldiers, with the addition of a bar for every son away on active service.—London Daily Chronicle.

Great Britain's Titanic Burden

The gross addition to Great Britain's debt because of the war is put by a committee of the House of Commons at a thousand million pounds every six months. Great Britain, as well as others of the European belligerents, is expending its capital on the war. That it has such accumulations with which to back its armies and navy is one of the big hopes of the Entente.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

War Before War Was Declared

What Bernstorff did, what Papen did, what Boy-Ed did, what the various pro-German organizations did, was all done under orders from Berlin. There was nothing casual or accidental about it. Germany was making war upon the United States for more than a year before Congress declared that a state of war existed. It was a sneaking, yellow-dog kind of war, but war it was, and like all German wars it was managed by the German General Staff.—Detroit Free Press.

Ezekiel's War Bread

Solomon uttered a profound truth, which now sounds like a hollow platitude, when he said that there was nothing new under the sun. It is with rather a shock, however, that one finds authentic war bread mentioned in the Book of Ezekiel, as witnessed by the following recipe from that re-barley and beans and lentils and millet and fitches, and put them into one vessel and make thee bread thereof." It sounds more like Rhondda than Ezekiel.—London Daily Express.

The Brutal German System

The mutinous German sailors threw their officers into the sea. Under the German system, military and naval officers not only belong to a caste, but act on the theory that discipline can be enforced only by brutal methods. Naturally the first impulse of rebellious German soldiers and sailors would be to kill these task-masters. In the British and French service there is a bond of personal affection between officers and men.—Londonderry Sentinel.

Characteristic German Falsehood

The reticence of the British military censorship which has almost uniformly suppressed mention of English units while occasionally recording the deeds of Scottish, Irish, Canadian and Australian regiments, is assisting the Germans in a peculiarly mischievous form of propaganda in foreign and allied countries. The enemy is now pretending that English troops are so rarely referred to because they never do anything. England's part in the war, these German slanderers allege, is to make profit and to drive others to fight. The casualty list tells a different tale, but it is not read abroad.—London Daily Mail.

As to "Waste" in Canadian Homes

Dr. Robertson, chairman of the Food Control Advisory Council, deplores the great waste of food in the average household. Admitting that there used to be much waste, when food was cheap, is there really so much now? If there is, it is not in the "average" homes, where the money allowance for food is limited, but in the homes of the wealthier people. The "average" Canadian housewife is learning food economy at the hands of a mighty stern teacher.—Brantford Expositor.

To My Farmer Friends of Canada

You will remember my announcement made to you last summer previous to the issuing of my August 15th catalogue. I told you then of the big advance that was bound to come and advised you all to BUY and buy LIBERALLY of everything you were going to need in farm machinery.

Hundreds of my friends took advantage of my warning and saved even more than I promised they would. Prices in many lines advanced as much as 33 per cent. and those who waited until after the fall catalogues were out were forced to pay the advanced prices.

Now the same conditions exist to-day. Materials are becoming more scarce every day and the factories everywhere are short of help and cannot begin to supply the demand. The spring catalogues will be out about February 15th, and you can depend on it, will show another big increase in price. It's got to be. It's no longer a question of PRICE but of SUPPLY. Many of the houses will be unable to make machinery deliveries at ANY PRICE—they won't have the goods to sell. Those who are actually manufacturing their own lines are of course in the best shape, and can protect their customers to a great extent.

The agents and dealers who are obliged to BUY from the factories and then add on EXTRA PROFITS are the ones who are going to boost prices the most as they will be compelled to pay much higher prices for everything they sell than they ever did before, and even then their supply will be short.

NOW LISTEN! You farmers have nearly ALL had a good year, you have made up in price what you may have lacked in quantity. But that's not enough. A dollar EARNED is only EARNED when you can SAVE IT, and you CAN'T save it if you wait for still higher prices before making your spring purchases. The wise man is the one who will step in NOW before the first of January and BUY at prevailing prices, and not wait for the big boost that is surely coming. You can manage it somehow, and as I said before it will save you from 20 to 30 per cent. in price—and that's making real money pretty fast.

I will be frank with you and tell you now that I will be compelled to advance Galloway prices in my February 15th Spring Catalogue. How much I do not yet know, but it will be enough to make it pay you to ORDER NOW. I have just placed a big line of Engines, Cream Separators and Manure Spreaders on the floors of my Winnipeg house ready for IMMEDIATE delivery at the old prices. So long as they last you can have them, but at the rate orders have been coming in the past few weeks they will not last long.

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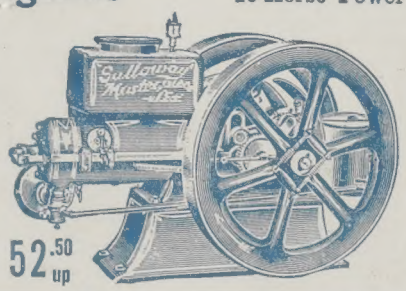

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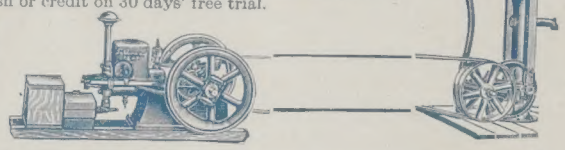

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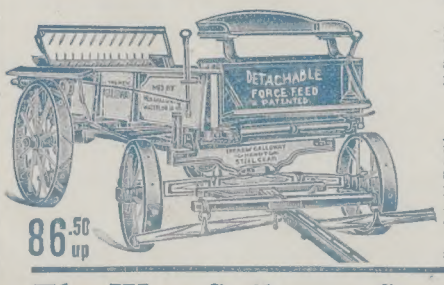

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